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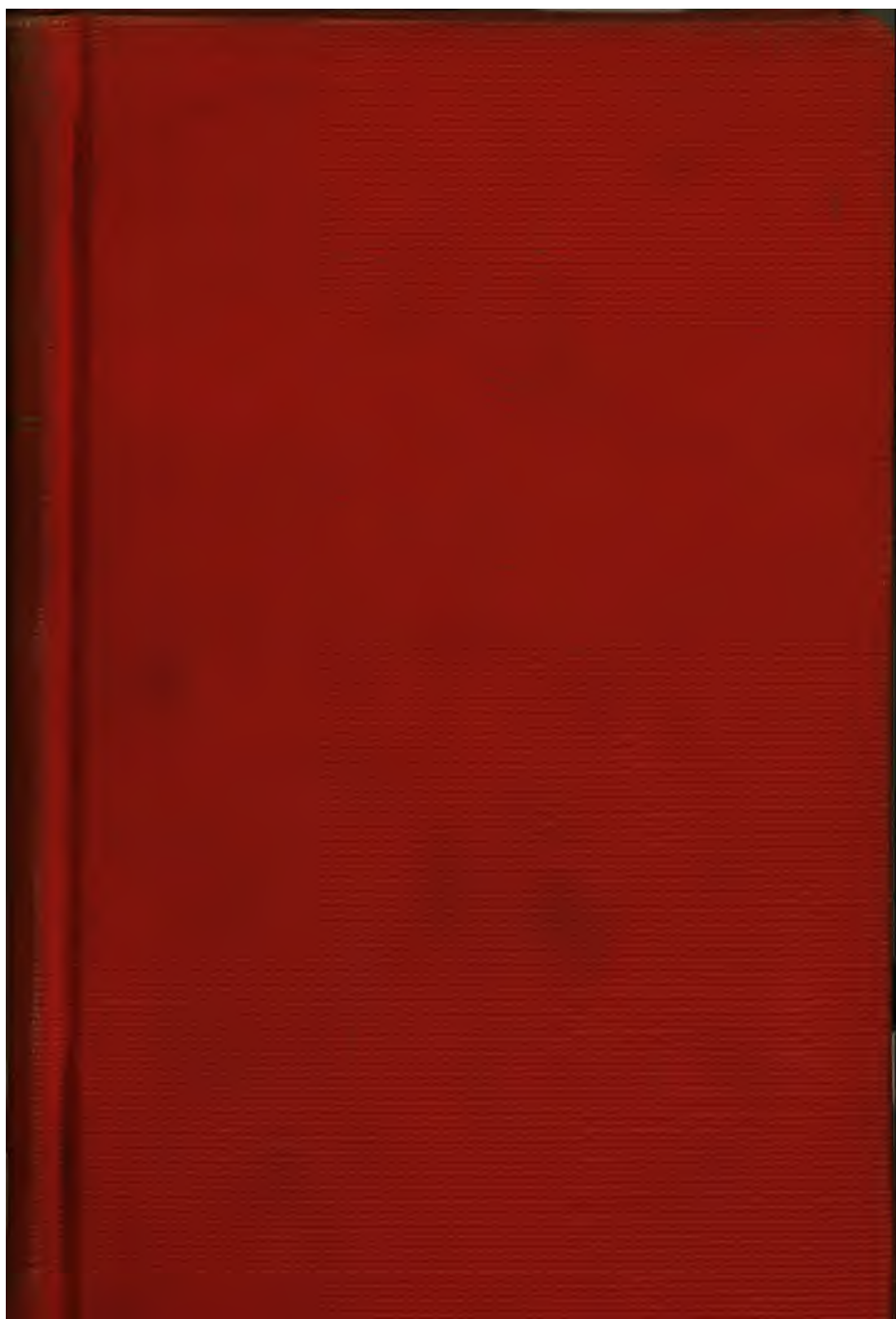
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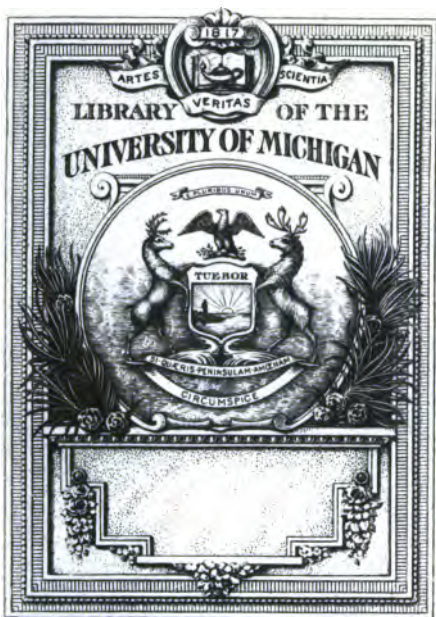
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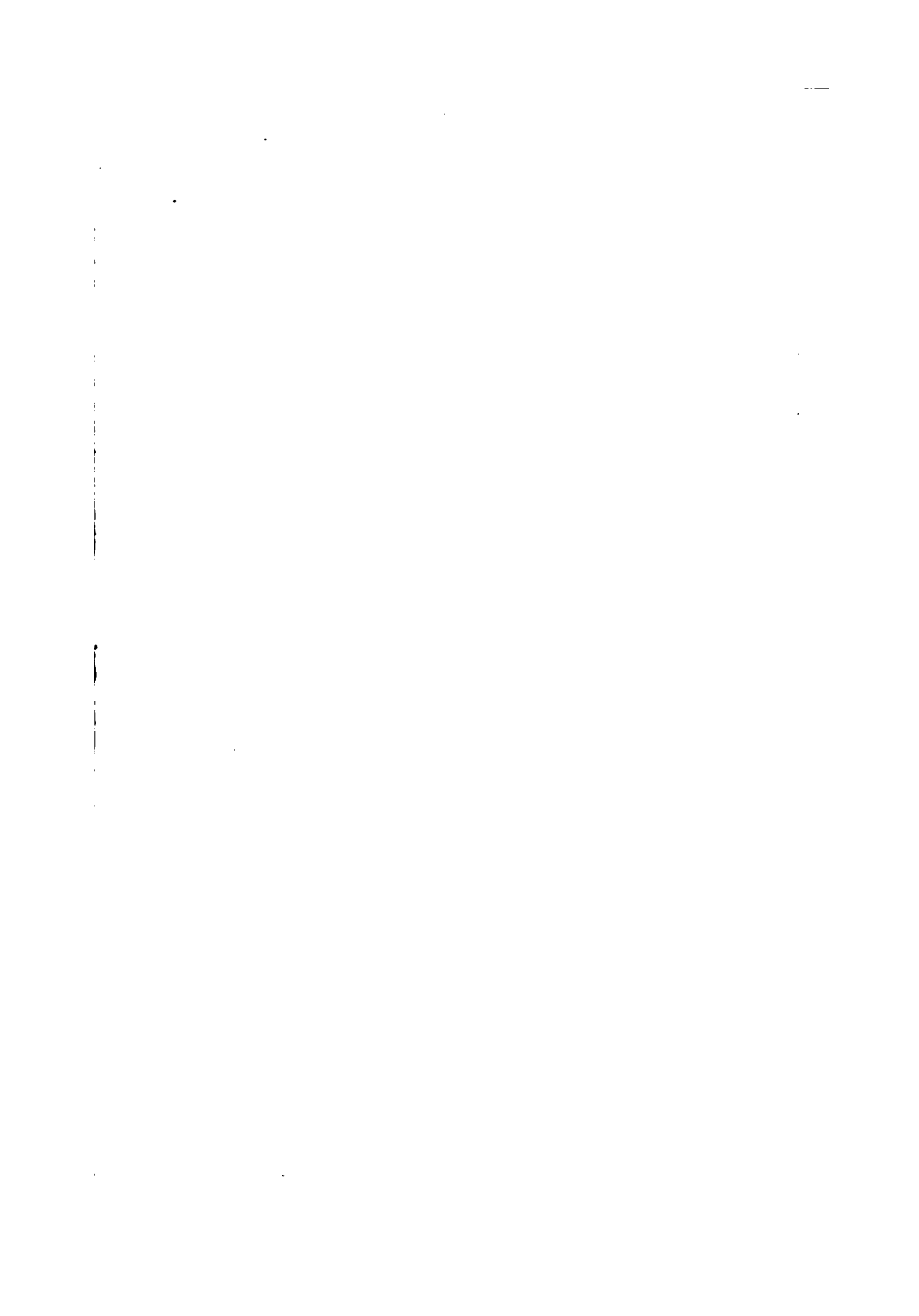
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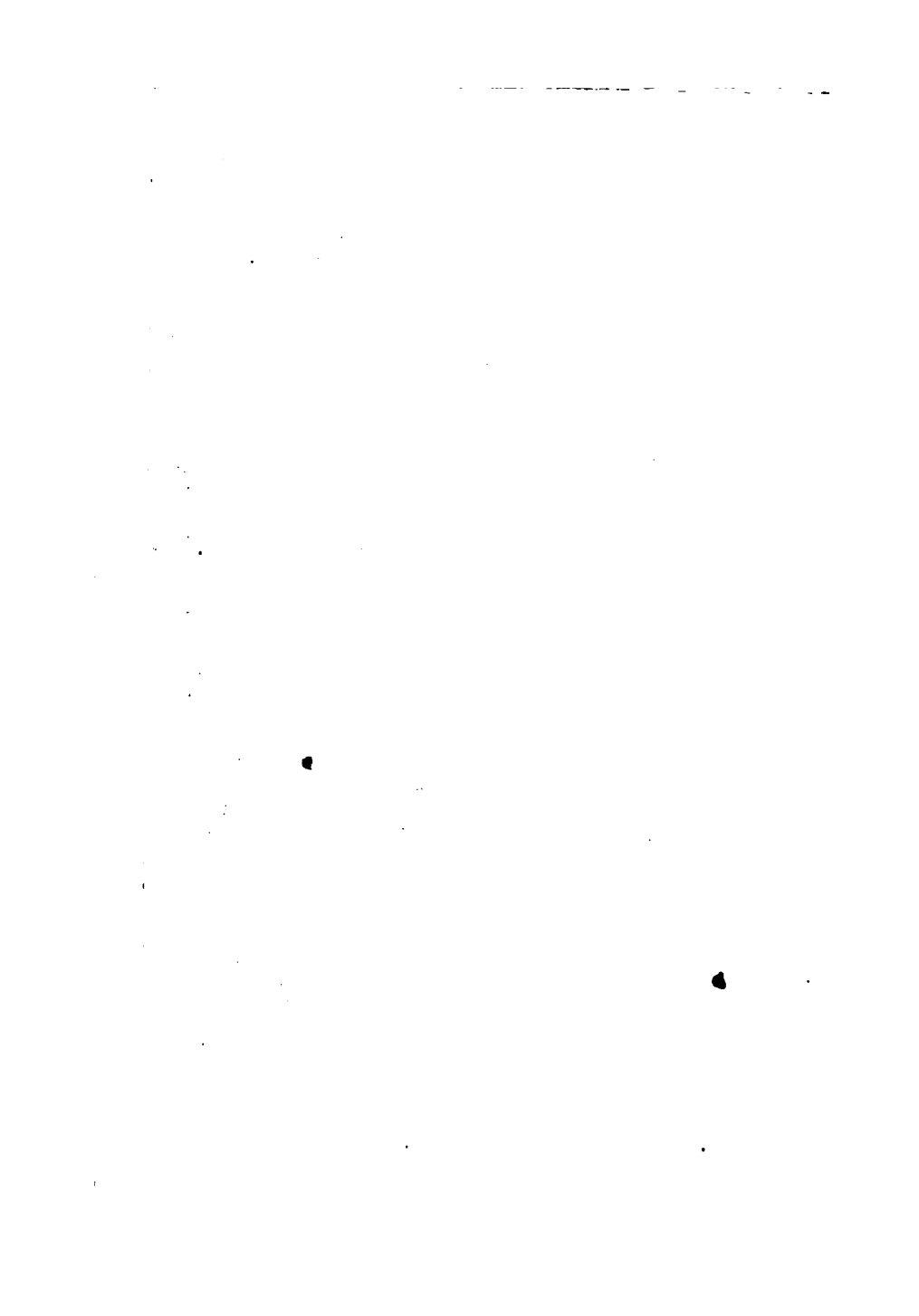


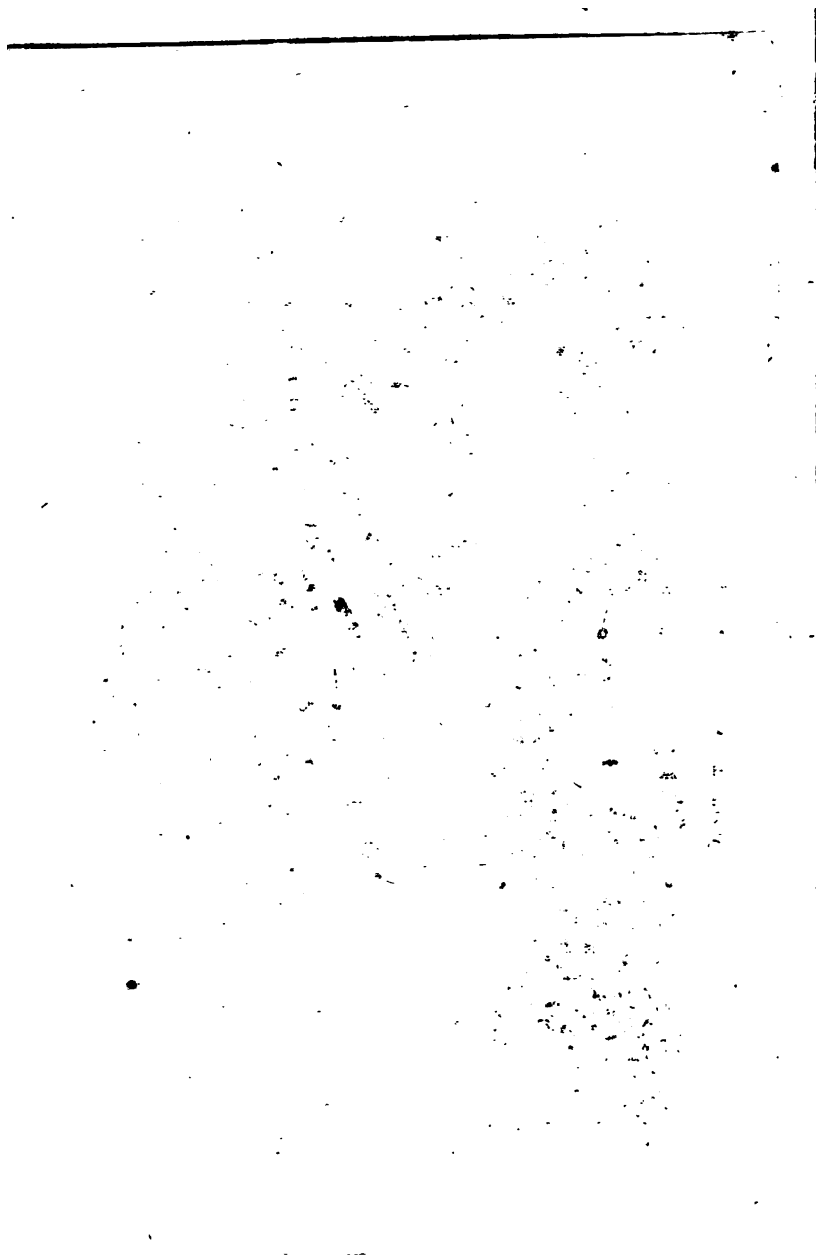
IN MEMORY OF
WILLIAM TINKER HOLLANDS
OF THE
CLASS OF 1913



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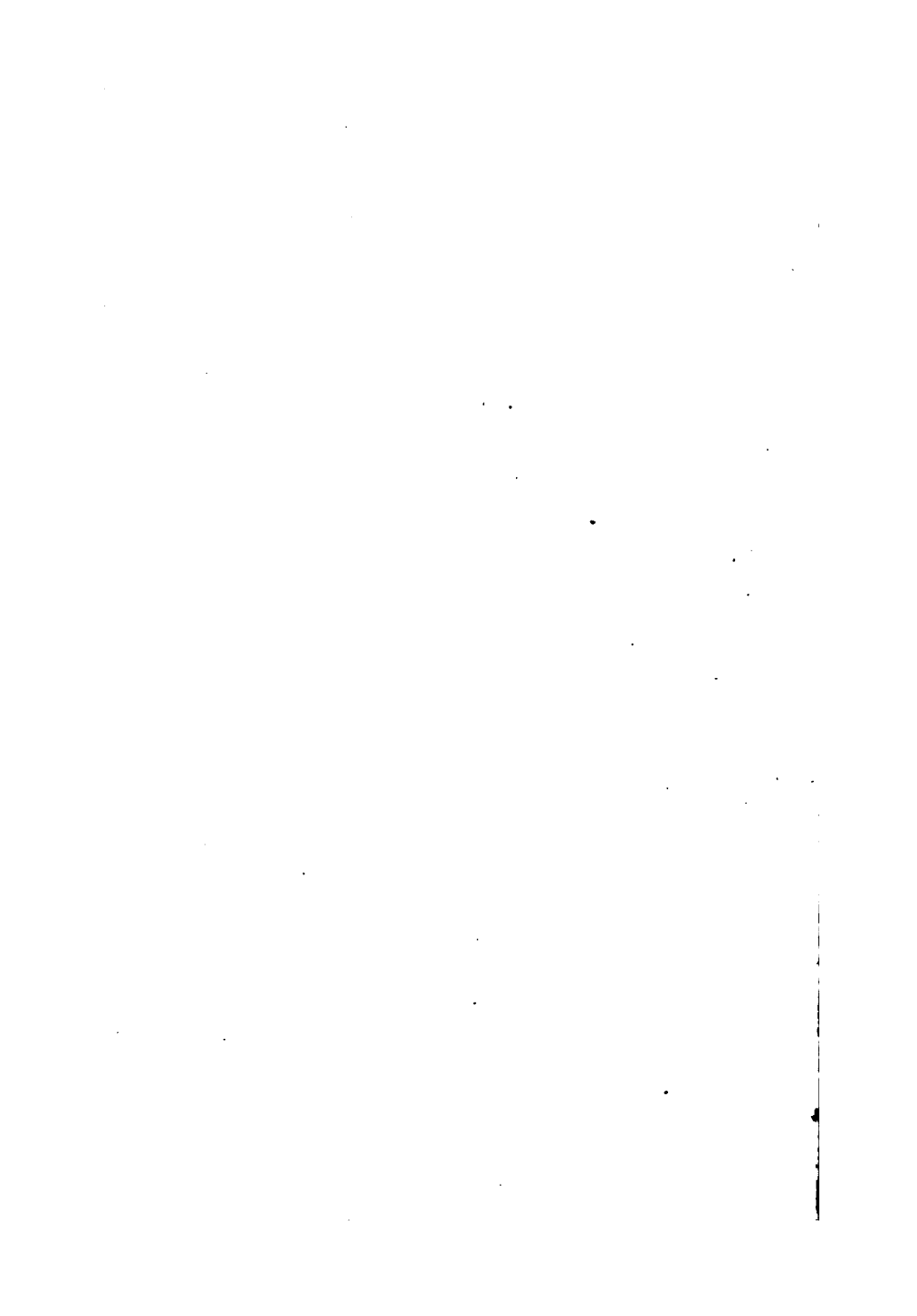


PLEASANT COVE SERIES.
BY
REV. ELIJAH KELLOGG.



THE FISHERBOYS

LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.



THE PLEASANT COVE SERIES.

THE

FISHER BOYS OF PLEASANT COVE.

BY

ELIJAH KELLOGG,

AUTHOR OF "LION BEN OF ELM ISLAND," "CHARLIE BELL, THE WAIF OF ELM ISLAND,"
"THE ARK OF ELM ISLAND," "THE BOY-FARMERS OF ELM ISLAND," "THE YOUNG
SHIP-BUILDERS OF ELM ISLAND," "THE HARDCRABBLE OF ELM ISLAND,"
"ARTHUR BROWN, THE YOUNG CAPTAIN," "THE YOUNG DELIVERERS,"
"THE CRUISE OF THE CASCO," "THE CHILD OF THE ISLAND GLEN,"
"JOHN GODSOE'S LEGACY," "THE WHISPERING PINE,"
"THE SPARK OF GENIUS," "THE SOPHOMORES
OF RADCLIFFE," "WINNING HIS SPURS,"
"THE TURNING OF THE TIDE,"
"A STOUT HEART," ETC.

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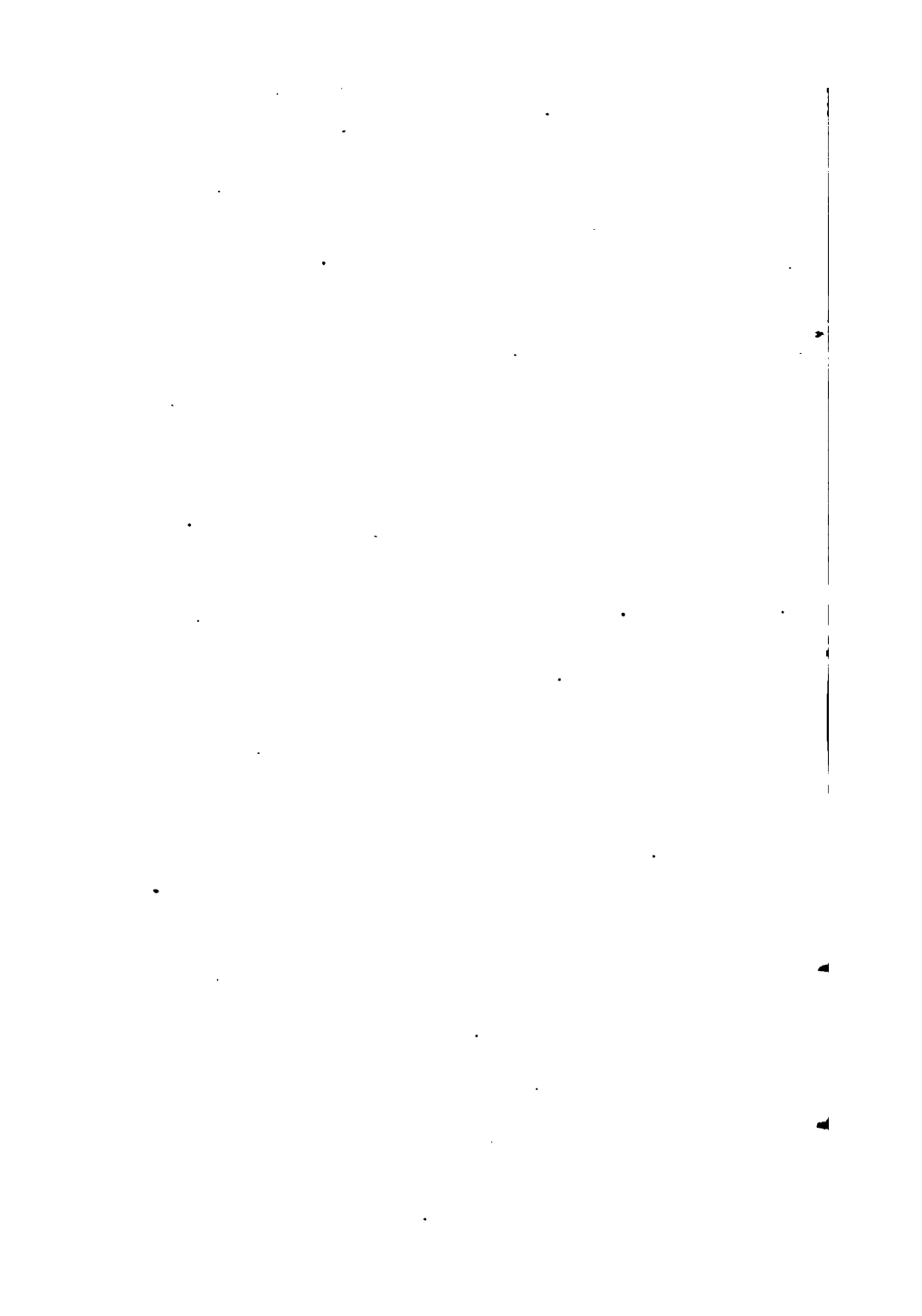
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The Pleasant Cove Series.

COMPLETE IN SIX VOLUMES.

1. ARTHUR BROWN, THE YOUNG CAPTAIN.
2. THE YOUNG DELIVERERS.
3. THE CRUISE OF THE CASCO.
4. THE CHILD OF THE ISLAND GLEN.
5. JOHN GODSOE'S LEGACY.
6. THE FISHER BOYS OF PLEASANT COVE.



PREFACE.

WE have endeavored in this series, now finished, not merely to amuse, but also to encourage our young friends to cut their own way in the world and make the most of themselves; also to show that wealth gained at the expense of sound principle is not worth having.

Although conscious of ability to make his way in life, and urged by others to abandon home and consult his own interest, Andrew Colcord, nevertheless, during his entire minority, rendered cheerful obedience to a parent who, intent only upon gain, bestowed no testimonials of affection or rewards to encourage effort, nor afforded

opportunities for recreation, to relieve the monotony of unremitting toil.

So poor at his majority that he borrowed an axe with which to earn the first dollar, and compelled to observe the most rigid economy, — a practice that, ripening into a habit of life, often proves a slow poison to every generous emotion, — he yet passed the ordeal unscathed, and made a liberal use of property obtained by dint of labor and at the peril of life.

When, by the death of his father, put at once in possession of wealth, and thus subjected to the most severe tests of character, — the pressure of galling poverty on the one hand, and the reaction caused by its sudden removal on the other, — he develops qualities of mind and heart that win respect and challenge imitation.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
THE COLCORDS.	9
CHAPTER II.	
A SOMBRE BOYHOOD.	26
CHAPTER III.	
COLCORD PERPLEXED.	41
CHAPTER IV.	
PERILS OF THE OCCUPATION.	50
CHAPTER V.	
COLCORD YIELDS.	64
CHAPTER VI.	
ANDREW FINDS FRIENDS.	77
CHAPTER VII.	
HO, FOR CHALEUR.	91
CHAPTER VIII.	
SEAL ISLAND.	111
CHAPTER IX.	
MACKANEER'S.	122

	CHAPTER X.	
MINGAN.		189
	CHAPTER XI.	
HAULING THEM.		154
	CHAPTER XII.	
ROBBING A SCARECROW.		167
	CHAPTER XIII.	
HOMeward BOUND.		188
	CHAPTER XIV.	
THE GRAND BANK.		204
	CHAPTER XV.	
THE YOUNG PARTNERS.		214
	CHAPTER XVI.	
WINTER FISHING.		235
	CHAPTER XVII.	
THE SEA BIRD.		253
	CHAPTER XVIII.	
THE YOUNG SKIPPER.		269
	CHAPTER XIX.	
COURAGE WITH CONDUCT.		287
	CHAPTER XX.	
A CHOICE OF PERILS.		300
	CHAPTER XXI.	
AT DEATH'S DOOR.		318

THE
FISHER BOYS OF PLEASANT COVE.

CHAPTER I.

THE COLCORDS.

GEORGE TUKEY was a blacksmith, and a rare workman. Give him the dimensions of the hull and spars of a vessel, and he would make every mite of the iron work without ever seeing her. He belonged in Spurwinck, but had been induced to remove to Pleasant Cove on account of the ship-building carried on there. George was not only a very powerful man, and industrious withal, but was what is generally termed a good-hearted fellow, altogether too generous for his own interest or that of his family. As an offset to these excellent qualities, — which rendered

him a most valuable man where hard work and ship-building was the order of the day, as it was at Pleasant Cove, and where, as Captain Rhines said, they calculated to make business ache, — he was hasty in his temper, and in addition to his regular dram, often became intoxicated.

Captain Rhines, who had succeeded in reforming Richard Cameron, and making a man and a ship-master of an “old shell-back,” could produce no impression upon George. He would take in good part the serious appeals of the captain, say, “You know, captain, there is allers a spark in a blacksmith’s throat he can’t put out,” and go on just as before.

It was about nine o’clock in the morning, the latter part of the spring. George was forging bolts, and his Eben, a careless, heavy-moulded, indolent boy, the complete contrast of his parent, was blowing and striking for him. The smith was in a nervous and excited state, and found much fault.

“Are you going to fall asleep over them ere bellows? Why don’t you blow up? Don’t you know they’re going to launch to-day, and want these ring-bolts?”

As we have said, George was of a generous turn, and when he was at work in the shop, was very likely to have company, especially that of several thirsty old sea captains, who loved a social glass, and always knew where to borrow tobacco when they were out. The quantity of new rum this smith would dispose of, when at work over the fire, was a wonder — the perspiration removing it, through the pores of the skin, almost as fast as it was introduced by the legitimate channel.

“Eb,” cried George, thrusting his iron into the fire, and taking the pole of the bellows from the boy’s hand, “go, look in my waistcoat pocket, that hangs up there, and take ten cents, and go to the store, and get the worth in rum, — there’s the jug on the vice-bench, — ’cause Captain Ike, and Captain Dan, and Skipper Barbarick’ll be in here fore soon. Come, start yourself; I want to git through and go to launching. There’s going to be a great wrastle arterwards — an all-fired wrastle; John Rhines’s going to take hold of a feller from Owl’s Head; and they say if he throws John, — which ’tish’t thought by anybody he will, — Edmund Griffin’s going to take hold on him; and if there should be sich a thing as he

should throw Griffin, Lion Ben's about promised he'll lay him on his back, afore he'll let him go off and make his brags: so the credit of the town's safe enough, any way you can fix it."

Eb's conceptions were too obtuse to be excited even by the prospect of a ring wrestle, in which the honor of the town was at stake. He took the jug from the bench, and when out of sight of his parent, put it behind his back with a finger of either hand in the handle, and went sauntering lazily along towards the store. As the smith crossed the door to get a punch to make a hole in the end of his bolt, to receive a fore-lock, he caught sight of his messenger: enraged, he shouted, "Eb, you lazy rascal, start your shanks, or I'll heave the hammer at your head."

Eb neither quickened his pace nor looked around, and the smith flung the hammer, that, striking the jug, shivered it into a hundred pieces, leaving the neck dangling from the fingers of Eb.

"Now see what you've done, you plaguesome brat — broke the jug."

"I didn't break it — you broke it yourself."

"Well, go to the house and get another, and tell your mother it's for 'lasses."

“She’ll know it ain’t for ’lasses; she sent to the store for ’lasses this mornin’.”

“Tell Joe Skillins to find a jug and charge it to me. Bring that hammer here.”

But not caring to be within striking distance of his sire, he prudently laid the tool on the head of an old barrel, that stood beside the shop-door, and ran off, knowing his parent would forget his passion the moment he saw the rum. When Eb returned, the smith, after indulging in a draught of the liquor, which restored his good humor, went to work with renewed vigor, and had nearly finished the bolts when Captain Ike, Captain Dan, and Skipper Barbarick, dropped in on their way to launching.

“Mornin’, neighbors,” said George; “I reckoned you’d be along, and so I sent to the store and got a leetle of the good stuff. Sit down, if you kin find anything to sit on.”

There were the fore and main top-gallant caps of the brig in the shop, — brought to be ironed. These Captain Ike placed one upon the other, for a seat, while Captain Dan turned up the draw bucket of a well that had been brought to receive the iron-work necessary to attach it to the sweep.

The good-natured smith, turning a parcel of iron thimbles out of an old box, gave it to Skipper Barbarick, and after treating his guests from the contents of the jug, seated himself on the anvil, first observing to Eb that he might for the rest of the day go about his business.

“Neighbor,” said Captain Dan, “got any backy bout ye? I’m all entirely out. I was by the store this mornin’, but I quite forgot it.”

The smith handed him a fig, of which he cut off about half, and after filling his mouth, put the rest in his pocket. The captain’s memory must have been very treacherous, as he generally made the same request of the smith and others three or four times a week, coupled with the same excuse.

“People get along fast nowadays,” said Captain Ike; “I’ve seen this Dick Cameron, when I was mate with Captain Rhines, in the Sebago, histed aboard in a bowline; and once he got the horrors on him so bad he jumped overboard, with a ten-knot breeze, and we had all we could do to save him; but now they say he’s dead set against liquor, and down on everybody that takes an honest glass; but I, for one, say, and kalker-

late to stick to it, that rum's as good as ever it was."

"So do I," said George, "though my wife's terrible against it; but I don't believe in a man's making a beast of himself."

"That's so," said Captain Dan.

"A good glass of liquor," said Skipper Barbarick, "never did a man any harm; if taken in moderation it does him good, and when he takes more'n that, it don't do him good."

"That stands to reason," said the smith. "Neighbors, take another nip; there's enough to go round agin."

We will just inform our young readers what liquor had at that time done for the worshipful company who decided, justly enough, that "it was as good as ever it was."

We will commence with Captain Ike, who began his life at sea, before the mast, with Captain Rhines, rose rapidly to be his first officer, and by his recommendation obtained the command of a vessel, for several years stood very high in his profession, but gradually fell into habits of intemperance. His vessel was taken from him, and he was reduced to acting in the

capacity of mate, or nurse, as it is termed, for young captains whose promotions had outrun their experience. Captain Dan, never a man of so much capacity, while under the influence of liquor ran his vessel on shore, in a bright moonlight, within five rods of a light-house, and was thrown out of business, since which he had been supported by his children, and procured the greater part of his drams and tobacco by freezing, as it is sometimes termed, to his old acquaintance, and led an indolent, useless life.

Skipper Barbarick was once a smart fisherman. No skipper along shore got larger fares of fish, and he at one time owned his vessel; but by his indulgence in liquor he had lost his vessel, and could no longer obtain one to go in, and was compelled to resort to boat-fishing in the summer, and in the winter chopping cord-wood, for a livelihood.

These three leeches were drawing the very life-blood from George Tukey, getting a good portion of their liquor from him, draining his pocket, hindering him in his work, and constantly increasing his appetite for rum. They had several times enticed him to join them in a reg-

ular debauch, in consequence of which he was near losing his job on the vessel, the carpenters being delayed for the lack of fastenings. This was what rum had done and was doing for them, and the vessel then on the stocks, and about to be launched, was an evidence of what letting it alone had done for Captain Cameron.

“What’s your opinion about the wrastle, Captain Ike?” said the smith.

“Well, I think as how John Rhines is going to have the snuggest work to heave that man he ever had in his life.”

“I think so, too,” said Captain Dan, “and I’ve seen the man.”

“Seen the man?” said George; “what, the Owl’s Head man?”

“Yes.”

“What kind of a looking chap is he?”

“Well, he’s a master bony, hard-meated man, and I should think he’d weigh rising two hundred.”

“You think John’ll heave him — don’t you?”

“I hope he will, but I’m a leetle grain mistrustful.”

“John’ll heave him, captain,” said the smith;

“you may depend upon that; and if he don’t, Edmund Griffin will.”

“Edmund Griffin,” said Captain Ike, “is git-ting along in years, — hasn’t wrestled for a good while; and this fellow may have larned some new trick.”

“I’ve been thinking about all them ere things,” said Skipper Barbarick; “but sposed he should fling John, and Edmund Griffin, — which I don’t believe, — I’m sartin sure Lion Ben would take hold on him, afore he’d let him go off bragging. He’s said as much; and what is a man that weighs two hundred or three hundred in the paws of that awful, awful critter? Why, he’d take him up over his head and smash him just as easy as I’d slat a tinker mackerel off a hook into the kid.”

Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a boy with a chain on his shoulder, who, throwing it down on the floor, said, —

“Mr. Tukey, father wants to know if you’ll cut a link of that chain, and shut it together, so that I can take it home with me after launching.”

“What does he want to cut it for? Why

don't he put in a new link, or three,— or four, for the matter of that, the old skinflint! Both hooks are twisted; don't he want them straightened?—the chain's too short now; 't isn't long enough to bind a log, or for cattle to lead by."

"No, Mr. Tukey; father said all he wanted done to it was to have it shut together."

"Well, your father is small potatoes, and mighty few in a hill, at that. How come he to let you go to launching? That's what beats me."

"Father's gone away to buy a yoke of oxen, and he gave me a stent. It was moonlight, and I got up the latter part of the night, and did the most of it, and after launching I can finish the rest."

"Sorry you hadn't come before, Ander; should like to have given you a sociable glass; but we've drank it all up."

"Thank you, Mr. Tukey; I don't drink spirits."

"Boys," said Skipper Barbarick, "ought not ter; 'tain't good for 'em."

"Reckon the old man don't offer to treat you very often, Ander; he's too stingy for that. I wonder you don't clear out to sea, and leave

him — a good, smart, rugged fellow like you. He keeps you half starved and half clothed, and you have to work as hard agin as you would for anybody else. You might clear out where he'd never find you, be well fed, have good wages, and clothe yourself in good shape."

The smith would not probably have made these remarks to the boy in respect to his father, had not the contents of the jug begun to produce their effects.

The boy, though he blushed, and was evidently distressed by this plain speaking, made no reply, but hastened to leave the shop.

"What's your hurry, Ander? We're goin' right along."

"I have some more errands to do, Mr. Tukey."

The person who sent the chain to be mended was James Colcord, whose character is already known to the readers of the previous volumes of this series. In respect to others, it may suffice at present to say, that he was one of those who love money for its own sake; not for any benefit it may enable one to confer upon his fellow-men, or any increase of personal comfort, but merely for the sordid gratification arising from

the possession ; and wealth was really of no more use to James Colcord than so much gravel.

It was a matter of speculation to all the good people of Rhinesville and Pleasant Cove, and a question often mooted around the fireside, "how so excellent, lovable, and intelligent a woman as his wife could like and marry James Colcord."

"There's one thing sartain," said Mrs. Ben Rhines; "Jane Colcord would never marry a man she didn't love."

"My gracious, wife!" said Captain Rhines, jumping up, and well nigh kicking his chair into the fire. "What in nature's the use to talk in that way? You might just as well talk about one of those andirons loving the other, as to talk about a person like Jane Colcord, one of the noblest women that God ever made, loving that old *file*. I've known him ever since he was a boy, and never knew one good thing about him."

"Yes, Benjamin, there is one good thing about him, you must allow; he took good care of his father and mother in their old age, and I must say that is the only one I ever was knowing

to. But as to what we were speaking about: Jane never would have married him for a home, because she had a good home in her father's house, and was an only child. She never could have married him for property, for when they were married he had little more than the clothes to his back. She didn't marry him because she was afraid of dying an old maid, for she had plenty of offers, and good ones too; and if she didn't marry him for love, what did she marry him for?"

"That's just what I want to know."

"Benjamin," said Mrs. Hadlock, in her quiet way, "we cannot reason about these as we can other things. It is my opinion, and always has been, that love will go where it is sent, and that a higher power has something to do with such things."

It was on this wise that discussions in respect to this vexed subject generally terminated.

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to say that this boy, the character of whose father the smith was brutal enough to discuss in his presence, and before third parties, was Andrew Colcord, a young fellow universally respected in the neigh-

borhood, and very much beloved by all the boys of his age. Reflecting in his own character the traits, not of his father, but of his mother, he was resolute, industrious, and withal of a most amiable and affectionate disposition.

It was quite customary, in those days, for parents to give the boys a certain piece of work to do, as a task, permitting them to play and do what they pleased when it was finished. James Colcord was in the habit of doing this, but with this difference, that while other parents made the tasks light on purpose that the boys might have some opportunity for play, he was wont to apportion them work that consumed either the whole day, or left for the boys only a small fraction of it. Especially was this the case when he was to be absent. Many a time did his wife go into the field, when he was from home, and aid the children in their work, that they might have time to play. Colcord did not intend Andrew should go to the launch, and, as he supposed, gave him work sufficient to occupy the entire day; but his purpose was defeated by the lad, who performed the greater part of it in the night.

He was sometimes guilty of a still meaner act. If, after having given the boys, as he supposed, work enough to occupy them the entire day, and, returning sooner than he expected, he found they were likely to finish before night, the sordid creature would increase the task. If ever conduct was calculated to "provoke to wrath," this surely was; and yet these children bore it all patiently, and were never heard to utter a word of reproach in respect to their father, or assent, when, as in the blacksmith's shop, it was done by others.

This was owing to the example and influence of their mother, whom they dearly loved, and who always excused and palliated the mean and severe ways of her husband, and never murmured in their presence, though she shed many a bitter tear in secret.

Our young readers may wonder how the Colcord boys ever went anywhere, except by working in the night. There was a method. Colcord was in the habit of letting sheep and cows on shares, and money on mortgages, and was often obliged to be absent to look after his lands and stock, and bring home wool and butter. By a

species of free-masonry, that always exists in a community of boys, Colcord's absence was sure to be known, and Bobby Smullen and Will Godsoe, the Lancaster boys, Winthrop Griffin, George Merrithew, Charlie Bell, Jun., and sometimes even Ben Rhines, Jun., from Elm Island, would assemble at Colcord's, help the boys perform their task, and then all go off to play together.

Colcord lived on a point of land, through the middle of which his private road ran, and the boys, like crows pulling up corn, always left a sentinel on the road to give intelligence should he arrive sooner than was expected; since they could not doubt, if he knew the children had help in his absence, he would lay out work enough to keep them all busy the entire day.

CHAPTER II.

A SOMBRE BOYHOOD.

AFTER performing his errands, Andrew went directly to the launching, but not by the direct road, which was now thronged with people, on foot and horseback, a few in wagons, — of which there were not many in the place, — all dressed in their best clothes. Andrew, on the other hand, took a cross road through, and proceeding to nearly the extremity of, Pleasant Point, sat down in a spot where, concealed from observation, he could still obtain a good view of the proceedings.

Why Andrew, instead of mingling with his mates, went and sat down by himself in the bushes, I cannot inform the reader. Perhaps it was on account of being barefoot, and because there was a greater amount of patches than whole cloth in his trousers, or that his hat was

minus a rim. He indeed had a better hat and suit of clothes, that he wore to meeting ; but his father had put on the coat, and he thought part of the suit would look worse than none, so wore his old clothes.

Colcord's family were by no means ignorant of the low estimation in which he was held ; they had witnessed the castigation given him by Lion Ben, heard what he said to him (as narrated in a previous volume), and it is possible that the rude talk he had just listened to in the smith's shop, by reviving this knowledge, inclined him just then to shrink from observation. Indeed, Andrew had overheard boys — who would by no means have spoken disrespectfully of his father, had they been aware Andrew was within hearing — calling out from behind a stone wall, —

“Colcord, Daddy Colcord, you want to sell Charlie Bell another cow ?”

Scarcely had Andrew seated himself, when the order “wedge up” was given, and the woods rang to the blows of mauls and broad axes : to this succeeded the splitting away of the blocks, and the vessel, the Delaware, glided rapidly into the water, running almost to Indian Island before

the anchor brought her up. Our readers will recollect that when Captain Rhines picked Dick Cameron out of the gutter, the captain told Dick if he would be true to himself, and abstain from drinking, he never would leave him till he had made him master of a vessel. Dick performed the conditions, the captain redeemed his pledge, and the commander of the Delaware is Captain Richard Cameron.

Andrew listened to the shouts that announced the successful launch of the vessel, and gazed wistfully upon her, as she sat like a bird upon the tranquil bosom of the bay, — for like all the vessels built at that period, she was built with reference to speed, — and exclaimed in a desponding tone, —

“I wonder when anybody will build a vessel for me. There seems to be some one ready to help everybody else, but no one would ever think of helping Andrew Colcord. Charles Bell, they say, came here cook to a parcel of pirates; Lion Ben took him up, and made a wealthy man of him. John Rhines had his father to break the road for him. Fred Williams was one of the worst boys in town. Uncle Isaac took him up.

Captain Brown and Ned Gates were picked up on a raft and brought ashore here. Captain Cameron came here, an old drunken "shell-back," and see what they all are now; not but what they tried and did their best, but they had somebody to encourage them, and say, Well done; go on, do the best you can, I'll help you. I've always done the best I could, and here I am, in rags. Well, those who have no friends to help them must help themselves, or go under."

Andrew rose up, and, while the others went to the launching dinner, — a portion of them, — and the remainder to witness the wrestling, with a heavy heart directed his steps homeward, to complete the task set him by his father.

It was the latter part of the month of May, and Andrew was busily at work hoeing corn, striving by assiduity in labor to dispel gloomy thoughts, when his attention was arrested by one of those peculiar whistles that boys make by putting their fingers in their mouths, and forcibly expelling the breath, evidently proceeding from the brush-fence. Andrew replied in the same manner, when Tim Lancaster, clearing the fence at a leap, stood before him, his face very red,

and the perspiration standing in great drops on his forehead.

“Ugh, ugh! Your father round?”

“No; he won’t be home till after sundown.”

“Glad on it. Ugh! ugh! O-o! such a wrestle!”

“Why, Tim, you’ve run yourself all out of breath.”

“Reckon I have—but no matter: it’s all right; just as it ought ter be.”

“Then John’s thrown him.”

“Yes, hove the Owl’s Head bully. O-o! you don’t know how we all felt—you might have heard a pin drop—when they took hold. My heart was right in my mouth, and I held my breath till I was most choked, and I s’pose ’twas just so with all the rest of our people; and there was Edmund Griffin and Lion Ben standing ready to take hold on him, if there should be such a thing as that he flung John. But look here, Andrew; give me your hoe, and you run to the house, and git another; then we can both hoe and talk as much as we like.”

Andrew took his young friend’s advice, and soon

returned with the hoe, and as he gave it to Tim, said, —

“Now tell us all about it. I would have given anything I could have stopped.”

“Well, you see they didn't do as they generally do, bring on the boys first, and kind of small men, but they went right into the business; the two men stepped right into the ring, and this Owl's Head man he's a man, every inch of him. He didn't come swellin' up in any such braggadocio way as they say Joel Ricker did when he first come round here, tellin' he s'posed they had all hearn of him; he belonged in some town way back where they raised the stoutest men in all creation, and he'd like to see the man could match him in any way, name, or natur'. This wasn't any such man as him. They went to work and formed the ring, as though everybody knew what was coming, and then old Uncle Barney Weaver — you know he was a master wrestler in his day — takes the stranger by the hand, brings him into the ring, and he says, ‘Friends, this ere is Mr. Jeremiah Austin, and he b'longs, when he's to home, down to Owl's Head. He happened this way, and heard as how there was goin' to be a

wrestle, and thought he'd like to try a fall with some of our folks, if it wouldn't be intrudin', and was agreeable all round.' ”

“ He didn't happen in here ; he's been hangin' round here more'n a week, waitin' for that launch and wrestle to come off.”

“ Well, that's what Uncle Barney said. Then old father Godsoe comes forward, and he says, ‘ We are very glad to have you come among us, friend Austin ; it's no intrudin', and agreeable all round.’ Then he takes John by the arm, and leads him into the ring, and says, ‘ Mr. Austin, this ere's Mr. John Rhines, one of our townsmen ; he'll take hold of you, and if so be that you heave him, we'll fetch on the next man.’ ”

“ Then did they shake hands ? ”

“ Sartin ; and John says, ‘ Mr. Austin, as you are a stranger, you can have your choice as to how you'll take hold ; ’ says he, ‘ I'll take hold at arm's length.’ ”

“ How big was he ? ”

“ There wasn't much of any difference in their heft, and he stood right up to John, at first very brisk ; but he missed a figur' there, for John bore

right down on his breast, knocked his right leg from under him, and laid him flat on his back."

"I guess there was a shout then."

"You'd better believe there was. Austin thought, all the time, he was the strongest man; but he had found out he wasn't, and kept off, after that, stooping forward and straightening his arms to keep his legs out of John's way, — and he was master long-armed. But John worked him: he pushed right up agin him, as though he was trying with all his might to git at him, and the man pushed agin him, and then, quick as lightning, John sprang back, twitched him onto his knees, and pushed him on his back in a minute. Then he wanted to take hold at the back; but he hadn't back-bone enough. John buckled him right in, took him clear from the ground, and laid him just as he liked. I knew you'd want to hear how it come out, and so I hooked it, to let you hear."

"It was real kind of you, Tim, and I am ever so much obliged to you."

"Where are the other boys?"

"Gone with father; he's gone to buy a yoke of oxen, and they are going to drive them home.

There," continued Andrew, leaning upon his hoe, and drawing a long breath, as he finished the last hill, "the piece is done; but if you had not helped me, Tim, I should have had to work till after dark, and now the sun is more'n half an hour high."

"Come long of me, Andrew."

Tim took Andrew over the brush-fence, when he pulled out from under a hemlock bush part of the covering of an old demijohn, lined with paper, containing pie, doughnuts, cheese, meat, potatoes, and all the substantials of a good dinner, and some coffee in a junk bottle.

"Take hold, Andrew; it's first rate, I tell you; and it's clean and good; they broke a demijohn there, and so I took the basket; and that's clean paper; it come over some raisins; that's what makes the stains on it."

"Where did you get all this?" said Andrew, at the same time beginning to eat with a voracity that but too plainly betokened short commons at home.

"I didn't steal it. You know our Sally has lived at Charlie Bell's this spring, and cooked for the carpenters, and I got an invitation to dinner;

so I told her I wanted to come up and eat my dinner with you. I knew your father went off this morning."

"How did you know that?"

"Paul Chase said he went by there, and he heard him tell his father he was going out of town; but it was so late, I expected nothing but he'd got back; so I whistled."

Tim had cut off the greater portion of the demi-john covering, leaving only the neck and a portion of the upper part. He dug a hole in the ground with a stake, set the neck in it, and trod the earth around, which kept it in an upright condition, and one quite convenient to eat from.

This sort of thing was going on a great part of the time when James Colcord was away from home. The boys in the neighborhood loved and pitied the young Colcords, and kept watch of the movements of Colcord senior, and, as they knew the boys would never neglect their set tasks, combined to help them, for the sake of their company. Thus the Colcords, through the friendly offices of their mates, found opportunity to go in swimming, go a-berrying, gunning, to play ball, fish,

and wrestle; and as we always love those best for whom we make the greatest sacrifices, the whole boy community cherished for the objects of their benevolence an attachment proportioned to the efforts made in their behalf.

While the boys in general were ever ready to respond to any plan got up for helping the Col-cords to a holiday, there existed between Andrew and Tim Lancaster still more intimate relations. They sat together at school, were of the same age, embraced every opportunity to get together, and loved each other dearly. There was but one sentiment in the breast of Tim Lancaster that equalled, in any degree, his love for Andrew, and that was his dislike to the latter's father. Yet, in all the conversations that occurred between them, neither of them ever mentioned his name with disrespect.

"Mother," said Tim, "I do think if there ever was a saint on earth, it is Andrew."

"Why so, Timothy?"

"Because, mother, though his father is so hard with him, — never gives him a cent of money Fourth of July, New Year's, or any other time; never gives him any time to himself, or to go

with the other boys, only once in a great while, when it rains right down straight lets him go a-fishing, — and yet I never heard him say a word against him, or complain.”

“I think the poor boy has a hard time, — a good deal harder than another boy I know of, — but I suppose he thinks it’s his father, and he ought to mind; but don’t you, for the world, ever lisp a word before him.”

“Of course I wouldn’t, mother. I’d cut my tongue out before I’d do it.”

“Andrew,” said Tim, “I’m going to have a chance to earn something for myself.”

“How is that?”

“Father says I may hire out, in haying, after we cut ours; he is going to get help, and cut ours quick, because he wants to go to sea, and Captain Rhines says he’ll give me fifty cents a day, — only think, — and after he cuts the English hay he will give me the same wages to cut the salt marsh.”

At that period the best men in haying only got a dollar per day. After some more conversation, they separated, Tim to go home, and find everything done, and Andrew to drive up the cows, milk, suckle the calves, and feed the pigs.

On his way home Tim began first to whistle, then to crow like a rooster, and to fling stones; but all at once his thoughts took a more serious direction, and he began talking to himself.

“Mother says my wit always comes afterwards, and mother’s right. I don’t see what is the reason I can’t keep anything in, but must always out with it, hit or miss. Now there’s old Colcord, he keeps Andrew right there, never gives him a cent, or lets him have a chance to earn a cent, and I must needs go to telling what great wages I was going to have, — chuckling over it. I know it must have made him feel bad; at least it would anybody else but him, who always thinks of himself last.”

Just as Andrew and his mother were carrying in the milk, James Colcord and the boys came into the door-yard, with a fine-looking yoke of cattle.

“Wife,” he cried, “I’ve made the greatest bargain in these here oxen; bought ’em of Josh Maxwell. You see, Jane, he’s been sick, and his wife she’s been sick, and he couldn’t do his spring work, — that’s what makes the cattle so fat, — hain’t done nothin’; he was sued, and harassed,

and wanted money, O, the worst way; I know'd he did, cause Ira Smith told me so, and he's deputy sheriff; so I looked at the cattle, and I took out my wallet so he might see the bills, and then I said I guessed as how I didn't want 'em. I s'pected he'd be for asking more for 'em than I could afford to pay, and I put up my money, and made as though I meant to go; then he said he'd sell 'em dog cheap, for he was poor and out of health, and they must go, and he'd sell 'em for sixty dollars. 'No, you won't,' I says, 'sell 'em for no sixty dollars — not to me.' Then we talked, and finally he got down to fifty-five. Then I offered him fifty, and he said he'd go to jail afore he'd take that; but finally, just as I was coming away, he said I might have 'em."

"Husband, do you think that was right?"

"Right? To be sure it was right. Only think, that nigh ox is seven foot, and the off one is about as big, only a leetle slack on the line. Spring's work is all done; turn 'em right into the pasture, and then, arter haying, into the field, and this fall, when they are making up their teams for logging, them ere cattle'll fetch seventy-five dollars quick."

“ Well, husband, I don't think it is right to grind a poor sick neighbor down, and take advantage of his distress, and you to make so much.”

“ He needn't have let me had 'em without he'd been a mind to. It was a fair trade.”

CHAPTER III.

COLCORD PERPLEXED.

MRS. COLCORD now pulled the table into the floor, preparatory to getting supper for her family.

“You needn’t get anything for me, wife, or for these two boys; we got supper at Maxwell’s.”

“I declare, Mr. Colcord, I shouldn’t have thought you would have felt like eating there, after screwing him down to the last cent, and I am sure I should not have thought he would ask you.”

“He didn’t. I told him, as we was a good ways from home, and we took the cattle right off, and he didn’t have no trouble drivin’ ’em, he ought to give us some supper; and he did. I thought that was worth saving. Mind that, boys; allers look out for the little things; my dad allers

told me, 'Take kere of the cents, Jim, and the dollars 'll take kere of themselves.' "

Our young readers will perceive, that, in this household, influences were brought to bear upon the minds of these children directly opposite in their nature, — the father striving to impress upon them his own selfish maxims, while the mother, both by precept and example, instructed them to follow the dictates of conscience and the teachings of the Scriptures; and as the latter was mistress of their affections, while the former ruled by fear, there was little doubt in respect to the result.

The avarice of James Colcord often outran his judgment, and he wasted at the bung-hole while attempting to save at the spigot. For instance, in order to save hay to sell, he would keep his cattle so short that he could only work them half a day at a time, and some would always die in the spring. He never bought any grass seed, or raised any, but sowed the chaff from the mangers and the barn-floor, and weeds in it overpowered his crops. His accumulations were the result of excessive labor, living upon the bare necessities of life, lending money at exorbitant interest,

driving hard bargains with people in distress, and the rise of real estate that he had long owned.

“Andrew,” said James Colcord, “I came across Skipper Dan Cobb this arfternoon, and he boarded me to let you go a trip fishing with him over the bay.”

“Oyer which bay, father?”

“Bay of Chaleur, I guess.”

“O, how I should like to go, father! Will you let me go?”

“Well, I don’t know: I must consider upon it.”

Andrew had been accustomed to fishing in a small boat, and the previous year, after haying, he made one of the crew of a small vessel that fished along shore, coming in every Saturday night. Then he cooked, and caught what fish his other duties permitted: he could, therefore, catch and dress fish, and was far from being a green hand.

Andrew’s eagerness to go by no means arose from any expectation of obtaining any portion of the proceeds for his own benefit,—he knew his father too well for that,—but he was tired of the unreasonable exactions of his parent, and the constant toil required of him at home. All the

talk of Colcord was how a cent could be saved or a dollar earned, and of the "awful cost of bringing up a family of boys." If he must work for his father without the least praise or encouragement to sweeten toil, he preferred to do it away from home, where he could enjoy himself with pleasant companions, and where the labor was much less severe. In addition to this, Andrew loved the sea, and intended, when of age, to become a sailor; and there could be no better preparation for that vocation.

Had James Colcord been employed in clearing wild land, with scanty means, struggling for his own support and that of his family, it would have been a very different matter; but this was not the case, and the knowledge of this fact gave to the reflections of Andrew, as he looked upon the sad face of his mother, and the wretched rags of himself and brothers, a peculiar and poignant sting, and it is not surprising that his features bore a care-worn expression that was in striking contrast with his years.

"Mr. Colcord," said the mother, making use of the argument she knew would be most effective with her husband, "I don't see why you

don't let Andrew go; you know, when he was in the William, last summer, Captain Stacy spoke very highly of him, and said he never had a better boy; and though he had to cook, he caught almost as many fish as his son Ambrose, who had nothing else to do but fish, and is a year — yes, more than a year — older; and his wages came to a good deal; you said yourself it was more than you expected. If it is the haying you are concerned about, I think we could manage that. I could build the loads of hay."

"Mother," said Andrew, "you have enough, and more than enough, to do in the house; father can hire a boy to build the loads, and my fish money will pay him; I don't want to go if it's going to put any more on you."

"I can't work more than all the time, and I shall feel better to be out of doors part of the time."

"You hain't got the right on it; any of you. I'm a poor man with a great family; cost's a master sight to bring up a family, and I have all I can do to get along. Never stretch out your hand so far you can't haul it back agin. You see, it's different from what it was t'other time.

Stacy took a great likin' to the boy, and so did all the rest of the crew that was going in the vessel, and were sot on havin' him; don't see what makes everybody take such a likin' to him."

"I do, Mr. Colcord; it's because he's a good, smart, sweet-tempered, dutiful boy, and everybody knows it but you; or if you do know it, you never praise him before his face or behind his back, or give him one single encouraging word. I wonder the boy's heart ain't broke, or that he has any spirit to do anything."

"The boy's well enough, I s'pose; wish you wouldn't set up your gab, and break in when I'm talkin'. As I was sayin', they were all sot on havin' him with 'em, and so they give him an extra chance. He had his wages for cookin'; that was sartain sure—no discount on that ere; then he caught what fish he could, salted 'em with their salt, used their spare lines to fish with, caught more than half a share, and had all his fish 'cept what the vessel drew, and had his grub out of the common stock; they didn't cut him down one mite when they come to settle the vige; took no account of his livin' or salt, afore

or arter : but it won't be so now ; this is a bigger vessel, a longer vige ; everything 'll have to go straight. Cobb's hearn good accounts of the boy, and he'll give him a share with the rest ; there'll be no cookin'."

"O, father, that'll be nice. I know, if I have nothing else to do but fish, that I can ketch as many fish as the average of 'em. I know I can, and I can split fish as fast as half the splitters."

"Not so fast, my boy ; there's a resk about it there never was afore ; afore the wages for cookin' was sartin ; they *had* to come, fish or no fish, 'cause the crew was good fur 'em ; but now it's all unsartin ; if you don't git any fish, or but few, you don't git anything, 'cause there's expenses, and you'll be in debt, and I'll be bound for you, 'cause you ain't of age. There's salt to be found, and lines, and nets, and spare lines, and leads, and hooks, and fishin'-boots, and knives, and a barvel, and provisions, and a good many things a body don't think on. O, this fishin', I don't think much on it ; it's a desperate resky business ; I'm afeard how it might turn out."

"But, husband, Skipper Cobb has been over the bay a-fishing this two and twenty years ; and

did ever you know of his failing to get a fare of fish?"

"Can't say as I did, but he might; his luck might turn, and everything go agin him."

"But, father," said Andrew, "ain't there risk about everything? Don't you *have* to run some risk to make anything? Ain't there risk about letting money and farming?"

"Not so much, boy; I never let any little money I might have by me only on a mortgage; and as to farmin', to be sure the crops ain't allers alike, but they are never all cut off; if one thing is poor, another is good, and you allers have the land left to try agin, and if the present crop don't amount to much, why, it takes the less out of the land, and it is better for a crop the next year; but this ere *fishing*, O, if you have poor luck, don't wet your salt, or fish fall, expenses runnin' up, — everything is gone, then, hook, line, and sinker."

"But, father, you've just bought a yoke of oxen, and made a good trade; they might be taken sick, and die in the pasture."

"Don't talk so, boy; you skere me to death. What makes you talk that way?"

“Father, if we have good luck,—and Skipper Cobb always has had,—I should earn you three times as much as I could at home.”

“Well, I’ll think it over: it’s time to go to bed, for we must be up betimes. I told the skipper I would let him know day arter to-morrow.”

In order that our young readers may obtain a clear perception of the nature of this fishing voyage upon which Andrew was so anxious to enter, a few words of explanation may not be out of place; indeed, are absolutely necessary to enable them to understand the subject.

CHAPTER IV.

PERILS OF THE OCCUPATION.

THE term "going over the bay," in fishing parlance, denoted the difference between those who fished within a short distance of the shore, and came into the harbor frequently with their fish, and those who went to greater distances, salted their fish in the hold of their vessel, and did not return till they had wet (used) all their salt, and completed their cargo, or *fare*, as fishermen term it.

The shores and bays of Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Labrador, and the banks and shoals that lie at a less or greater distance from them, are the favorite resort of vast numbers of fish, who resort there to spawn, especially cod, mackerel, and halibut, the most valuable kind of fish. With the single exception of George's Banks, those on the coast of Maine and Massachu-

setts are not to be compared with those on the coasts of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Labrador, either in respect to the abundance or the size of their fish.

These banks are shoal places, rising gradually from the ocean, many entirely out of sight from the land, with great diversity as to the depth of water on them, say from one to ten, fifteen, fifty, and fifty-six fathoms. The fishing on George's is done principally by Massachusetts fishermen, the eastern fishermen resorting, great numbers of them, to the north-east coast. Among the most noted places are the Bay of Fundy, Bay of Chaleur, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Seal Island ground, off Cape Sable, the coast of Labrador, Straits of Belle Isle, the Grand Bank of Newfoundland, Le Have Bank, and Bar Quereau.

The term "over the bay" is also used to distinguish vessels bound to the Bay of Fundy or Chaleur from those bound to Labrador, Seal Island, any of the western banks, or the Grand Bank.

The largest fish are taken on George's and the Grand Bank. The Labrador fish are the smallest, not larger than a haddock. In general, the deeper

the water, the larger the fish. Fish are now, to a great extent, taken by trawls. At the date of our story they were all taken by hand lines.

There was quite a difference in the mode of fishing in different places. On the coast of Labrador the vessel was enclosed in a good harbor, the sails taken off (unbent) and stowed away, and the fish were taken in boats, two men in a boat, of which the vessel carried a large number. The fish were salted in the hold, and dried, after the return, at home. On the Grand Bank, and in the Bay of Chaleur, the vessel was anchored; on Seal Island ground, they drifted.

In the Bay of Fundy the tide runs with great force, and it is impossible to fish, at anchor, except on the high and low water "slacks," that is, just before and at high water, and just before and at low water, when the tide diminishes in strength. At present they do thus, but in old times they drifted; the fore sheet was eased off, the mainsail guyed out, and the helm put down: the vessel drifted lee bow to the tide, and the men all threw their lines over the weather side, as otherwise they would go under the vessel's bottom: thus only half as many men could fish on

a drift as at anchor, but they could fish the whole tide.

It will be evident to our young readers that the occupation of those men who engage in deep sea-fishing in the bays of Nova Scotia, the Straits of Belle Isle, on George's Banks, and the Banks of Newfoundland, is a most hazardous one. The tides run with the force of a torrent, forming dangerous whirlpools in many places where they must of necessity go to obtain fish, they are liable, in the event of a gale of wind, to be embayed and perish; they are, the greater part of the time, on a lee shore, the harbors are, many of them, poor, and their mouths barred with sand-banks, while fishing vessels built for sailing are sharp, and draw much water in proportion to their tonnage.

While all other seafaring men covet sea-room, and avoid shoals and rocks as they would certain death, the fisherman seeks those very places, for it is there the fish resort. In March, April, and perhaps in February, he anchors on the Banks of Newfoundland, exposed to the most terrific gales, icebergs, collisions with sea-going ships, out of sight of land, and the greater part

of the time enveloped in fog. At times, in a severe gale, the fisherman, loath to lose his valuable string of cable and his anchors, and hoping the gale will cease, holds on till the waves render it impossible to get forward to cut the cables, and the vessel founders at her anchors. On George's Bank the fish resort to particular spots, and the vessels are obliged to cluster together to obtain them; one of them, perhaps, parts her cable and drifts down upon the rest, sinks or strikes them adrift, and numerous crews perish together.

To successfully contend with all these dangers, and obtain a fare of fish, requires prudence, resolution, good judgment, and a thorough knowledge of the tides, currents, shoals, rocks, habits and feeding-grounds of the fish, and the bait most attractive to them.

The vessels fishing in the Bay of Fundy lie directly in the track of those bound from St. John's to Europe, most of them large ships, that would go over and sink a fisherman in a moment; and for the greater part of the time the fog is so thick that it is not possible to discern an object twice the length of the vessel. The only resort of the fishermen, in these circumstances, is to

blow horns, wave firebrands, and shout, if they see or hear the vessel approaching; they likewise keep lights burning. Large ships often pass within a few feet, sometimes almost brush the sides of the smaller craft, at others pass over them, being too near to avoid contact, and in the great majority of collisions the poor fishermen are in a moment hurled into eternity; occasionally some of them catch the bowsprit rigging of the larger vessel, and are saved. Fish, in the spawning season, resort to very shoal spots, and the fishermen, following them to these places, sometimes lose their lives as the result of their temerity.

In addition to the vast amount of food for home consumption and exportation, produced by the fisheries of a maritime country, they likewise train up a class of rugged, resolute men, who are a most important aid in the event of war. The Constitution and most of our national vessels, in the war of 1812, were manned with Massachusetts fishermen; for this reason the governments both of France and Great Britain have ever been disposed to encourage fisheries, both as a means of national wealth and defence.

Directly after the peace that succeeded the war of independence, our own government turned their attention to the encouragement of the fisheries. Congress passed an act granting a bounty of five cents per quintal on dried and pickled fish exported. This was in 1789, when the country was poor, and struggling with all the difficulties of a depreciated currency, and oppressed with a war debt. At the same time a duty of fifty cents per quintal was put upon foreign fish.

In 1792 this was abolished, and a bounty granted to vessels employed in the cod fishery; to boats between five and twenty tons, one dollar per ton annually; to those between twenty and thirty, one dollar and fifty cents; more than thirty, two dollars and fifty cents; but the annual allowance was limited to one hundred and seventy dollars; that is, no matter how large the vessel, the limit of the bounty was one hundred and seventy dollars.

In 1797 it was increased. Vessels of the smallest class were allowed one dollar and sixty cents per ton; of twenty tons and upwards, two dollars and forty cents; the annual limit two hundred and seventy-two dollars. It was afterwards still fur-

ther increased. This bounty extended only to the cod fishery, and continued through the four months during which that fishery can be successfully prosecuted. The vessels were required to be actually engaged in fishing, within a certain distance of the land, one hundred and twenty days, to be well fitted for the business, together with many other particulars not necessary to mention: the shoresman was required to make oath as to the amount of fish the vessel had landed and he had cured.

If our readers ask why the bounty was limited to the cod fishery, we would say, because this fish is not only the most valuable, both as an article of home consumption and export, but must likewise be sought for at a greater distance, rendering necessary larger vessels and greater expense of outfit, and the design of the bounty was to aid the fishermen not possessed of capital or credit. As we proceed our readers will see in what way it accomplished this purpose. About four hundred and fifty miles of water around the shores of Newfoundland are the home of the larger species of cod, averaging two and a half or three feet in length, and weighing from thirty to fifty

pounds; one of these large cod would take a boy overboard at short notice, and give him a "home in the rolling deep." Cod fish are taken in other parts of the British provinces, but are not so large as those caught on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. It required, to fit a vessel of any size for cod fishing, from eight hundred to a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars, in proportion to the size of the vessel, the number of the crew, and the grounds to which they resorted — Bay of Chaleur, Fundy, Grand Bank, or Straits of Labrador; and as fishermen are, for the most part, in moderate circumstances, and it may well be said of them as "poor, yet making many rich," there was originated, no one knows how long ago, a system of sharing the labors and the profits of the voyage that has continued till the present time, though of late it has been somewhat modified.

It is managed in this wise: In all places on the sea-coast, where the business is prosecuted, are more or less persons possessed either of capital or credit, and able to lie out of their money, who furnish the vessel and the outfit, — sometimes the same person doing both, — and receive their pay in fish or money, at the end of the voyage. Thus

there is mutual risk. Hence the great importance of obtaining a good skipper and efficient crew. At many of the fishing stations were persons who owned fishing vessels and had the management of them, and were traders, keeping in their stores such articles as were needed to fit away the vessels, and also owned fish-flakes, where they cured the fish. Others merely kept the stores and fitted away the fishermen, opening an account with the skipper and vessel, by which the vessel and owners were considered holden to pay at the end of the voyage.

So much for the owners and fitters. Now let us consider the case of the fishermen, who have, probably, not a dollar of capital to invest in any manner; perhaps men in middle life, working hard, and risking their lives to support their families; or young men striving for a living, ambitious to make the most of themselves, and looking forward to the time when they shall be skippers or owners, or both, perhaps. Who knows? Ay, who knows? Such a boy was Andrew Colcord.

The skipper and crew all fish on shares: no one of them receives any wages in money, save

the cook. He has monthly wages. Sometimes he catches what fish his duties permit, and his wages are less ; and sometimes, if he has the reputation of being a good cook, no deduction is made, and he catches almost as many fish as any man on board. In addition to his other duties, he is expected, when the fish are being dressed, to wait upon the "salter" (man who salts).

The ancient custom was to fit the vessel at the fifths, as it was termed. That is, the vessel drew one fifth part of all the fish that were caught, and furnished one fifth of the salt, provisions, lines, nets, bait (if they bought any), and the oil for the binnacle and the signal lanterns, knives, and everything necessary for the equipment of the vessel, except that each man found himself in a knife to cut bait. In short, the vessel (another term for the owners) found one fifth of everything necessary to catch the fish, and salt enough to salt her proportion, while the crew found four fifths of the salt, lines, provisions, nets, bait, and necessary equipment, and received four fifths of the fish,— that is, four fifths of what the fish brought when sold,— and the voyage was settled, each man receiving of that

four fifths just in proportion to the amount of fish he caught. Thus every one had the strongest motives for exertion, since the more fish he caught the more money ; the less, the less ; more honor, also, for it was accounted a great affair to be " high-liner " (catch the most fish). Some of our readers may wonder how they knew who caught the most fish, and each man's proportion. Well, we shall come to that by and by.

This is a general statement, but sufficient for our purpose, which is merely to place the matter before our readers in a clear light. In addition to this, the skipper, who furnished his own charts and log-books, quills and ink, and was expected to understand navigation, received as his commission every sixty-fourth quintal. The salter occupied somewhat the position of mate in a merchant vessel, was expected to understand navigation, know the fishing-grounds, and, in case of accident to the skipper, take command. It is now customary to give the salter a barvel and a pair of boots. The bounty was divided among the owners and crew, the vessel drawing one fifth, the crew four fifths. In later years it became the custom for the owners to fit the vessel entirely, find half the salt, and take the whole bounty.

The bounty was of great benefit to the fishermen, both the owners and crews. It swelled their gains when the voyage was prosperous, and in the event of poor luck in fishing, the bounty saved them from loss, and it kept the vessels in repair.

Thus, also, in respect to the practice of fishing on shares, it brought forward young men. Here, for instance, is a poor boy, honest, industrious, and enterprising; but he has no boat, or money to buy one, and procure lines or nets; no friends to aid him, and scarcely clothes to his back.

This boy ships on board a fishing vessel bound to the Banks; the skipper takes him, along with the rest of the crew, to the store where the vessel fits for the voyage, and tells them to take what they need. The married men select the articles they wish to carry, and others to leave with their families for their support. This young man obtains warm clothing, boots that come up on the thigh, a barvel (leather apron), that, with the boots, renders him water-proof in front, where the most water comes, lines, knives, and everything he needs for an outfit, and if he wants a few dollars in money, it is not refused him.

Thus encouragement and opportunity are placed before the boy at once. He could not have bought even a wherry to fish in, or a line to fish with, had scarcely money sufficient to pay for a night's lodging. Now he has a vessel to fish in, and everything necessary to work with, is well clothed and fed, he has shipmates to instruct him, and an experienced skipper to pilot him to the best ground for fish; this he gains by making one of a crew; and if he is prudent, does not incur needless expense in his outfit, exerts himself to make the most of his opportunities, and meets with ordinary success, he will return with a handsome sum, in the shape of fish, that always bring money, — for New England cod fishing was quite a different affair from South Sea whaling; as in that case the men are generally brought in debt to the ship.

Andrew Colcord slept very little that night; he lay awake hour after hour, considering the matter, striving to determine the probability of obtaining his father's consent, and endeavoring to find some new and stronger argument by which to influence him, and at last, imagining he had found such a one, fell asleep.

CHAPTER V.

COLCORD YIELDS.

THE first thing James Colcord did upon rising in the morning subsequent to his conversation with his son, was to ask Andrew if Tukey said what he should ask for mending the chain.

“Twenty cents,” replied Andrew.

“Too much; it’s too much by one half. Was he drunk?”

“A little that way.”

“I’ll ride over, arter breakfast, pay him, and make him take less.”

Although James Colcord was so penurious, mean, and would not hesitate to take the advantage in a trade if possible, he always paid his debts promptly, could not rest if he owed another a cent, and never would engage in any business where he was obliged to give his note, or become

security for payment. When he arrived at the smith's shop, he found that person ugly enough, from the reaction resulting from drinking freely at launching the day before.

"Tukey," said Colcord, "Andrew says you charge twenty cents for shutt'n' that chain. It's twice too much."

"No, 'tain't, you old viper; 'tain't half enough. If you come crawlin' round me, givin' me any of your slack, I'll charge yer forty cents."

"You may charge it, but I never'll pay it."

"Then I'll take it out of your hide. You've got money enough. What good does it do yer? Why don't yer wear decent clo'es, and let your boys have some chance like other boys, and give 'em something to eat? Ander cleared out, yesterday, when you was off, and went to launching. I'm glad he showed so much spunk."

"Andrew didn't go to launching."

"He did; for I saw him there hid among the bushes, 'cause he was ashamed of his rags."

"Andrew was at home, hoeing, and never went to launching."

"I say he did."

"I say he didn't."

“You lie, you old viper.”

Colcord dared not give the lie in return; so he said, —

“I can’t believe he went to launching, but I’ll ask him.”

Tukey’s boy now came with the jug, and after taking a drink from it, his mood so entirely changed, that he offered the jug to Colcord, saying, —

“You’ll have to take it by word of mouth; I’ve got no tumbler, nor sweetening.”

Colcord, who never drank except at the expense of others, complied: they began to talk pleasantly, and the smith concluded to take ninepence (twelve and a half cents) for the job.

“Andrew,” said Colcord, at his return, as he came into the field where the boys were at work, “did you go to launching?”

“Yes, father.”

“But I see you did your stent (stint).”

“I did it by moonlight.”

They worked side by side for a while, when Andrew broke the silence by inquiring, —

“Father, do you think you can let me go a-fishing with Skipper Cobb?”

“Don’t know, boy; don’t like to pay out money and run a risk; don’t like these *chance* things, I don’t.”

“But you won’t have to pay out any money. Mr. Bickford fits the vessel away, and he is going to make (cure) the fish; there’s nothing to pay down. When the vessel comes back, the voyage is settled and the fish sold; then my part of the outfit will be taken out of my part of the fish money.”

“Ay, but Bickford ain’t fool enough to fit that vessel away, and trust to gitting his pay out of the fish, when he don’t know as they’ll git ten kental (quintal); p’raps won’t find the fish; p’raps be run down and sunk, or founder in a gale of wind; and then what comes of the bounty? You’ve got to be one hundred and twenty days at sea to git the bounty. So there’s got to be an agreement by which the vessel is holden to him, and the crew are holden to him, and I’ve got to sign it for you. Take out the skipper and salter, the crew of that vessel ain’t worth a pound of swingle-tow; if there’s any trouble, the vessel’s lost, or you don’t git a fare, and make a broken vige, then Bickford’ll fall back

on the owners and crew, and them what's got anything'll have ter pay the bills for them what ain't."

"But, father, why don't you look on the other side?"

"What t'other side?"

"Why, the bright side, and the right side. You allow, yourself, that you never in twenty years knew Skipper Cobb to fail of wetting his salt; and did you ever know any vessel from here to meet with damage enough to spoil the trip or make any great loss?"

"Can't say as ever I did; but then they *might*, fur all that; they ain't many vessels goes out er here, but vessels has been lost in other places, lots on 'em."

"So you might have fallen off the horse, this morning, and broken your neck; because anything *might* be, it's no reason it will. Suppose you had said, I won't plant any corn, because it *may* not come up."

"I don't kalkerlate ter plant corn in the sea."

"I can tell you, father, the sea has yielded better crops than the land this three years past. You said yourself that John Valentine made

more money cod and mackerel fishing than you had off your farm in two years, and had three boys to help you. There's another thing, father, you don't think of."

"What's that?"

"Suppose we make a good trip — wet all our salt; then I shall earn you a lot of money, clear cash; much more than all of us boys can earn here; but even suppose we don't get a full fare and wet quite all our salt, if we make out our bounty time, there's that bounty, to be divided amongst the owners and crew, will make it up, and allowing we didn't get a full fare there, we might make it up on the coast here at home."

"I thought the owners had the bounty."

"No, sir; it is divided between them and the crew."

"I didn't know that; that ere makes a difference; there's one thing that's somewhat sartain, anyhow; if you get a full fare, — fish is high now, and like ter be, long as this fightin' in the old countries keeps up, — clap the bounty top of that, anybody would do well."

The father seemed influenced considerably by this latter consideration, and went on to say, —

“There’s another way you might make a saving; the men have got ter find themselves in victuals, lines, hooks and leads, boots and barvels. Now there’s a good many things I could turn in would save taking the money, when the vige is up.”

Andrew was by no means pleased that his father had thought of such a method, as he had the best of reasons for supposing his parent would not afford him a very generous allowance, and foresaw that it would expose him to a great deal of annoyance and mortification; but he was too anxious to go, and too much delighted to observe what he supposed indications of relenting in his father, to offer any remonstrance, let him do what he would.

“You see, boy,” he said, “this ere skipper and crew they’ll go right ter Bickford’s store, and they’ll take up their provisions, lump it all together, have it charged, to pay out of the fare of fish when they come back, and they’ll have to give a high price, if he is a goin’ to trust ’em four months; he’ll want pay for trustin’ ’em, and for the risk, and the trouble of making out his account. Don’t you see, boy?”

“Yes, sir,” replied Andrew, *faintly*, for he dreaded what might come next.

“Never git trusted, boy; if you haven’t the money to get anything, go without it. Now you see how I’ll work it. We’ve got the potatoes, the butter, and bread-stuff all at home, and pork, and beans, and beef; that is,” checking himself suddenly, “if such a thing should be that I might let you go,— but I don’t know.”

“Yes, father,” cried Andrew, determined to keep him going, and make the most of a fair wind, “then there’s the barvel. Haven’t you something would make that?”

“Yes; I’ve got a calf-skin over to Jeff Sawyer’s, and it must be tanned by this time.”

“We’ve got two lines in the house, father.”

“They are too old; it wouldn’t pay to have a line break, and lose the fish and the lead both; must have new lines for them big fish.”

It may be well to say that a barvel is an apron made of a whole calf-skin, so large that it comes up on the breast, and extends down the thighs, and wraps nearly round the wearer, effectually excluding water and gurry.

“There’ll be nothing, then, to git,” continued

Colcord, "'cept fishing boots, 'lasses, tea, hooks and lines, and some little things; we've got vin'-gar. But if I was goin' to have anybody go board a fisherman in that way, I shouldn't give Bickford his price. I'd make him take off some for cash down; I'd have no trusting about it."

"Then you mean to let me go,—don't you, father,—now you see how little you'll have to pay in money?"

"I don't know, boy; I'll turn it over in my mind; there's a risk, arter all: but then, if it should turn out well, the vessel git her fare,—and then the bounty, that's *clear gain*,—no work done for that; well, I'll consider."

"Mother could knit my nippers."

"They'll want rum and tobacco. You wouldn't want them ere. What am I talking about? Well, I'll see; the bounty, that's something."

"I wouldn't drink a glass of rum, father,—couldn't be hired to; and tobacco makes me sick."

"I'll consider."

Andrew would not have obtained any rum at home if he had wanted it; for though his father loved it well enough, he was too penurious to

buy it. But Andrew was actuated by a higher principle than the love of money. Those boys who have read the volume of the Elm Island stories, called Charlie Bell, recollect the auger pledge, which Uncle Isaac administered to Charlie Bell, John Rhines, and Fred Williams. Andrew, Tim Lancaster, and some other boys belonged to that society, and once a year they all met at Elm Island, the older and younger members, and kept the anniversary under the old maple — Charlie's dear old maple. Sally Rhines gave them a dinner, and Lion Ben took them to sail in the Perseverance, that craft of glorious memory, that Lion Ben still kept, with bright paint, rigging well tarred, masts clean scraped, and deck holy-stoned, for the good she had done. Peterson and his family were always invited, and then the black would tell the young folks about his deliverance from slavery, and how he felt when he heard Walter Griffin singing

“Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,”

under his prison window.

“Gorry mighty ony know how dis nigga feel when he seed dis bressed old craft,” he would exclaim, striking his hand on the rail. “Den,

after wese row, row, all de night, de sun come up, we fraid dey chase us ; den de good Lord send de trade wind, and dis nigga shout glory to de Lord. Massa Walter, Massa Ned, Cap'n Rhines, Massa Ben no tink so much of Peterson, risk dere libes to git poor black man, if he no leabe off drinkin' rum, try do right, make man hisself."

Then the young folks would insist upon the black's telling them the story of his escape ; but he never failed to wind up with saying, " Nebber drink rum, boys ; you no begin, den you no hab leabe off. When dis chile drink rum dey call him Ole Flour, tink him like de mud in de street ; no house, no land, chil'en cry for bread, — no bread to gib 'em ; wife no clo'es, no clo'es hisself, eberyting go fur rum. Leabe alone de rum, *Mr. Peterson*, good house, good clo'es, plenty land, keep cow, chil'en bread nuff, nuff eberyting ; dat de way."

Although intemperance still prevailed, yet many of the younger portion of the community followed the example set by Captain Rhines, Lion Ben, and the young persons just referred to, and there was a steady, though gradual, progress in temperance, and every year Ben's auger was in request : the

old maple looked as though a hundred gigantic woodpeckers had been boring it.

All through the remainder of the day Andrew watched the face of his father, endeavoring to gather, from the expression of his features, what was passing within, but made no further attempt to influence him, feeling that he had already exhausted his arguments; but his hope grew strong, as every now and then he observed his parent's lips move, while he communed with himself, and heard him utter the words, "bounty, full fare, meal, potatoes," and heard no longer those ominous terms, "great risk, unsartain."

After supper, James Colcord, shoving back his chair, said, —

"Andrew, I have been considerin', and you kin take the horse in the mornin', and tell Skipper Cobb I've made up my mind to let you go with him, and see when he kalkerlates to git away."

Andrew leaped from his chair, almost ready to cry for joy. He could have embraced his father; but the moment the latter left the room there was a general jubilee. Andrew flung his arms around his mother's neck, exclaiming, "O, moth-

er, I am going, and I'll bring home halibut strips, napes and fins, and tongues and sounds, — cod tongues and sounds, mother ; and we'll have 'em to eat next winter." Then he hugged his two brothers, promising to bring them home a shark's back-bone, to make a cane, and if they went to the Bay of Chaleur, he would bring them some Gut of Canso whetstones, and some birds' eggs, and a sturgeon's nose to wind a ball on, to make it bounce.

Andrew had not the least fear of failure now, as his father was never known to change his mind when he had reached a final decision.

CHAPTER VI.

ANDREW FINDS FRIENDS.

IT was the custom at Colcord's, when he was at home, to work till dark, and after that, milk and do up the chores ; but when he was away, one of the boys would drive the cows up just before sundown, in order that their much-enduring mother might receive some relief by getting her work done earlier.

This evening Colcord kept the boys in the field later than ever, as he wished to get all he could out of Andrew before he went away. It is, however, but justice to say, that when they came out of the field Colcord did not go into the house, and sit down, leaving the boys to work in the dark, but took right hold till all was done ; then they ate their suppers and went to bed. Sometimes, in long days, it would be nine o'clock before they had their meal. James used to say

it was just the time to eat, when they could not see to work. The boys would be so hungry at times, in June, in the long days, that they were fain to drink out of the milk pail, froth, hairs, and all; at other times, open their mouths as wide as possible, and milk into them.

The back stairs, that led to the sleeping-rooms of the boys, were in an entry, from which the outside door opened. When supper was over, Andrew, instead of going up stairs to bed, slipped out of the door, closing it softly, and putting his bare feet to the ground, scarcely broke his trot till he reached the lane that led to the house of Seth Lancaster.

It was some distance to Lancaster's, and they were all in bed, as they had supper at half past five, and were sound asleep before the Colcord boys got their supper. Major, a great yellow and white mastiff, lay on the doorstep, and rousing at the approach of Andrew, began to growl; but the latter calling him by name, the dog came forward, wagging his tail, and fawned upon him. They were evidently familiar acquaintances. Major concerned himself no more with Andrew's movements, but lay down again, while the former,

going to the back part of the house, tapped on Tim's bed-room window. Tim, however, was too fast asleep to be aroused in this way. Andrew, rolling a log to the house, shoved up the window, and climbed into the room.

This must have been no uncommon occurrence, for Tim seemed neither surprised nor alarmed, when roused from sleep by a hearty shake from Andrew.

"Is it you, Andrew?"

"Yes."

"Get into bed."

"I can't; I've got something to tell you — O the greatest thing."

"Well, get into bed, and tell me there."

"But I must be home by sunrise, I tell you, by the time father's up; and I am so tired, I know I can't wake."

"If you'll stay, I'll get mother to wake you; she always gets up as soon as it's day, and she is awake long before, 'cause her rheumatics won't let her sleep."

Andrew got into one side of the bed, while Tim, getting out of the other, waked his mother.

"What is the matter, Timothy? Are you unwell?"

"No, ma'am ; but Andrew has come, and he's afraid he shan't wake ; wants to be called by break of day."

"Well, I'll be sure to call him."

"What is it, Andrew ?"

"Father's going to let me go over the bay, fishing, 'long with Skipper Cobb, in the Evening Star."

"He's a first-rate man to go with, Andrew ; my brother Sewall has been with him ; he's a lucky skipper, too, and don't drink ; that is, I suppose he takes his glass, as all the old skippers do ; but he ain't like old Barbarick, and Mike Dyer, and Barney Weaver, Jun., and that set."

"I'm going shares, too, Tim — think of that ; ain't going to cook, as I did in the William, but fish all the time ; see if I don't slat 'em into the kid. I love to fish."

"That's great ; but — How came your father to let you go ?" Tim was about to say, but he changed it to, "How can your father spare you ?"

"He thinks he and the boys can finish the hoeing and get in the hay."

“Where are you going? and who is Cobb going to have for crew?”

“I don’t know; only I know he ain’t going to the Straits, cause it’s too late. Bay of Fundy or Seal Island ground, I guess; he most always goes into the Bay, though: and who the crew are going to be I don’t know, nor when he expects to start. He don’t know I’m going yet. I’m to let him know to-morrow morning.”

“Well, call when you come back, and let a fellow know. I shall miss you dreadfully. We’ve always been schoolmates, and there’s no other fellow round here that I have much to do with.”

Asking another question and receiving no answer, Tim said to himself, “The poor boy’s asleep — tired all out. I don’t see why he ain’t dead; but what beats me is how the old man came to let him go. Well, he’ll get something to eat now, that’s one comfort, and won’t have to work half so hard. They always live first rate aboard the fishermen, because they find themselves.”

When James Colcord got up, the next morning, he found Andrew in the yard, milking.

The moment Andrew had swallowed his breakfast, he mounted the horse, and tying the stirrup-

straps together over the pommel of the saddle, — for he was barefoot, — dug his heels into the nag's ribs, and made the best of his way to Skipper Cobb's. The skipper was occupied in "marling" a herring net, and received him most cordially.

"Good morning Andrew. Getting ready for a start; hope you've come to say you are going."

"Yes, sir; I have."

"That's the time of day; 'cording to Stacy's tell, you went with last year, you'll be 'high liner.' He said you cooked, and then caught more'n some what fished all the time."

"When do you expect you'll want me, captain?"

"Well, we've got the schooner ashore, calking and 'graving' her; kalkerlate she'll come off to-morrow arternoon tide, and haul 'longside the wharf; want you, day arter to-morrow morning, to help take in the salt. There'll be sixty hogs-heads of salt to take in, and stores, water, wood, ballast, too, to take in and trim; a new cable to get aboard, and kids to make or repair; but get off your horse, and put him in the barn, and stop to dinner."

"I am much obliged, captain, but I must hurry

back, in order to help father all I can before I go; we are behind in our hoeing."

"Dinner'll be on the table in half an hour. Won't hear a word of it," said the skipper, taking the horse by the bits, and leading him to the barn. Andrew dismounted at the barn door, and when the skipper, after feeding the horse, came out, said, "Captain Cobb, I want to speak a word in private, before we go into the house." He blushed, and the tears stood in his eyes as he said, "You know, captain, — though it is a delicate thing for me to say, — that father is a little peculiar in his ways."

"Ay, I know what you would say."

"I expect he'll want to fit me himself, as he is able, and we have a good deal on the place in the way of provisions."

"Well, I don't blame him for that; I don't blame any man for being prudent and saving where and when he kin."

"But you know it is different from the usual way, and I feel bad about it. I am not much acquainted with Mr. Bickford, and I wish you would be so good as to speak to him about it; because he will think strange I don't come into

the store, and take my outfit with the rest — and perhaps the *crew* will: but I can't help it; I must obey my father, because 'tis right, and mother has always taught me so."

"Don't give it a thought, my lad; don't give it a second thought," laying his heavy hand on Andrew's shoulder, while his voice trembled a little; "I'll speak to Bickford; let your father do as he likes, and there's no man going with me that'll take any notice, or heave any slur to hurt your feelings in the leastest degree. You're a good boy—a smart boy, and dutiful; everybody says that of you; and you've had a hard chance; but I'll befriend you. You shall have a fair chance, and anything I can show you about the banks, or harbors, or fishing, or navigation, I will."

Thus did this noble-hearted man, though rude in speech and rough in appearance, touch lightly on and palliate the ways of James Colcord, in order not to wound the feelings of Andrew, while, at the same time, he despised the miser in his heart, and resolved to manifest the affection of a parent to the youth, who had a father only in name.

"Come and stop with me, Andrew," said the skipper, "when you come to fit away; it is too far to go home nights."

Andrew thanked Skipper Cobb for his hospitable invitation, and rode away in much better spirits than when he came. On the road he met Tim Lancaster.

"Well, what's the news? How do you like the skipper?"

"Ever so much. I never saw a man in my life I liked so much: he's as kind as he can be."

"When are you going?"

"I don't know; going to put salt and ballast in day after to-morrow."

"Who's going in her?"

"Skipper Barbarick is going salter; Jake Brown, cook; Henry Warren, Joe Pettigrew, and myself make up the rest."

"I like part of 'em, and part of 'em I don't like."

"Who don't you like?"

"I don't like Barbarick; he's such a drunkard he can't get a vessel to go in — has to go salter; and Joe Pettigrew is another: but Hen Warren

is a first-rate boy, and there could be no better cook than Brown."

Notwithstanding Colcord had enumerated butter and beef among the stores to be put on board the schooner, neither of these articles was forthcoming, and the provisions actually furnished—the potatoes, tea (coffee there was none), pork, Indian meal, bolted barley, wheat flour being seldom seen, in those days, on board a fisherman, and molasses—were in such small quantities as to put the boy almost on allowance.

A barrel of flour was, at that time, not to be found; wheat was raised, in small quantities, around Pleasant Cove, but it was a rarity; the attention of the people there, and all along the sea-coast of Maine, was turned to lumbering, fishing, and ship-building, and the principal crops were Indian corn, potatoes, barley, and rye; they might have raised wheat enough on the new lands, despite the Hessian fly, which was the great bugbear of farmers at that time. The wheat was sent to mill, bolted, and kept in bags for transportation, as corn is at present.

"Mother," said Tim Lancaster, "what do you suppose old Colcord has gone and done?"

“I’m sure I don’t know; nothing good, I fear.”

“You may well say that; now, there’s Andrew, has slaved and worked there at home like a dog, night and day, been half starved and half clothed, and never given his father a misbeholden word; and shouldn’t you think the old *screw* might have a *little* feeling for him, when he’s going away?”

“Yes, I’m sure I should.”

“Well, you see, now, the fishermen, when they go, find themselves: they work hard, and have to take the weather as it comes, and so they calculate to live well, buy all their provisions together, hire a good cook, and when they settle the voyage share the expense. But what does old Colcord do? He won’t let Andrew go in with the rest, but he finds him himself, and he’s put aboard the *meanest* lot of provision, small potatoes, just fit to boil for the hogs, and a little jug of molasses, — the crew have got a barrel on tap, — not a mite of butter, and only a little barley flour, most all Indian meal, and none too much of that, not a pound of beef, and only a little pork, and most all belly pieces at that.”

“I think it is too bad; but as to the butter,

they don't have butter aboard fishermen. I know, because my brother John used to go skipper, a good many years, and was lost in the Bay of Chaleur."

"Now, ma'am, can't you spare him some butter? I want to do something for him, when he's going away; you know we are just like brothers, — always have been, — and if they don't have it, that will help make up for some of the other deficiencies."

"Yes, Tim, I will. I'll put him up a small pat of butter — all I can spare — and some cheese."

"A whole cheese, ma'am, do; don't *cut* it."

"I'll bake some gingerbread, and bake it hard, so it will keep, and he can soak it in his tea, — and some onions; John used to think a great deal of onions."

"Ma'am, put in a little bag of wheat flour."

"Well, I will. You go and find some onions that haven't sprouted, and I'll fry some doughnuts."

"O, ma'am, I never thought of that; they'll be the things; you know how, ma'am — don't you?"

“I sartainly ought to, Timothy, for I’ve put up a great dèal for your poor uncle, — little extra matters they don’t all have.”

Tim now set to work, made a rough box, put all the articles into it, and gave the box to Andrew, with injunctions not to open it till he arrived on the fishing-ground; he also lent Andrew his gun, and gave him powder and shot, although Andrew was very unwilling to take it; but Tim insisted, saying that Andrew had no chance to earn a cent, while he had.

“Well, Tim,” said the former, “if ever I do get a chance to earn anything for myself I’ll repay some of these good turns.”

In those days affairs moved much more leisurely than at present, seeing that Bickford bought rock salt, and had it ground at the mill, because it was stronger, and the salt must be hauled to the mill and back to the vessel. The salt room in a “pinkie” is aft, and the hatch by which it is reached directly under the tiller. Part of this salt was put there, part of it in the hold forward, to trim the craft, and a few flat rocks to dunnage up beside the kelson. These, with the

salt, wood, water, and stores, made sufficient ballast.

The vessel was ready for sea Thursday night, but there was no wind, and Skipper Cobb would not sail Friday, so they concluded to lie over till Monday.

CHAPTER VII.

HO, FOR CHALEUR.

NOTWITHSTANDING the vigilant supervision maintained by her husband, Andrew's mother managed to smuggle some eggs, flour biscuit, and two lumps of butter into his chest, among the clothes. "You can take the eggs out, Andrew," she said, "when you get aboard, and put them in salt, and that will keep them."

Andrew took his things to the vessel Saturday afternoon, calling to see Tim on the way.

"Andrew," said the latter, "found out where you're going?"

"To the Bay of Chaleur."

"Now there's just one thing I want you to do, and I shan't like it at all if you don't do it. It is fog in the Bay half the time, and often cold, and fog showers and drizzle; if the fish

bite, you'll have to fish, rain or no rain; and you've no outside garment. I've got a good pilot-cloth monkey-jacket; father bought the cloth in Liverpool, and mother made it, and you must take it."

"I can't do that, Tim; you'll want it yourself."

"Want it myself? What do I want of a monkey-jacket, as thick as a board, in summer time?"

"To put on, rainy days, to go after the cows. Besides, I don't need it; I've got woollen shirts, a barvel, and a good frock, that mother knit me."

"It's no kind of use to talk that way to me; you know I've been one trip a-fishing. You'll have to stand watch nights, after you've been sweating, hauling fish all day, if it happens to be warm and pleasant; then, when it comes night, on your watch you'll feel chilly; sometimes it will be cold, blowy, and rainy, and I can tell you a good pilot-cloth jacket, that you can't wet through in a twenty-four hours' rain, will be a mighty good thing; so say no more, for take it you shall."

"I believe you would give me your skin."

"To be sure I would, if you hadn't a good deal

better one than I have. The long and short of it is, Andrew, you are a first-rate boy, and a real good-looking boy. Do you know it?"

"If I don't, it won't be your fault. But really I can't take the jacket. I'm greatly obliged to you; but I must start along, for father wants the oxen."

"They'll have to stand till I go in and get that jacket. No, I won't trust you, you'll be off. — Tom," he shouted, to his younger brother, who was putting a pole to a hop-vine in the front yard, "go into the bed-room, and get my monkey-jacket."

Thomas brought the garment.

"I can't take it, Tim."

"Put it on, and see how it fits," said Tim, taking the goad-stick from Andrew. "It fits on you better than it does on me," and he compelled Andrew to take it.

Monday morning dawned pleasantly, with the wind north-west, and just as the sun came up they cast off. Andrew had stopped with Tim Sabbath night, in order to be near the vessel, as they were to start early. The friends breakfasted together before daylight, and Tim, accompanied

by his brother Thomas, went four or five miles down the bay with them, taking a boat in tow, intending to fish for haddock, that were plenty in the bay at that time of year.

The moment the schooner was cast off from the wharf the colors were run up at the main peak, and the skipper and crew, each of them being provided with a gun, began to blaze away, loading and firing as fast as they could, while the crowd of relatives, friends, and on-lookers cheered and waved their hats, and the women their handkerchiefs, till they were out of hearing.

“Now ain’t you glad you took the gun,” said Tim; “you’d have looked like a fool, without it.”

“O, my sorrows!” cried Skipper Cobb, “I’ve forgot something now I wouldn’t have forgot for anything.”

“I hope it ain’t the soap,” said Barbarick; “anybody’s dreadful apt to forget the soap.”

“Worse’n that.”

“Forgot to tell the old woman to shake the vinegar barrel?”

“Worse’n that. I don’t see what possessed me to forget; but it passed my mind entirely. You know old Uncle Ben Simonton is a kind of a

wizard, and can put good or bad luck on a vessel if he likes."

"Yes, I'm sartain sure of that."

"Well, I've allers been in the habit of giving him a pound of tobacco afore I went away, to give me good luck, and I forgot it."

"That's dreadful bad," said Pettigrew; "he'll be put out, and put a curse on us, and we shan't get a fare of fish, or there'll be a death on board; let us go back."

"That won't do," said Barbarick; "it's sure bad luck to go back arter you make sail."

"There's only one thing we kin do," said Skipper Cobb. "His house is right on the p'int of Cherry Island, — bold water close to the rocks, — and he will be at the shore when he hears the firing, 'cause he allers comes down to the shore when a vessel goes by, to give 'em good or bad luck. We'll load all the guns, and put a fig of tobacco in every one of 'em, and when we get up with the island, run in under the lee of it, drqp the peak of the sails so she'll just move along, and fire it ashore; there wouldn't be any bad luck in that, would there, Skipper Barbarick, if the vessel did not lose her way, or go about?"

“Not a bit of it; that will be just the thing.”

They were soon up with Cherry Island, so called from the great abundance of wild cherry trees. It made off with a bluff point, forming a little harbor, with a gravelly beach, where was a house and fish flakes. On the beach stood an old man, in fisherman's dress, with white locks falling over his shoulders, long white beard, and bare-headed. As the vessel glided slowly along, Skipper Cobb sung out, —

“Uncle Benjamin, I forgot your tobacco! I am going to fire it ashore in the guns; look out for it.”

The guns were fired, aimed for the beach; the tobacco was seen to strike the sand, and the old man to pick up the figs, one after another. He then waved his hand as a token of acknowledgment, and picking up a flat stone at the edge of the water, spat on it, and flung it towards the vessel.

“We are all right now!” shouted the skipper, the gloom vanishing from his brow. “Sway up the sails! A severe hard pull on the main peak halyards!”

After this the guns were loaded, a salute and three cheers given to Uncle Benjamin. It was

pitiable to see these resolute men, who feared not to dare the utmost force of winds and waves, thus enslaved by superstition.

“ We are abreast of the Brant Rocks ; I can't go any farther, Andrew,” and Tim began to haul up his boat. They shook hands, and parted. “ You won't forget me, Andrew.”

“ Not while I have the monkey-jacket,” said his friend, as he threw him the end of the painter. Tim and Tom, after rowing about four hundred yards, dropped their grapnel and threw over their lines. Andrew watched the boat till it diminished to a speck, and soon was no longer visible.

The swift vessel, in ballast trim, and rejoicing in a brimstone bottom, swiftly parted the waves, and the high shores and green fields of Elm Island were now astern. For a long time the house of Lion Ben, that the fall before had been painted red, was visible, but this at length grew dim in the distance, and all the familiar objects to be seen were the tall pine and the eagle's nest on the highest part of Elm Island ridge.

The wind during Saturday and Sunday was north-east ; at twelve o'clock Sunday night it shifted to north-west ; this made a cross sea, and

the schooner pitched and rolled at a great rate, and flung the spray the whole length of the deck. Andrew, steadying himself by the main rigging, was watching the land as it sank in the distance. Skipper Barbarick was at the helm, Pettigrew sitting on the deck, with his back against the boat, to keep out of the spray, and Henry Warren, who had crawled into a fishing-kid, amidships, to keep from fetching away, was cascading over the rail.

It was now time for the cook to be bestirring himself, as Andrew knew, about his dinner. Going below, he said to that functionary, "Jake, what are you going to give us for dinner? because I must get my share of the grub; you know I fit myself."

"I'm going to stew some beans, boil potatoes, and bake an Indian bannock; ought to have had the beans on long ago, but have had to scour this old rusty pot, and the tea-kettle, and the knives, and the frying-pan; and the fire has plagued me."

"Going to make tea?"

"To be sure."

Andrew now brought forward some potatoes, tea, Indian meal, and a small piece of pork to

put in the beans, with a tally tied on it with a string, in order to distinguish it from the large junk belonging to the rest. He blushed as he gave it to the cook, with the other articles.

Jake made no remark, but placed them on the cabin table. Captain Cobb was in the cabin, overhauling his chest, and heard the conversation. He followed Andrew on deck, passed along aft, and whispered to Pettigrew and Warren, and, unnoticed by Andrew, spoke to Barbarick, while pretending to look at the compass, and went below again.

In a few moments Barbarick asked Andrew to relieve the helm. As soon as the latter took the tiller, Barbarick went below; he was soon followed by Pettigrew; as for Warren, he was too sick to care whether school kept or not.

“When they were all assembled in the cabin, the captain said, —

“Shipmates, look here,” holding up the little bit of pork, with the tally on it, and then pointing to the other articles on the table, “you all know what Jim Colcord is, and what this boy is: now he has given the boy about half a fit out, that is, as to provisions and clothes; he has fitted him

well with lines, hooks, and leads, because he knew if he didn't he wouldn't get fish; and the boy has put this tally on the pork so as to tell it, and only eat his own. What do you say for putting his stores right in with ours, and all fare alike?"

"I say yes, with all my heart," said Barbarick, who, when the liquor was out of him, was every inch a man. "A better, more civil-behaved boy, never trod shoe-leather. We've got enough, and if we should fall short, we could get more at Ship Cove. I don't like the idea of giving Colcord anything; but we must act the part of the father to this boy, since he ain't got any worth callin' one."

Pettigrew expressed the like opinion, with equal warmth.

"As for Henry Warren," said Skipper Cobb, "I asked him, and he was for it; he used to go to school with Ander, and thinks a deal of him. Now, cook, do you just take Ander's pork and put it in our barrel, turn his 'lasses in with ours; put his meal, potatoes, and everything with ours — mix 'em all up. Now," concluded the worthy skipper, "I've got that off my mind I feel better; and if there was a school of codfish alongside, I think I could haul 'em purty lively."

“Skipper,” said Barbarick, “we ain’t wet this ere vige yet; it’s been a dry vige, so fur, and now we’ve got uncle Benjamin’s blessin’ for good luck, and got this ere youngster fixed, — done the thing that’s right, — and got a fair wind, I’m for wetting the vige, and drinking to good luck for the ship’s company, and love all round.”

Captain Cobb knew who he had to deal with; knew Barbarick’s habits; that both he and Pettigrew had rum with them, and also that they would not be good for much while it lasted, and therefore concluded the sooner they drank it up the better; so he replied, —

“Skipper Barbarick, I know it’s the custom to wet the vige, as you say, and I’ve allers done it; but I ain’t got any liquor of my own. I’ve got some that Nichols gave me for the vessel for medicine, if anybody should be sick or lame, and needed it to bathe in, or in a time of great exposure; but I don’t feel clear in my mind to treat all hands in that way.”

“Wall, perhaps you’re right. I’ve got some liquor, and I’ll bring it on.”

The cook put glasses on the cabin table, a spoon, and molasses to sweeten the liquor. Barbarick

poured out the rum, and requested Skipper Cobb to drink first. The skipper sweetened his liquor, as did the rest, and a glass was prepared for Andrew, who declined when the cook took it to him, at the helm.

"Never mind," said Barbarick, "there'll be the more for the rest."

Skipper Cobb then drank to the success of the voyage, that they might wet all their salt, that every man might be able to eat his allowance, and that they might find all their friends well when they returned. Pettigrew then thought they ought to drink to the friends they left behind them, and Barbarick to the flag under which they sailed. When this was done, Skipper Cobb said there had been drinking enough. Barbarick then took a glass to Warren, telling him it would "turn his sickness,"—upon which the latter eagerly swallowed it, — and then going aft, said to Andrew, —

"I drank yours for you, my lad."

"I thank you, skipper ; I had rather you would drink it than I should."

"Rum is good as ever it was, Ander, only take it in moderation."

“Haul down them ere colors, skipper,” said the captain; “it’s no use to have ’em thrashing to pieces in this wind.”

Their course out of the bay had been south-west by west, but it was now changed to east-south-east, and the sheets eased off; and the vessel, almost before it, went dry, and made rapid progress. As the schooner was less uneasy after her change of course, Warren, getting out of the kid, crawled aft on his hands and knees, and lay down on the deck. The cook now called to dinner, and all except Andrew, who was at the helm, and Warren, went below to eat.

As there will be no better opportunity, we will now give our young readers (some of whom have perhaps never seen a vessel of any kind, and many who have not seen a pinkie, and never may, as there are none built now) a brief description of that kind of vessel, and the mode of living on board of them at the date of our tale, dispensing as much as possible with the use of nautical terms. They were schooners of all sizes, from twenty to fifty or a hundred tons. They were very full forward, very sharp aft, and deep, with good breadth. This made them ride easily in a heavy sea at an-

chor. They were very crooked on top, and the bowsprit was laid high, in order that they might not fling the cable over the end of it, when riding at anchor with a long scope of cable, in the tremendous sea that they often encountered on the shoals and banks where they fished, and at times stood almost on end. The pinkies were fore-and-afters, that is, had no yards across. Their bottoms were much like other vessels', but there was some peculiarity in their model which has never been improved upon, that rendered them excellent sea-boats, good sailers, and most weatherly vessels. In bad weather, either to scud or work to windward, a pinkie might be safely calculated on, or to ride at anchor in heavy sea. Some of the old fishermen, who were brought up in them, contend that in scudding the pink will split a sea, and cause it to pass on each side instead of coming aboard.

The timbers of the stem, instead of being brought out and arching over the sides and stern, like the modern square or round-sterned vessels, were gathered in, and brought to a point, similar to those of a whale boat. This portion, so convenient, in other vessels, to hang the boat to, was

called the pink, and gave the vessel her name of "pinkie," or pink-sterned, and was used to dry nets on. Doubtless, when the vessel was deep-laden, this sharp, smooth stern passed easily through the water; there was no pounding, as is sometimes the case with the heavy overhanging buttocks of square-sterned vessels, and the pinkie steered like a pilot boat, and did not leave a wake bigger than a shad.

Let us now take a view of the internal arrangements, and the manner of living, which Tim Lancaster described to his mother as being very sumptuous, and so much better than Andrew obtained at home. We will commence below deck.

As this description of craft was very sharp and narrow at the stern, a bulkhead was built across this portion of the vessel, and the space devoted to storing salt that was poured in at a small hatch directly under the tiller; there was also a slide door, opening through the partition into the hold. The cabin was in the forward part of the vessel, where was another bulkhead, with a slide door; this was the store-room, where were kept the provisions, wood, and spare articles for the vessel's

use; then another bulkhead, and the space between this latter partition and the forward portion of the vessel is the cabin, where all the ship's company live together. As the crew of a fisherman are much more numerous in proportion than that of a merchant vessel, every inch of room is economized. The berths were built on the sides, two tier high, four on a side and two cross berths, so that ten men could have slept below if necessary, which number the vessel sometimes carried. The space on the sides beneath the lower berths was boxed up, forming what are termed lockers, with covers, affording a convenient seat, and place to store away potatoes, and spare blocks, and other matters. The foremast was in the middle of the cabin, and around this was the table, that was circular, and built on to the mast in such a manner that it slipped up and down on the mast like a churn cover on the dasher, or a lamp shade on the chimney. Thus there was no danger of the table upsetting; legs were put under it that could be taken out at pleasure, and when the table was not in use, it was lifted up and buttoned to the deck overhead, to make room.

So narrow was the space between the forward

part of the vessel and the edge of the table, that the lockers served the purpose of seats for the greater portion of the company ; at the after edge of the table, where the space was wider, a board extending across from locker to locker answered the purpose. They had plates, knives and forks, spoons, mugs to drink from, and a few platters to hold the food. The skipper was seated at that part of the table forward of the mast, on the starboard side, and the salter next : this was the seat of honor.

The fireplace was on the starboard (right) side, at the foot of the berths on that side, and close to the steps that led to the deck. It was made like the fireplace in a house, and the chimney went through the deck, surmounted with a sheet-iron bonnet, that could be turned as the wind shifted. An iron bar was built into the chimney, to hang a pot on. There were for kitchen furniture a Dutch oven, — a deep iron pot, with a flat bottom and iron cover, with a rim to it, so that hot coals being piled on top, and the oven hung on the fire, it would bake biscuit both at top and bottom, or pies, or meat, or beans, as well as any modern stove ; the beans, however, were generally stewed

in a kettle; then they had a long-handled frying-pan, and boards to bake an Indian cake on; and some had tins, that they placed before the fire with a large stone behind.

There was no tea or coffee pot; the tea (and coffee if they had it) was made in an iron tea-kettle, and the cook waited upon table, pouring the tea into each person's mug, when, after the man at the helm was relieved, he and the cook ate together. In some vessels holes were cut in the table, to keep the dishes from sliding off in rough weather; otherwise, every man took his food or mug in his hands, and braced himself as he best could.

As to the living, they were provided with plenty of good salted pork, sometimes a little beef, but oftener none; Indian corn meal that was sifted at home, barley bolted at the mill, and rarely any wheat flour; when they had, it was reserved for Sunday's dinner; no butter, except when sent by friends as an extra; no sugar, the tea and coffee were sweetened with molasses. They had fish hash and beef hash, smoked halibut and herring.

There was one mess they called *scourer*. It was

simply hasty pudding, with pork fat and seraps boiled in it, and eaten with molasses. The tongues of cod, fried, were a favorite dish, chowder of cod's heads, and occasionally they, when in harbor, dug clams, and made a clam chowder. But whatever the reader's opinion may be as to the *quality* of the living, there was plenty of it, — wholesome, nourishing food; and you may be assured Andrew Colcord did full justice to the viands, and gained both flesh and strength.

Suppose we now glance a moment at the arrangements on deck for fishing. Upon each side of the deck, along the rail, were pens built up and secured to the deck, as high as the rail, about three feet, or three and a half by four, in length and breadth, called kids, and sufficiently far apart to enable a man to stand conveniently between them and haul the lines. These were to contain the fish; sometimes they were made double, with a parting in the middle, to keep the fish separate, one man throwing his fish into one side, and the other into the opposite. The Evening Star had six kids, three on a side.

By the side of the main hatch, and close to it, was a very large kid, placed in the centre of the

vessel (that is, crosswise), with a partition in the middle to keep its contents from shifting. This is termed the general kid, and is large enough to hold all the fish caught in a day. The particular use of this we shall explain by and by. Our readers may now be supposed masters of the situation. We will, therefore, proceed with the thread of our story, trusting that even if they never saw a fishing vessel matters will henceforth explain themselves.

CHAPTER VIII.

SEAL ISLAND.

AS the skipper and the rest of the crew went on deck, Pettigrew relieved Andrew at the helm, who, going below, sat down to eat with the cook.

“Andrew,” says Jake, “you won’t have to put any more tallies on your pork.”

“Why? What makes you say that?”

“’Cause, I’ve put it all into our barrels, and poured your molasses into our cask, and put your potatoes into the locker with urn.”

“What did you do that for?”

“The skipper set it a-going, and the rest were all for it, to all fare alike; and he told me to put it all together, and so I have.”

“But I don’t want to live out of them (though they are very kind); I’m willing to live on what I’ve got.”

“It’s past praying for now, for the words were hardly out of the skipper’s mouth till I mixed the tea and the molasses; so don’t be foolish, nor grumble at good luck when it is sent. You’ll be so fat you can’t see out of your eyes afore we git home.”

Andrew went to his chest, took the butter and other good things his mother had put in, gave them to Jake, and said, “There, put those into the stores.”

“Butter and wheat flour!” said the cook. “Won’t I bake some biscuit out of that!”

“You know, Jake, I’ve got a box in the store-room.”

“Yes.”

“I don’t know what is in it; but I’ll be bound something good. Tim Lancaster gave it to me, and charged me not to open it till I got on the fishing-ground.”

“Let’s smell,” said Jake, going into the store-room, and getting down on his knees, and putting his nose to a knot-hole in the box. “Cheese, for one thing. I’ll take my Bible oath there’s both cheese and butter in that box. I wouldn’t give five hundred dollars for any fortune-teller in the

world, to tell me so. O, my, cheese aboard a fishing smack, and butter, and wheat flour! Well, Jake Brown, you've lived to see strange things. Let's me turn it over, and smell of t'other side."

On the bottom of the box was a splinter, where the edges of two boards came together. Jake, tearing off the splinter, made a crack, and applied his nose.

"Onions! Jehoshaphat! won't Skipper Cobb laugh out of both sides of his mouth. He's the greatest hand, when he's at home, for having pork steak and fried onions. He'll keep pork half the winter, when he kills a hog, for the sake of having fried onions with it."

"You don't know how glad I am, Jake, there's something in that box the captain likes, and that I can do anything to show him that I have some gratitude."

"I tell you what we'll do, Andrew. Are you good with a harpoon?"

"Reckon I am, or with 'grains' either. I wish you could see all the horse mackerel I've harpooned; every summer father and I are at it."

"You strike a porpoise out of the first school that comes along after we get on the grounds, and

I'll fry his liver with onions. We won't let the skipper know it till he smells 'em frying. O, won't he be tickled. He'll think he's to home, under the lee of that great hill of his, where the hemlocks keep off all the wind, and where he dens all winter. In the fall, when he goes in, he'll be as *old* and *stiff*, all *crippled* up, and in the spring, when he comes out, after eating onions and pork, and drinking tea that would bear a flatiron, roasting his shins before a rock-maple fire all winter, he'll be just as limber and pert, just like a snake what's run through a hemlock bush, and cast his skin behind him."

"How do you feel now, Henry?" said Andrew, as he came on deck.

"O, I'm bad, Andrew; *real* bad. I feel as if I was turned wrong side out; the sweat runs off me, and my head feels just as though rats were gnawing through the top of it. I shall *die*. I *know* I shall die."

"No you won't. Nobody ever died of seasickness. You'll eat like a horse, when it's over."

"What a fool I was to go to sea; mother didn't want me to come, nor father neither; there was work enough to do at home. O, there it comes

again;" and he began to cascade. "Andrew, if I die, Captain Cobb won't bury me in the sea—will he?"

"You won't die; every body most is sea-sick, when they first go; soon as it comes dark, and you don't see anything moving, you'll feel better; then it's likely the wind will die away some at sundown, and after you once get better you won't be sick any more."

"I shan't live till sundown; I know I shan't. O, *dear!* there it is agin."

It is useless to administer consolation to a sea-sick boy. Andrew brought up his monkey-jacket, threw it over him, and offered him a mug of tea; but he could not drink it. As to the rest, they only made fun of him, and said, "If, instead of lying there, he would get up and stir round, he would soon feel well enough; that it was no use to *give up* to sea-sickness."

"Give up," whined poor Henry. "How can you help giving up, when nothing won't stay *down*, and when the bottom's droppin' out, and you feel all gone like. You needn't go to laughing, and settin' up your gab, Joe Pettigrew; I've laid you on your back more'n once, and could

do it agin', if I wasn't — O! O! there it is agin."

"Make him mad," said Barbarick, "and he'll get over it."

"I'm afraid to," said Pettigrew; "he'll remember it, and pound me when he gets over it; he's a master powerful fellow."

As Andrew had predicted the wind moderated as the sun went down, the sea became smoother. Henry gave up the thought of dying, drank a mug of tea, ate a piece of salt beef, got into his berth, and went to sleep.

"Land, O," sang out Skipper Barbarick.

"Where away?" cried the captain, who was below.

"Two points on the lee bow; it's Seal Island."

"All right; that's a good land-fall."

In the course of half an hour Skipper Barbarick reported that he could see the woods on the southern part of the island. There was no light on it then, and but few lights along the coast in comparison with the number at present. Navigators distinguished the different islands and points by the trees, rocks, and shape of the land.

They now began to see islands of different sizes,

and rocks upon which the sea broke with great violence. This excited the attention of Henry Warren, who, despite his determination to die, had fully recovered from his sea-sickness. Captain Cobb, who was a thorough pilot, passed through among the rocks and breakers between Seal Island and the main land, pointing out to Andrew, who was all attention, the position of the different shoals, giving their names, and the courses to be run in order to avoid them: he also brought up the chart, and showed him their bearings on the chart, and gave him much information in respect to the strength and direction of the tides. All this knowledge Andrew treasured up, and not trusting altogether to his memory, wrote much of it down.

“There, Andrew,” said Skipper Barbarick, pointing to a low flat island, on the larboard hand, “is the greatest place for Mother Cary’s chickens (Stormy Petrels). You never saw blueberries in a pasture thicker; they breed there, and kiver the ground; you can hardly step without treading on their eggs.”

“Why,” said Andrew, surprised, “I have heard old sailors say that they never went near the land.

but carried their eggs under their wings, and hatched on the sea."

"That's an old sailor's yarn; but seeing is believing." And, indeed, as they neared the island Andrew saw the little birds rising in clouds from the sand.

"O, look there! What is that?" cried Henry, in evident alarm, and pointing to leeward, where the water rose up to a great height, the edge of the vast wave covered with foam, in a manner well calculated to inspire terror, and fell over with a tremendous roar.

"What is it? What a fearful sight! Will it come here? The whole bottom of the sea is rising up, and looks so green and angry."

"That's an overfall," said Pettigrew, who had seen them before.

"What makes them?" said Henry, less alarmed when he found it was something known to his companions.

"I s'pose," said the captain, "it's the tide running over the shoal ground and the wind against it. That overfall would sink the strongest ship ever was made quicker than I could split a hake. We'll let him alone, if he'll let us alone."

They were now up with Cape Sable, on the south-western part of Nova Scotia. The fishermen, who are well acquainted with all the rocks and shoals, and whose vessels are always in good sailing trim, and weatherly, do not hesitate to run near the shore, and through narrow channels, where sea-going ships would not venture. They now changed their course to east-north-east, and ran along the shores of Nova Scotia three hundred miles, and near enough to view the land, look into the harbors, and were constantly meeting vessels of all classes, — huge timber ships bound from Halifax and other ports in Nova Scotia to Europe; coasters, with wood, timber, plaster, and fish, bound to Boston, Portland, and other western ports; ships from long voyages, some bound to Canada, their sides streaked with rust; some with loss of sails and spars, looking battered and weather-worn, presenting quite a contrast to the smart, fresh-painted ships just out of port, and occasionally the great black hulk of an English first-rate; also man-of-war brigs and revenue cutters, prowling around to see what the Yankee fishermen were about, and that they did not trench upon the rights of his Britannic majesty,

which they never suffered to stand in the way of making a dollar.

“O, this is nice! How glad I am I came,” said Henry. “Father and Fred are sweating to it, hoeing; let ’em sweat, if they want to.”

“I thought you would be,” said Andrew.

It was a strange, wild coast. There were great, deep indents, lined with ragged cliffs from thirty to forty feet in height, and extending miles into the land. At one place, the shores were composed of red sandstone, in another of gypsum (plaster of Paris), then of slate; now they were shaggy with forests, alternating with green fields; again flat and barren, with desolate shingle beaches; while within a few miles huge, white cliffs, seventy feet in height, their base white with foam, reared their heads in solitary grandeur.

They passed one place, called the Bay of Islands, and for a distance of eighteen or twenty miles the coast was indented with caves and creeks, and sprinkled with islands and rocks, some of the rocks having a slight covering of turf, others shooting up, with large, round, naked heads. Pettigrew said, “It looked as though anybody had melted lead and turned it into cold water,” their forms were so irregular and fantastic.

The fine weather and smooth sea were not less grateful to some other parties on board than to Warren. Captain Cobb had brought with him two pigs, as presents to an acquaintance of his in Nova Scotia. Never was any one of the lords of creation more thoroughly sea-sick. Like Henry, they groaned, sweat, cascaded, and had they possessed the power of speech, might have expressed the same fear of death. But now, with the biped, they had recovered their spirits, and squealed lustily for double allowance.

CHAPTER IX.

MACKANEER'S.

THE wind, that had been gradually lessening for the last six hours, now died away to a flat calm, leaving them at the entrance of the Gut of Canso. This passage is formed by the Nova Scotia shore on the one side, and the Island of Breton on the other, and leads into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The length of the strait is reckoned fifteen miles, and its breadth about three fourths of a mile. The tide sets through the gut at the rate of five miles an hour.

Here they were compelled to anchor about four in the afternoon.

“I was in hopes,” said Captain Cobb, “we should have had a shift of wind to carry us to Mackaneer’s; if this wind had held it would have been ahead, and we could not have beat through agin the tide.”

When morning came there was a light air to the eastward, and they were enveloped in a dense fog that continued twenty-four hours. The fog at length scaling, with a favorable wind they made sail, and came to anchor again out of the tide, in a harbor on the Breton side, called Mackaneer's Cove, from a person who lived there and owned the land. It was near sunset, on Saturday, and here they proposed to wood and water.

Bickford had no dry wood on hand when they came away, therefore they brought merely sufficient to answer the present purpose, and water in the same proportion. Around this cove were settled, at that time, a few fishermen, living in miserable log hovels, the openings between the logs stuffed with moss and clay, and who obtained a precarious living by gunning, fishing in the summer, and in the winter by cutting wood, that they hauled to the shore, and sold to American fishermen, great numbers of whom pass through the gut in the fishing season. They likewise raised potatoes, kept a few sheep, and most of them a cow. Every family had two, and some four, great Newfoundland dogs, and there was no lack of dirt and rum.

After the rest had turned in, the cook gave Andrew a hint to go on deck. They sat down on the windlass, and Jake opened the conversation by saying, —

“ Andrew, I think now is the best time we shall have to carry out our project, and I think you had better open that box. The old man and all hands will go ashore arter breakfast, and stay till dinner time, and then will be the best time for me to get up a rousing dinner, and surprise the old man with onions and hot biscuit and butter.”

“ But Tim didn't allow me to open it till I got on the fishing-ground.”

“ What of that? He wanted you to enjoy yourself, and if he was here, and knew all the old man has done for you, and how you want to surprise him, — and now is the best chance, — he'd say, ‘ Open it.’ ”

“ I don't know.”

“ There's another thing. I've got nothing to make these biscuit with, or a johnny-cake, but flour and water. We've got no lard, or anything to raise bread. It seems too bad, when we've got so little butter, to take that for shortening; but I'm in hopes there's some pearlash or lard in

that box; a *woman* would be like to think of that."

"But you won't have any fresh pork to fry with the onions, and you know we were going to kill a porpoise, and a porpoise's harslet looks and tastes like a hog's, for all the world."

"Did you see what old Mackaneer was about when we 'came to' in the cove?"

"I didn't notice."

"He had a sheep hung up on the sled tongue, taking the pelt off. Now, after the rest are fairly asleep, I'll take the boat, go ashore, and for a fig of tobacco I'll get a hind quarter of that mutton. I know all about the ways of these critters. I've been here year after year, ever since I was big enough to swing a pot; they allers have, this time of year, a cosset sheep, or a fat wether, that they kalkerlate to kill and sell to the fishermen, and if the tobacco won't fetch it, a little tea will. I will cut some steak off, that will go well with the onions, and make a smother of the rest for them what don't like onions."

"That's first rate; I go in for that."

They were not more than a gunshot from the beach, and the boat was already in the water.

Jake pulled ashore, and in the course of half an hour returned with the mutton, that was instantly stowed away in the salt-room aft.

"Who's going ashore?" said Skipper Cobb, after breakfast was despatched.

"I am, for one," said Barbarick; "and I for another," said Pettigrew. Warren went with them, but could not prevail upon Andrew to bear him company. The boat was scarcely clear of the side before Jake had torn the cover from the box, and was feasting his eyes upon its contents. "Eggs! ain't that great? You better believe we'll have some fritters out of them; there'll be some tall living aboard the Star, I *tell* you. More flour! O, my! There it is; I knew a woman that put in flour and butter wouldn't forgit the pearlash" (putting his nose to a pint bottle, from which he had removed the cork). "That's the stuff," turning a little into his hand and tasting of it.

"Meanwhile the captain and his companions went directly to Mackaneer's, who was an old acquaintance of the two skippers. He received them with great cordiality, and offered them rum, of which Barbarick and Pettigrew only drank.

His house differed from the rest in two respects: it was cleaner and had a board floor, while in the other houses the floor was made of clay and salt beaten together.

Warren, who was possessed of an inquiring mind, went around among the different hovels, the inmates of which he found very sociable, and apparently perfectly satisfied with their condition. At the door of the first house he came to he found the occupant, MacNab, splitting and salting some fish he had caught the afternoon before, and after talking with him till he had completed his work, accepted an invitation to "walk in and rest himself."

There were but two rooms in the house, and a garret made by laying poles with bark on across the beams for a floor, and the place was reached by a ladder, made of a spruce tree, with a portion of the limbs left on, and cut to the length of a foot. Instead of bedsteads were berths, fastened to the walls, and filled with straw; no bed-tick, pillows, or sheets: only a blanket.

They were eager to hear news, and Warren endeavored to gratify them. While seated near the foot of one of the berths and earnestly con-

versing, he flung his arm accidentally into the place, when, to his consternation, out flew a sitting hen in his face, and lighting on the floor, with every feather erect, looked daggers, and hurled anathemas at the disturber of domestic tranquillity.

Mrs. MacNab soothed the enraged hen, and placed a stool for Henry against the wall in the opposite corner. Matters went on peacefully for some time, but all at once, from the edge of a shelf directly over his head, a hen commenced to cackle vehemently, declaring she had just laid an egg, when, from the opening at the summit of the ladder, which gave entrance to the loft, another, with equal emphasis, replied, "So have I! so have I!"

Finding it impossible to control his disposition to laugh, Warren, after taking a hasty leave, joined his companions to relate the story.

Their ears were now greeted with the blast of a conch shell, the cook's signal for dinner. As they pulled up to the stern of the vessel, Skipper Cobb, sniffing the air, exclaimed, "I believe I smell onions."

"Onions!" cried Barbarick, "the wind is east-south-east; it don't blow from your house."

"I don't kere where it blows *from*; I smell onions."

The party hurried into the cabin, where they beheld a sight that filled them with equal delight and wonder. Jake, proud of his skill as a cook, had excelled himself, and the table literally groaned beneath the viands. There was a johnny-cake of wheat flour, into which Jake, unable to resist the temptation, had rubbed butter, and baked it on a board, as good again as though baked on a tin, because it baked slow. Mutton steak with fried onions, and mutton stewed, a plate of butter, and doughnuts.

The captain seemed entirely overcome; he lifted up his hands in amazement, and opened his mouth in thanksgiving. At length, drawing a long breath, he held out a ninepence to Warren, saying, "Henry, my lad, go to Mackaneer's and get a quart of milk," and sat down to collect his thoughts.

Apparently the worthy mariner thought he could accomplish this better while eating, for after inviting the rest to be seated he fell to, tooth and nail. For some time no sound was heard save that of mastication, the captain and Skipper

Barbarick paying their respects to the steaks and onions, the others to the smother and johnny-cake, the smother being made specially attractive with doughballs. At length the captain, crossing his knife and fork upon the plate, and turning to his next neighbor with a most complacent smile, said with emphasis, —

“ Good, skipper.”

“ Umph !”

“ Goes to the right spot.”

“ Umph !”

The boat was now heard to strike the side, and Warren, with the milk, entered the cabin.

“ Goodness !” exclaimed Captain Cobb, “ that boy back already ? I didn’t think he’d had time to git there : a fresh smother’ll draw harder’n four yoke of oxen.” The cook now began to pour out the tea, and the captain, after drinking two mugs of the beverage, and eating a piece of hot johnny-cake, thick spread with butter, that the cook handed to him, suspended operations a while, and gazed round him with happiness depicted on every feature, and meeting the same expression in the faces of the assembled group, said, —

“ Now, I want to know where this ere meat,

and the flour, and the butter, and the doughnuts, and specially these ere onions, come from; for I'm sartain sure they ain't down in Bickford's bill of stores."

All were silent; after waiting a reasonable time, during which he demolished two doughnuts with the keenest relish, he said, —

"Jake Brown, open your clamshell, and let the cat out of the bag."

"Well, skipper, if I *must* tell, they are things what Tim Lancaster and Andrew's mother put up for him, and he gin 'em to me, and told me to put 'em in with the rest."

"He didn't bring that mutton from home, I know."

"I got that of Mackaneer for a fig of tobacco."

"If you fall short of tobacco, come to me, Jake."

"And to me," said Barbarick.

"And to me," said Pettigrew.

The others made no use of the weed. Skipper Barbarick now produced some rum, of which all partook, except Andrew, Captain Cobb, and Warren.

"Andrew," exclaimed the captain, "you're a

man, every inch of you ; there's no shirk, small potatoes, or squizzle about you, and you have my thanks and that of the *ship's company*."

The captain had been many foreign voyages in his youth, and always applied the sonorous epithet "ship's company," even on board a pinkie.

"As for you, Jake Brown, I think this vige is the fourth that you've been with me, first and last. You've allers been called the smartest cook that ever went out of our place ; but you never did anything equal to this in all your life."

"Because, captain, I never had the things to do it with."

"The fact is," said the skipper, leaning back against the cross berth, putting both thumbs in the armholes of his vest, and regarding the company with a most benignant smile ; "the fact is, ship-mates, we're a band of brothers, and we're goin' to have good luck, goin' to *wet* all our *salt*, and git a fare of fish. We've started right, gone along jist right, had a fair wind clear to the mouth of the Gut, which ain't nowise common this time o' year."

"It was the 'bacca, said Barbarick. "Uncle Benjamin is twinkling them gray eyes of his'n,

and a givin' us good luck with both hands. Then, afore ever I come way, I put a crooked sixpence up in the flue of the chimney: them what hides will come back to find; and I never knew money hid in that ere way fail to bring good luck."

At the first peep of day, the succeeding morning, the rough voice of the captain was heard.

"Rouse out, my lads! git them ere water casks into the boat! it's high water; we must fill 'em afore breakfast, and save the tide."

The breakfast was no sooner despatched than he exclaimed, "Now we must bear a hand, cut up that wood, and git it aboard and stowed away."

The skipper had bought a cord of rock maple and yellow birch wood on the bank, of MacNab, for one dollar. The people living round the cove were in the habit of cutting wood in the winter, and hauling it to the bank, on purpose to sell to fishermen. It was drawn by a bull, harnessed to a sled with ropes, all the draught animal they possessed.

Filling water was a light job, as the casks were put into the boat at high tide, and the boat placed under a spout that conducted the water from a spring on the land into the casks.

Preparing the wood was more labor, and the captain was disposed to hasten matters.

“Henry,” he shouted, “borrow some axes; you, Andrew and Joe, cut up the wood, and heave it down the bank. Skipper Barbarick and I’ll git it aboard, and the cook’ll stow it away; lively! lively!”

“What’s the great hurry?” growled Joe, who mortally hated to chop wood, though he was a smart fisherman; “there isn’t a breath of wind.”

“That’s no reason there won’t be; we’re eatin’ ourselves up every hour we lay here.”

Many hands make light work, and the wood was soon transferred to the schooner’s deck.

“Now, Skipper Barbarick, do you and Joe help the cook take kere of this wood, and if a breeze comes, loose the sails, h’ist ’em up, and ‘heave short.’ I’ll take the boys, and get the whetstones.”

The captain, accompanied by Andrew and Warren, bearing a crowbar and bushel basket, went ashore, and proceeded to the house of Mackaneer. “Mr. Mackaneer,” said the captain, “we want a few whetstones to sharpen our knives on. I got some last trip, but they strip us as soon as we git home.”

“Help yourself, skipper; you’re welcome to ‘em.”

They proceeded about a quarter of a mile, when they came to a ledge in the side of a mountain that afforded the stones, and showed evident traces of the rude labors of fishermen for scores of years. This rock is of a blue cast, not much harder than the slate of which pencils are made; but it possesses the property of giving a very smooth, keen edge to any tool, and will do quite well for a razor. It is easily quarried, as it lies in sheets and blocks of moderate size, much of it just thick enough to serve the purpose of a whetstone. The fishermen break it out with crow-bars in junks, carry it on board their craft, and in blowy and stormy days, when they cannot fish, fashion it to their mind with a hammer and saw, — for it can be sawed like soap-stone; then they polish by rubbing on a ballast stone with sand and water, or grind it on the grindstone. The party soon obtained all they were disposed to carry, and returned to the vessel. The weather continued calm, and they were compelled to remain another night at anchor.

Since the period of which we speak the cove

has obtained the name of Whetstone Cove, which is certainly appropriate. Sunrise the next morning brought a light wind and fair, but too feeble to enable them to stem the strong tide, and very much to their regret they were obliged to anchor under Porcupine Head, and in a little bight that, though not a harbor, served to break the strength of the tide, having made but very trifling progress. Here they found two vessels, one from Boothbay, the other from Townsend. It was a pleasant day, the crews of the vessels were ashore, and as there was nothing to be done on board, that of the Evening Star joined them. Some fired at a mark, some pitched quoits on the beach; they wrestled and played pull up, and some of the boys went in bathing, being very careful to keep out of the tide. The skippers and older people lay on the grass and talked.

Cape Porcupine, under which they lay at anchor, rises almost perpendicularly from the water at first, and then recedes, becoming more and more rugged, and presenting a singular blending of forest and detached boulders, of vast size, that lie scattered over the surface of the mountain. At that time its sides and hollows were crowned with

a dense growth of large pines, birches, and spruce. The sports resorted to for amusement had begun to lose their interest, and conversation to grow stale, as the hour for dinner arrived. It was therefore proposed by some one that, after dinner, they should ascend the mountain and roll down some of the large boulders into the water. This proposition was carried with a cheer, and forthwith the skippers and crews began to invite each other to dinner. More than twenty strong men, with axes and crowbars, now ascended the mountain, and resorting to the steepest part, cut enormous levers, as large as their combined strength could handle, and placed them beneath the large boulders which they had undermined by digging away the earth on the lower side. Then all hands manned the levers, and the great rocks, weighing hundreds of tons, went crashing through the forest, with a roar like a hurricane, leaping from cliff to cliff, prostrating the great pines, and after ploughing a road through the forest, and levelling or shattering everything in their path, plunged into the sea, sending the spray high in the air, that rang with the shouts of the mere active participants, and also of the older persons.

who remained beneath to enjoy the sight; the natives in the meanwhile looking lazily on, and wondering at men who would work so hard just for the fun of the thing.

Not so thought the fishermen; however, they returned to their vessels covered with dust, bathed in perspiration, their hands sore and blistered with digging rocks and handling levers, but avowing it was "jolly fun."

CHAPTER X.

MINGAN.

AS the place where they had anchored was not a safe roadstead, an anchor watch was set. At eleven o'clock, Pettigrew, who had the watch, shouted down the companion-way, "Fair wind, and fresh!" There was turning out in haste, and the Evening Star was soon heading north north-east for Prince Edward's Island, the shore that, during the present autumn, has proved the grave of many hundreds of fishermen — four hundred, it is estimated.

Before noon of the next day they made the eastern end of that island, having sailed about fifty-four miles. From Prince Edward's they shaped their course to the island of Bonaventure, one hundred miles more, when, the wind heading them, and it being too light to make much progress by beating, they came to anchor under the lee of the island.

From this place the course was along shore to Cape Gaspe. Here the scenery was varied and wild, magnificent cliffs of red sandstone, and others of limestone, rising from two hundred and fifty to more than six hundred feet above the sea. Perce Rock, nearly three hundred feet in height, and precipitous, with two holes entirely through it, worn by the sea, and many others, of fantastic shapes, presented themselves as they coasted along, and the boys amused themselves by tracing resemblances, and shooting gannets, that rose in great numbers from the crevices of the rocks.

They took their departure from Gaspe, running north-east forty-two miles to the island of Anticosti, and, rounding its north-western extremity, shaped their course north-east for Mingan, thirty miles distant, on the opposite side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

In the latter part of the afternoon they came up with the island of Mingan, and, coasting along its north-western side, entered a harbor at the mouth of the River Mingan, completely sheltered from all winds. Across its mouth stretched an island, breaking the sea, and inside of the island a curving point accomplished this purpose still more tually.

Here was a trading post of the British Fur Company. At the shore within the point a large wharf had been built, at which lay a sloop that made regular trips to Quebec. There were a commodious timber-house, the residence of the company's agent, buildings for the storing of furs, salting and smoking salmon, a blacksmith's shop, for the manufacture and repair of tools, and a cooper's shop. The smith could also repair guns and traps. When just near enough the wharf to swing clear, the anchor was let go, and the last beams of the setting sun shone on the faces of the crew, as they rolled up the sails, and passed the gaskets.

"Here we are at last in Mingan harbor," said the captain. Taking a short pipe from his waist-coat pocket, he filled, and handed it to the cook to light. "No anchor watch to-night."

Well might the honest skipper congratulate himself. He had brought his vessel and crew along a dangerous coast, among rocks and shoals, a distance of more than seven hundred miles, in safety to their place of destination.

The cook was getting supper, and required the greater portion of the cabin floor. The captain therefore placed himself upon a water-cask, to

enjoy his smoke, and the rest found seats around him. They put on their long jackets, — for the nights were cold, and there was a rim of ice along the shores, — some on the boats, and others on the hatch, while Andrew bestowed himself on the jaws of the fore gaff, and talked till supper was ready.

“Shan’t turn you out very early, boys,” said the skipper, as they went below. “I want to see the head man in the morning, and he don’t turn out very early.”

A large number of small islands and rocks lie along this coast, each having its particular name; but the fishermen denominate them Bird Islands, from the vast numbers of sea-fowl that inhabit and breed on them.

During the evening the cook — an old ranger along these shores — had apprised the boys of this fact, and they were promising themselves rare sport at the first convenient opportunity. I never like to tell tales out of school, but I should not be surprised if they wished for a head wind, that they might realize their anticipations.

When morning came, the whole place seemed alive. Four American fishing vessels, that had

come in for a harbor, or to make some slight repairs, were getting under way. Four boats, made to freight salmon, lay on the shore, and a gang of men were calking and painting them. Another gang were putting bales of furs on board the sloop, the blacksmith's hammer was going, while around the agent's house, in all directions, were scores of Indian wigwams, made of birch bark, and canoes turned bottom up before the wigwams.

In a short time the Indians began to make their appearance, all armed with rifle, knife, and tomahawk, and clothed in furs; head coverings made of the skins of wildcats, the tail hanging down their backs. Some made use of the skin of the silver gray fox and otter, the tail being considered the chief ornament. Their tobacco and ammunition pouches were made of the skins of the mink, black squirrel, and skunk. Some of them resorted to the agent's store, that was under the same roof with his private apartments, to trade, sell furs, and buy rum and ammunition, or provisions. Others launched the canoes; and soon the water in the vicinity of the harbor, and among the islands, was alive with Indians, shooting seals.

It was a mystery beyond the comprehension of Andrew, to wit, in what manner the Indians managed to take a large seal into a birch canoe.

The agent of the Fur Company at this trading-post was an Englishman, by the name of Murdo, stout-built, pock-marked, and inclining to corpulence. He was a great favorite of the Indians, whom he used with fairness, not being disposed to take advantage of their necessities. Murdo was a hospitable, friendly man, on the best of terms with Americans generally, especially Captain Cobb, who, as we shall see, had not been a fisherman all his life without learning how to throw a sprat to catch a herring.

"I reckon," said the captain, as he rose from rather a late breakfast, "it's about time for me to go and see Mr. Murdo. I see the Indians flocking to the store; guess he's stirring by this time."

"Don't be gone long," said skipper Barbarick; "the wind's fair to run on to the ground, and t'other vessels are half way there by this time."

"Time enough, skipper, time enough; the world wasn't made in a day. Henry, you and Andrew tie them ere pigs, and put 'em into the boat."

The boys did as they were ordered, and the captain getting aboard, they pulled for the wharf.

“The drive seems to be all out of the old man,” said Barbarick, “since we got in here.”

“He knows what he’s about,” said the cook; “we’ve got here, and there’s time enough to wet our salt. We’ve got to make out a hundred and twenty days’ cod fishing, and if we get home afore the time, we’ve got to fish off the shore there to make out the bounty time. For my part, I’d rather make one job of it.”

“But if we’re going to lay here, with a fair wind, we shall be getting out of provisions at the latter eend.”

“Don’t you believe that, now. I’ll agree to find all the provisions we git out of.”

“Skipper,” said Pettigrew, “who has charge of this ere vessel now the captain’s gone ashore?”

“I do.”

“Well, so far, you’ve found about all the liquor what’s been drunk aboard this ere craft. S’posin’ we take a swig of mine. They’ve gone ashore to have a lark; s’posin’ we have a lark likewise?”

“With all my heart, Joe.”

"I wouldn't go to drinking," said Jake, "when the captain's gone; he won't like it."

"You—," said Barbarick. "I'm skipper of this craft now, and I've forgot more 'n ever Dan Cobb knew. I kin take a vessel to any port of the world. Fetch on the good stuff, Joe; that's a darling."

When Captain Cobb entered the store, he found the agent busily engaged with a room full of Indians, horribly painted, and dressed in their best style. These were recent comers, who had not yet sold their furs.

"Good morning, old friend," shouted Murdo, extending his hand; "right down glad to see you, captain. I thought last night, when I saw you come into the cove, it was your vessel; but I was too busy to pay much attention."

"I'm raal glad to see you. I was thinking, coming along, perhaps the Indians had killed you, or you'd froze to death up here 'mongst the icebergs. When I came away our folks were weeding corn, — the smart farmers, — and here's ice on the shore."

"You need never be afraid of the Indians killing me. If I don't die till then, I shall outlive the fish and the fishermen; because they know a

worse man will be put in my place. Ha, ha, ha! And as for freezing — plenty of fish and beef; plenty of rock maple and furs.”

“Have the caplin come?”

“No; you’re ahead of them.”

“I’ve brought you a pair of pigs — both kind. The boys have got ’em at the door.”

“I am very much obliged, captain. I am busy; just as much as I can fly under. Come and dine with me at twelve o’clock, and then we can have a good sociable talk. I shall be at leisure for the rest of the day.”

“I thank you; I should be pleased to.”

“Are the pigs tied, or are the men holding them?”

“They’re tied.”

“Well, when you go to the wharf, just help yourself to some smoked salmon that hang in the smoke-house.

“Much obleeged.”

“And as you go along, you’ll see an Irishman, Pat Connor, packing furs. Just tell Pat to take care of the pigs.”

When the captain reached the vessel, he found skipper Barbarick and Pettigrew so far overcome

with liquor as to be unable to walk the deck without holding on to the rail.

Andrew had long been racking his invention to devise some method of manifesting his gratitude to Tim Lancaster and his mother; for he was well assured that she must have been a party interested in filling the box, and; as there was no work to be done, began to shape and polish one of the Canso stones, and mortise it into a piece of wood, and make a cover similar to the box of an oil-stone, as a present for Tim. He had further resolved, at the first opportunity, to land on the Bird Islands, shoot ducks, and give the feathers to Mrs. Lancaster. Jake and Warren had also promised to help him. He continued to work upon the whetstone till the captain wanted to be set ashore. Returning, he found Jake busily employed diluting with water the contents of the jugs belonging to Pettigrew and Barbarick, who were both asleep in their berths.

“Reckon they’ll have to take some extra nips to get tight on that liquor.”

Mr. Murdo had an Indian wife, who lived by herself in a bark wigwam, near the company’s house, with some half-breed children. She was

richly dressed ; that is, in the best material, and with abundance of jewelry on her person, but her dress was made after the Indian fashion. She wore on her feet moccasins, ornamented with bead work, and on her head a man's hat ; but it was a nice beaver. The captain, who knew she lived by herself, expected, nevertheless, to see her at table ; but he was disappointed, and met only Murdo and his clerk, the cook, a white man, waiting at the table.

Murdo, who obtained his supplies from Quebec, gave his guest an excellent dinner. There were many work-people connected with the post, and there was also a bake-shop, where fresh bread was baked each day. After doing full justice to the roast beef and other eatables, they began to talk.

“The pigs you brought me last year did remarkably well, captain. I sent to Quebec, and got my people there to procure me some of your American corn from Vermont. It is a great deal better to fat hogs than potatoes, or peas, or barley.”

“We give our pigs potatoes and barley, and sometimes peas ground with the barley, while they are growing ; but we always fat them on corn.

It makes the pork hard and sweet, and it spends better."

"You have milk to give them while they are growing; but I keep nothing but a bull, to haul my winter's wood, and have to bring hay to feed him from Quebec."

"Don't you never feel afraid of these Indians? You are but a handful of English, and I should think there were two hundred savages here, armed to the teeth. You have only one small swivel, and that is out of doors, ten rods from the building, where they could seize it. How easily they could have killed you and your clerk to-day in the store, and then gone down and killed every man at work on the wharf."

"My friend, they could kill me, if they wished, and whenever they wished; but they don't wish to. An Indian will use those well who use him well, and that is more than can be said of many white men. When I first came here they had been unjustly treated, and bore a bad character. I was told it was at the risk of my life that I came here. I believed it, and traded with them through iron grates; never allowed one of them to come inside, and went armed. Now I carry no

weapon ; often have to borrow an Indian's knife. You see how it is now : I understand them, and they have taken the measure of me."

"Where do they come from?"

"O, all over the eastern part of Canada and Labrador. I find them traps, and guns, and ammunition, and buy their furs. They hunt, and trap beaver, sable, raccoons, and all kinds of fur-bearing animals, through the fall, winter, and early in the spring. When the St. John's river opens they put their furs in canoes, come down here, dressed in their best, for a trade with me, to kill seal in the gulf, get drunk, and have a good time generally. I have known an Indian to come here with furs on his person worth a hundred dollars, sell them to me, and buy a blanket and cloth for a shirt, spend the money in rum, drink that up, then sell the blanket, and go back into the woods half naked."

"Where do all these salmon come from?"

"From the St. John's river, a few miles to the west of this harbor. That river runs six hundred miles into the interior, and the salmon go up to spawn. I employ men who build hedges at the mouth of the river, and set nets, take the salmon,

bring them here in boats; and I have men to cure them, and the sloop takes them to Quebec, and the furs too."

"When the Indians go away in the fall, do you find them in provisions?"

"No; I never knew them to take so much as a pound of pork. They live by the rifle."

When they separated, Murdo said, —

"Captain, I have just had half an ox come by the sloop. I shall send you a roast, and I'll speak to an Indian to shoot a wild goose. They are plenty in the mouth of the river, where they come to drink."

This was Mingan river; that empties into the harbor. As the Indians remained at the post nearly all summer, a chapel was erected for them, and a friar from Quebec visited and preached to them occasionally, and solemnized marriages.

When the captain finally reached his vessel, the wind was all gone. Andrew wanted to take the boat, and go on to the Bird Islands and gun; but the captain, chagrined at losing the wind, and fearing another breeze might spring up while they were absent, would not consent. While they were talking, Pat Connor came aboard with a

joint of beef, and, before sundown, a pair of wild geese followed.

“What do you think now about our buying provision?” said Jake to Barbarick, who had just crawled out of his berth, rubbing his eyes, and looking wonderfully foolish, and somewhat ashamed. “O, this is a glorious place. I should like to have the cook’s berth here.”

At daylight there was a breeze, and, making sail, they ran off about fifteen miles from the shore, in a south-westerly direction, and anchored in thirty fathoms on a shoal known to the captain. Our readers may think it a misnomer to talk about going a-fishing to the Bay of Chaleur, and then anchoring on a bank at the opposite side of the gulf, and between Mingan and Anticosti. Well, the fishermen persist in calling it going to Chaleur, and there we must leave it.

CHAPTER XI.

HAULING THEM.

ALL was now activity on board the Star; the listlessness that had hitherto characterized the movements of Pettigrew and Skipper Barbarick vanished like dew before the sun. They flung off their outer garments, the commands of the captain were obeyed almost as soon as given, and in many cases anticipated.

Six or eight feet of the cable were covered with canvas to prevent chafing against the bobstays, and then "payed" out a piece of leather, called a "strad," placed in the hawse-hole to prevent chafing there, and so fastened that it could be shifted as required; the main boom was placed on the top of the pink, where is a groove made to receive and hold it, and the sheet hauled down taut, the sail balance reefed, swayed up as taut as possible, and the helm lashed amidships; this

is done to make the vessel lie easy in the sea, and moderate her rolling.

The foresail was furled, the gaff lashed to the boom, the boom hoisted, and the end of it placed in a pair of large wooden tongs (shears), the legs of which were secured by cleats on the deck, and the sheet hauled taut; this was done to keep the boom out of the way, prevent its slatting as the vessel rolled, and keep the sail clean.

The deck of a vessel is crowning (convex), which renders it difficult to stand to the lines and haul fish when she is rolling, and the planks wet and slippery with gurry; cleats were therefore fastened to the deck between the kids, and the edge bevelled to give support to the feet. A barrel of salted clams was now opened, lines brought up, and gaffs, — a hook fastened to a stick with which the fishermen take the largest fish over the side, fastening the hook into the gills of the fish, as the weight and struggles of a large cod cause too great a strain upon the line; they also have a short club, called a *killer*, to knock them on the head, and make them lie still while the fishermen take out the hook.

“Chalk for berths,” said the captain. “I’ll

take this," flinging his gaff into the midship berth, on the starboard side. The captain has his choice of the berths at which to fish, and the midship berths are generally considered the best. The others draw lots, termed by the fishermen "chalking for berths."

The captain prepared five small sticks, of unequal lengths, and held them in his hand with the ends towards the man that was to draw, made even. The crew now drew out, each of them a stick, till all had drawn but Pettigrew, and there was but one stick left; the captain gave it to him, saying, "Hobson's choice, Joe; this or none." The lots were now compared. Pettigrew had the longest; it was his first choice.

"'Hobson's choice' is the best," said Joe, and he took the opposite midship berth.

The next choice was Barbarick's; he chose the berth aft of the captain's, and on the same side. The next was Warren's, and at a wink from Pettigrew, he chose the after berth next to him. There were now left only the two forward berths, and of these Andrew had his choice, and took the one next to the captain forward, the other being left for the cook; thus the cook and An-

drew had drawn what are considered the poorest berths, — the two forward ones. Andrew was very handy with tools, and had obtained a very handsome piece of bird's-eye maple at Mackaneer's Cove. With a portion of it he was making a box to put a whetstone in for his friend Lancaster, and Warren admired it very much.

"Henry," said Andrew, "if you'll swap berths, I'll make you a box like that I'm making for Tim, and fit a stone into it."

"Done."

Skipper Barbarick had got a line over, and was hauling. "Hurrah for the first cod fish!" he cried, "if I don't lose him." "A white eye!" "A white eye!" shouted all hands, in derision, as a *haddock* made its appearance. "Rot your skin! Who sent you here?" shouted the skipper, banging the fish on the rail with a force that tore the hook out, and the despised "white eye" fell back into the sea. "I'll bet we won't get another to-day;" and they did not.

"Hurrah for the first *cod*!" shouted Andrew, as, reaching over the rail with his gaff, he flung a strapping fellow into the kid.

"Hurrah for a *pair* of them!" shouted the captain.

By common consent all conversation now ceased, and nothing was heard but the whirring of lines and the flapping of the fish in the kids, as, recovering from the blows inflicted with the killer, they struggled in the death-pang.

Thus they continued to haul the fish, without intermission, till the cook called to dinner.

"A very good beginning," said the captain, looking into the kids, as he passed along, "and a very good pick of fish."

"Cook," said the captain, "when you go to fishing, arter dinner, show Warren how to unhook his fish; the poor boy'll have his fingers skinned afore night."

Perhaps some of our young readers may have caught cod fish and haddock in some of their summer excursions, and been troubled in no small measure to take out the hook if the fish has swallowed it. When they have cut the throat of the fish, obtained sight of the hook and torn it out of his gullet, it must still be got out of his mouth; and when they have put their fingers in contact with his sharp teeth and gills a few times, they will be sore enough.

Fishermen never put their fingers into a fish's

mouth to extract the hook ; but they have a stick about two feet in length, pointed, and a small notch in the end ; and this they ram down the throat of the fish into the hook, the line being a guide, and with a dexterous turn, learned by practice, twist the line around the hook, and pull it out ; a fisherman will do this in a moment, even in the night.

A short rest after dinner, and they were at work again, the fish slacking occasionally, and then returning to the bait with new vigor. As night came on, the kids began to fill up with fish, and the captain gave the order, "Haul in the lines, and dress down."

The lines were now hauled in, and preparations made for dressing and salting. The captain brought out his book, each man took his fish from the kid into which he had thrown them as they were caught, and put them into the large or general kid, counting them as he did this, in a loud voice, so that every man on board could hear and correct him if he made a mistake accidentally, or on purpose, that is, counted without throwing the fish. The reason such importance is attached to this will appear as we proceed.

The captain, in a book kept for the purpose, enters against every man's name the number of fish he has caught. The book is kept where every one can see it, and know just how he stands in comparison with the skipper and the rest. Sundays they generally look over the book, as it is a leisure day; for they never fish Sundays. The skipper of the vessel always splits the fish. It requires seven to form a proper dress gang, that everything may go on rapidly and easily; but by taking the cook, they get along with six.

Boards are laid on the general kid to form a splitting table. The skipper stands at one corner, close to the hatchway; on the table before him is nailed a cleat, a little angling, against which he pushes the fish in order to hold it. The others stand beside him.

"Who's going to throat? and who's going to head for me?" says the skipper. This portion of the duty evidently lay between Andrew and Pettigrew, as Warren was green. Barbarick had gone into the hold to salt the fish, and the cook to tend him.

"I'll head," said Andrew, "if nobody else wants to."

"I'd rather throat," said Pettigrew.

The throater seizes the fish with his left hand, sticking his thumb into the eye to hold it, cuts the throat across, takes out the tongue, rips open the belly, makes a cut on each side of the head, and shoves it along the table to the header, who removes the liver, which is saved for the oil it contains, takes out the entrails, and striking his hand with a quick motion against the napes, breaks off the head that the throater has already partly cut through, and with the same motion shoves it to the splitter tail foremost. The splitter has a wide-bladed knife, with no point, and a very little curved on the edge at the end. He turns the fish on its back against the cleat, and runs the knife between the back-bone and the body of the fish on both sides, and close to the bone from the nape to the tail. He then shoves the fish over the corner of the table, that the tail may drop, cuts the back-bone off within a few inches of the tail, — the curve in the edge of the knife aiding in this operation, — and raises the bone sufficiently to take hold of it with his left hand, that is armed with a thick mitten, and undercuts it till almost at the nape, when he tears it out and drops the

fish into the hold. An expert splitter leaves the end of the back-bone in the form of the figure eight. The sound of the fish adheres to the back-bone, and comes out with it; these bones are flung in a heap, and in blowy days, when it is too rough to fish, the sounds are taken off and put in salt with the tongues. The fourth man we have not yet mentioned. He is called the *idler*. It is his duty to hand the fish to the throater, take away the livers and tongues, and when necessary, and if the cook is obliged to leave in order to get supper, tend the salter. This station belonged to Warren, as green-hand. The fishermen perform these operations with great celerity, and when the dress gang gets fairly at work, a stream of fish is going down the hatch all the time.

The salter places the fish in a tier on the bottom of the vessel, skin down, and sprinkles the salt on them. The heads of the fish are laid against the bulkhead that crosses the forward part of the vessel; then another layer in the opposite direction, tail to tail, to the height of three or four feet; this the fishermen call putting in "kench;" sometimes they are placed aft, if there is salt

forward, to trim the vessel. When a portion of the floor of the vessel has been covered in this way, they begin on the sides, or "wings" as they term it, and lay the fish in the opposite direction, with heads to the vessel's side, till they arrive nearly to the middle, which is left for a walk, and filled last, by laying the fish fore and aft as at first. After the fish are dressed down, the offal is scraped up, put in barrels, and when it has accumulated to such an extent as to be inconvenient, the fishermen make sail, run off the ground, and heave it overboard. They will not throw gurry over while fishing, as they think it makes the fish sick, and prevents their biting. Our young readers may now perceive how much risk and toil are incurred in procuring the fish that form so large a part of the exports of their country and the food of all classes of people.

Joe Pettigrew caught a shark, with a shark hook baited with a junk of pork, and Andrew cut out his back-bone to carry home for a cane. About a week after this, seeing another round the vessel, Andrew put over the hook and caught him. He also threw the harpoon into a porpoise, and secured it; but although they had porpoise steaks

and porpoise liver, the onions that were to be eaten with it had rotted. The first Sabbath they lay at anchor on the ground they had for dinner a wild-goose stew, as there were no conveniences for roasting a goose on board the vessel. The succeeding Sabbath finished the flour, butter, cheese, and all the stores Andrew had received from his mother and friends except the eggs. They now, however, feasted upon cod's tongues fried, and cod's head chowders, and the smoked salmon Murdo had given them went splendidly with scourer. They likewise caught a halibut occasionally, and had the napes and fins corned, which are fine eating. Although it may be thought that Andrew had very little to stimulate him to exertion, he strained every nerve, and exerted himself to the utmost. Had he been possessed of the same selfish disposition as his father he would have done very little, as he well knew there would be nothing coming to him. But Andrew was influenced by a higher motive — a sense of duty; he felt it incumbent upon him to improve opportunity, and in addition he was ambitious, and could not endure to be excelled in anything.

Would you believe it? at the end of the first week he had caught as many fish, within twenty, as Barbarick and Pettigrew both. There was a reason for this. After the first day's, or rather part of day's fishing, they began upon their rum, and drank till they drank it all up. The cook had reduced it so much that they did not get down and turn in, as before, but they fooled round, sang songs, smoked, and told what they *had* done and what they meant to do, and how, "if they couldn't git money any other way than by fourpence-ha'pennies, they didn't want it."

But when they came to themselves, looked over the book Sunday morning, and saw where they were, and all the rest laughing at them, they were very much ashamed and vexed.

"You won't do that agin, my lad," said Pettigrew to Andrew. Skipper Barbarick made an apology to the captain, who had been obliged to salt the fish, and promised "never to be caught in such a scrape agin."

Andrew was now put on his mettle. He of course knew that he could not catch fish as fast as Barbarick or Pettigrew, who were strong men and practised fishermen; still he was loath to fall

much short of either of them, and devised a plan by which, in connection with the advantage already obtained through their loss by drinking, he hoped to accomplish his purpose.

In his watch on deck in the night he fished, and repaired the "ganging" of his lines, in order to be ready for the next morning's work, and when Saturday night came, Pettigrew had but four and Barbarick ten fish ahead of him, to wit, during that week, while he still had the old score to fall back upon.

Encouraged and stimulated to the utmost by this, he exerted himself still more, and the next week was one ahead of Pettigrew; but he fished out of his watch, staying on deck when it was his turn to go below; but the more he fished the quicker he was able to bait and haul, and had no occasion to fish again any longer than the period of his regular watch, which practice he kept up during the trip.

CHAPTER XII.

•ROBBING A SCARECROW.

LET us now, for a few moments, glance at the state of affairs at Andrew's home. Our old acquaintance, Joe Griffin, had planted a piece of corn at some distance from his house, and surrounded by woods. In order to protect it from the crows, he strung it, but being rather short of twine, left one corner unprotected. The crows came on to this spot, and getting a taste of the corn, ventured within the lines, and pulled up a good deal of corn. Joe planted it over, and resolved to make a scarecrow, but had no material suitable. He therefore went over to his father's.

"Mother," said he, "I want some old clothes to make a scarecrow; can't you give me some? My wife's put everything in the house into rugs."

"I declare, Joseph, I haven't got so much as a pair of old trousers. All the women have set out

this spring to see who can make the most rugs, and I 'mongst the rest."

"There's a pair of trousers, waistcoat, and jacket hanging up in the porch — let me have them. I've got a hat."

"Bless me, they are Walter's; he left them when he went to sea last. They're real good clothes; a good deal of wear in 'em. I thought they were too good to put in a rug."

"Let me have 'em, mother; it won't hurt 'em; they won't be there long, and they are nothing but old clothes, arter all. The crows have got a taste, and will pull all my corn up."

"Well, you may take 'em; but don't tear 'em, nor cut 'em."

Joe stuffed the clothes with straw, and made them resemble a human figure, and put a stick in the hands of the effigy, to represent a man taking aim with a gun. But it remained there till after the corn was hoed, and Andrew Colcord had gone to Mingan.

James Colcord had been to Mr. Bickford's store, in hopes that, by offering Bickford the cash for lines, nets, and other things connected with Andrew's outfit, he could get him to make a reduction; but Bickford refused.

“You can have that money to handle and turn over, Mr. Bickford.”

“Well, keep it, then, and turn it over yourself; I’ll serve all alike.”

On his way home, in order to shorten his road, he passed through Griffin’s corn, and saw the scarecrow; saw, too, that it was much better clothed than himself, and felt strongly inclined to exchange suits. Our readers will recollect that he was in the habit of wearing Andrew’s best clothes when he went abroad. But Andrew, by the advice of his mother, had taken his clothes with him.

Colcord hesitated, and looked carefully around. It was a retired place, surrounded by woods. He examined the scarecrow once more, and his mind was made up. He put off his clothes, put on those on the effigy, and, leaving his own garments behind, hurried away.

Boys seem ever to be where they are not wanted. It chanced that Sam Williams, Reuben Chase, and Ralph Barker had been fishing in Charlie Bell’s pond, and, as they were returning through the wood, seeing Colcord examining the scarecrow, concealed themselves, in order to watch

him, and witnessed the whole operation. Making the best of their way to Joe Griffin's, they found that sedate individual at work in the garden.

"Mr. Griffin," screamed Reub Chase, "we was coming through the woods by your corn, and old Daddy Colcord was taking the clothes off of your scarecrow; we watched him, and seed him put 'em on, and he left his'n; you may ask Sam and Ralph."

"How long ago?"

"No time at all. We come as fast as we could leg it."

"Which way did he go?"

"Right up the road, towards his house."

"Here, Reub," said Joe, handing the boy fourpence, and dropping his hoe.

"Joe," said his wife, who had listened to the conversation in the milk-room window, "don't hurt the old man."

"I won't, only his feelin's."

"He hasn't any."

"I know where the tender spot is."

Joe started on the run, the boys at his heels. He was not long in overtaking the object of his search; and, seizing Colcord by the shoulder, he turned him round.

“Jerusalem!” shouted Joe, breaking into an immoderate fit of laughter. “Daddy Colcord, as I’m a sinner! And here I’ve run myself most out o’ breath, thinkin’ ’twas our Walter, that we’ve been lookin’ for home from sea.”

Seizing him again, he whirled him round and round, till Colcord was so dizzy he could scarcely stand.

“So you’ve been gittin’ a new suit of clothes! Well, you needed ’em, that’s sart’in. Did you buy ’em right out, or did you git the stuff, and have ’em made? Let me feel of the cloth; I call myself a judge of cloth, and I call that ere firm, well-made cloth, and fine, too.” Taking hold of the trousers with his finger and thumb, he gave a nip that made Colcord roar with pain. “Yes, there’s no mistake about that cloth. Now, old man, will you be so good as to tell me how you got into my brother Walter’s clothes!”

“I found ’em on the side of the road.”

“You didn’t,” shouted the boys; “you took ’em off of Mr. Griffin’s scarecrow; we seed you.”

At this, Colcord, utterly confounded, was silent. Taking hold of his arm, Joe now led him back to

the cornfield, and placed him before the stump on which the effigy had been placed. There was scattered the straw used to stuff it, the tow that represented gray locks, and Colcord's cast-off clothes lay across the roots of the stump. Joe rolled them together, put them under his arm, and, in a savage tone of voice, ordered his victim to strip. He obeyed, and stood trembling in his night-clothes, clutching his wallet convulsively in both hands.

"This ere's a free country," said Joe, "where every man has a right to his opinion; and you can pay me three dollars for my trouble and stealing my scarecrow, or you may go through the village jist as you be, and I'll persecute (prosecute) you for robbery and trespass on my land."

In vain Colcord entreated to be let off. Joe was inexorable, and he was compelled to pay. The former then, after flinging his original rags at his head, left him to his reflections.

"I reckon," said Joe to himself, as he went along, "I've found the tender spot." Every now and then he would break into a roar of laughter as some new and more ludicrous feature of the affair came up. "I'd give three dollars in a min-



ROBBING A SCARECROW. Page 172.

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ute to see that, if I never had seen it. Beats gin'ral muster, out and out."

Ever after that Colcord went by the name of Daddy Scarecrow.

"That," said Joe to his wife, "will pay him up for grinding down poor Josh Maxwell, that all the neighbors have been trying to help; hauling his wood, and cutting his hay, when he was sick."

The crew of the Star had now been steadily fishing for about four weeks, with no interruption on account of windy weather, for they were out of the region of fogs and "drizzles" like those found in the Bay of Fundy, and it must blow pretty hard to drive fishermen from their lines if the fish take hold well. Rain they pay little attention to.

The work now had become somewhat monotonous, — doing the same thing day after day and week after week. It must also be recollected that after hauling fish a great part of the day, and dressing them, they were obliged to stand watch a portion of every night. Their hands were sore from the wear of the lines and dressing fish, and they required some change and rest to work to the best advantage.

"Boys," said the captain, "we're jist about out of clam bait. I know, by this time, the caplin have come. Heave up the anchor; the wind's fair; we'll run in and see."

Never was an order obeyed with more hearty good will.

"Now," said Jake Brown, giving Andrew a poke in the ribs, "I'll show you a thing or two."

When they reached the harbor, Murdo was on the wharf, superintending the curing of the salmon that his men were heaving from the boats to the wharf. It was a rich sight; the fish were of large size, fresh from the nets, and a vast quantity of them.

"Good afternoon, captain; glad to see you. What luck?" said Murdo.

"Good; all the fish we could haul. I see you've had luck."

"Have so, indeed. Help yourself, captain; all or any you like; fresh or salt; that's what I always tell you. Got any cods' tongues?"

"Plenty of them."

"Well, send me up a mess."

"I will, and be glad to do so. Wouldn't you like some potatoes to go with them?"

“Indeed, I should. We can’t raise a potato here bigger than a walnut, it is so cold, and the season so short.”

“Have the caplin come?”

“Just look there!” pointing across the harbor.

Following the direction of his finger, they beheld a sight that, although familiar to the rest, filled Andrew and Henry Warren with astonishment. For seven or eight hundred yards along a gravelly beach, the fish, in huge windrows at the water’s edge, and farther off, were rolling over each other in vast heaps, their scales glistening in the sun, while the water was white with foam.

“What are they about, captain?” said Andrew.

“Spawning; and now’s our time. Get the nets.”

The dip nets were instantly put into the boat, and the boys, with Barbarick and Pettigrew, pulled for the beach. When hauling the boat on shore, they went along the shore, and dipped the caplin into the boat, the fish paying not the least attention, or seeming to be aware of their presence, so intently were they occupied in the duties before them. Before night they had obtained all they wanted, and salted them in barrels for bait.

The caplin looks very much like a smelt, but is of larger size, being longer; but the fishermen never eat them, though they are fond enough of smelts. They smell just like a green cucumber and are the best of bait. They now had a feast upon fresh salmon, and an entire night's rest.

The next morning, when they turned out, Captain Cobb said, —

“Now, boys, we have made sure of the caplin, we'll go to the Bird Islands and get some eggs and ducks.”

“What did I tell you?” said Jake Brown to Andrew.

The Bird Islands, as they are called from the vast numbers of sea-fowl that resort to them to breed, are scattered along the coast within a short distance of Mingan, low and barren, with a few dwarfed pines.

Never had Andrew or Warren witnessed anything to be compared with the sight that met their gaze when they landed upon one of the largest of these islands. The birds not only rose in clouds at their approach, but the ground was literally covered with their nests, which were merely a

little hollow, filled with dry grass, and feathers plucked from their own bodies. Some of the nests contained young, others eggs on which the ducks had been sitting; and still others contained a few eggs, the bird evidently not having completed its number, or begun to sit. Guns were instantly brought into requisition, and an indiscriminate slaughter commenced. It was not sport, but absolute butchery, and they fired till weary of killing.

“Don’t take the drakes, Andrew,” said the captain, when they began to pick up the dead birds; “take the ducks.”

“Why not, captain?”

“Because the ducks are fat, but the drakes are as poor as crows. The drakes feed the duck on the nest while she is sitting. They have to work hard, and don’t get much themselves, and that keeps them poor.”

“But I want to get some feathers to carry home, and so I take both.”

They now selected a part of the island where there were not so many nests with young birds, broke all the eggs over a given space, and took a part of the birds they had killed, for they

could make no use of the larger portion. That night they had a duck stew, and another for breakfast. Andrew spent his whole time, while on board, picking ducks, and Brown, with Warren, volunteered to help him.

The next afternoon the crew started again for the island, the captain telling them that they would find those nests, the eggs in which they had destroyed, filled with fresh-laid ones. Andrew, however, remained on board to pick ducks, flinging the bodies overboard as fast as he plucked them. "It is too bad," said he to Jake, "to fling good fat ducks overboard; but we can neither eat nor keep them."

The shore party returned at night, bringing more fowl and a great quantity of eggs. These they valued more even than the ducks, since they could keep them, by putting them in salt, as long as they wished. The party now returned to the harbor, and sent a bountiful supply of both birds and eggs to Mr. Murdo.

Andrew had noticed, among the Indians, boxes made of birch wood, and covered with the bark, and this again beautifully worked with porcupine quills, dyed blue, green, and red; and he had also

seen Murdo's wife making the same in her wig-wam. "If I only had money," he thought, "how I should like to buy a seal-skin for Tim Lancaster, or some of these boxes for mother, father, Johnnie, and Will! Andrew felt his inability the more keenly, because his companions were all purchasing one little matter of ornament and another to take home as presents. He was, however, furnished with the means, and that, too, in a manner most unexpected.

Murdo's men made a great haul of salmon, and that gentleman said to the captain, —

"Captain, the weather is quite warm; we have caught more fish than we can dress before they spoil; I should like to hire some of your men to help split."

"Andrew," said the captain, "can you split fish?"

"Yes, sir."

Barbarick did not care to go; the captain therefore sent Andrew and Pettigrew. Murdo liked Andrew so well, that after the fish were split and salted he hired him to help bale a lot of furs that were going to be put on board the sloop. Thus Andrew was able to purchase of the Indians

a porcupine box for his mother and Mrs. Lancaster, a miniature canoe for Johnnie, and a bow and arrows for Will; he had reserved a little money to buy a seal-skin of the Indians for Tim, and one of their tobacco pouches for his father. The captain told him it would not do to buy a seal-skin of the Indians; he must buy it of Murdo; but he might buy the pouch. Murdo not only sold him a very fine seal-skin at half price, but gave him two beautiful silver-gray fox-skins to make a muff for his mother.

The wind now came off shore and blew very hard; nevertheless they weighed anchor, and under short sail hugged the shore till they arrived at the mouth of the River St. John's, where Murdo's men obtained the salmon. Here they ran off a short distance from the shore, and under the lee of it, anchoring in water so shoal that they could see the fish bite; and when they saw a little fellow about to take hold, would twitch the bait away from him, and wait for a larger one. They found a novel method of procuring fresh bait, for whenever they pulled up a fish they cut him open, and took from his belly the caplin that he had caught and swallowed whole. The fish followed

the caplin into the shoal water, as the latter came in to spawn.

Strictly speaking they had no business in there, for they were not a mile from the shore. By the terms of the treaty Americans were prohibited from fishing nearer to it than three miles. A bright lookout, therefore, was kept for any British man-of-war that might be prowling about to enforce the observance of the treaty, and would have seized the delinquents without a moment's hesitation.

When the weather moderated they ran off again to fish near their first station; but not before Andrew had obtained from the salmon fishermen two or three sturgeon's noses for his brothers to make their balls bounce, and render them the envy of all the scholars.

One day, in the course of the summer, the fish seemed to have struck off; no one had felt a bite for a long time.

"Dogs on the luck!" cried Skipper Barbarick. "Where's Uncle Benjamin? I'm a-feared he's wishing us bad luck; he hadn't ought ter, arter gittin' all that 'bacca."

"I mean to get into the wherry," said Andrew, "and see if I can't raise a school."

"Do; that's a good boy," said the captain; "we ain't doing a thing."

Andrew accordingly pulled off nearly a mile from the vessel, as it was smooth, with a light breeze, and killicked the wherry.

"P'raps that'll break the 'Luther,' and turn the luck," said Barbarick; "if it does, I'll give Uncle Benjamin a pound of 'bacca, I vow, when I git home."

"I'll give him what he'll like a good deal better," said Pettigrew; "a pint of new rum."

In the course of half an hour the fish began to take hold again, but not very sharp. "Picking, picking," said Pettigrew. "I believe this ground is fished out."

"You've lost your tobacco and rum," said the captain, who had been watching Andrew; "he's been hauling like a good fellow this some time. Heave up the anchor; let's run over there: we can't do meaner than we're doing here."

"Ay, heave it up with a will," said Pettigrew. "I know that boy; he won't swing his hat nor

let on till he's pulled in ten or fifteen fish; then he'll holler."

The wind was very light, and the tide against them: it required some time to work the vessel up to the place where the wherry was lying.

"See how he's hauling 'em!" said Warren. "Only see his arms go, and how the wherry flies round!"

"Wherry flies round?" replied Barbarick; "he's fast to a holiboat (halibut), — hooked him in the lip, — and the old feller's giving him Jesse."

Just as they came up with Andrew the reel flew out of his hands, and went skipping along the surface of the water.

"Fish enough," shouted Andrew; "let go your anchor; I caught twenty before I hooked the halibut. Henry, keep watch of that reel while I haul up my 'killick.'"

Warren kept his eye on the reel, that was sometimes under water and entirely hidden from view, and then appeared again. At length it remained stationary, floating on the surface of the water, for it was now calm. In the mean time Andrew had hauled his killick, and was down to his oars.

Henry pointed out the direction in which the reel lay.

“Now’s your time, Andrew,” said the captain, “while he’s pouting.”

Andrew now caught sight of the reel, and pulling up, got hold of it, and began gently to gather in fathom after fathom, — for there were only about thirty fathoms of water, and there were sixty of line out, — till at length he could gain no more. The slack line was all in, and the wherry over the fish, that was lying on the bottom. Steadily, with all his strength, Andrew tugged at the line; at length the halibut started slowly. Andrew gathered in, but faster and faster; at length he began to think he had gained the day, when in an instant the halibut turned his head down and away he went. The boy held on, “snubbing” him all the line would bear; but the fish was now pretty well exhausted. Andrew got his head up again before he had run the line near out. The halibut made one more short spirt, and gave up, Andrew hauling him along side, killed him with a few blows on the head, and pulled to the vessel, in no small degree proud of his prize.

“That’s a whopper,” said the captain; “will

weigh two hundred. He's given you a sweat" (noticing the perspiration streaming down Andrew's face), "but you've done first rate."

Halibut pull very differently at different times; if they swallow the hook they are more easily managed, and will not run much; but if they are hooked in the lip, it does not hurt them much, and they will not start without a good deal of difficulty: if, when partly up, they turn their head down, the fishermen are obliged to let them run, — as no line would hold them; and by checking ("snubbing"), at length weary and drown them. They keep two shots — sixty fathom of line — on the reel, and this fish took the whole of it, although an experienced fisherman would have probably begun to check him sooner. These fish are cut into strips and salted with the rest; the napes, fins, and sometimes the head are saved and salted by themselves, and the strips are afterwards dried and smoked. The halibut the crew generally appropriate and divide among themselves.

They now began to have an addition to their fare. Herring made their appearance, and were caught in nets set from the stern of the vessel.

There is no better bait than the herring, and they now began to get fish very fast. Mackerel, likewise, were attracted by the bait that washed from the hooks, and floated astern. Lines were thrown over, and numbers of these excellent fish were caught, both to supply the table and for bait.

Captain Cobb, becoming more and more attached to Andrew, spared no pains to bring both him and Warren forward; but the latter, not exerting himself as he might and should have done, the captain became discouraged, and devoted his attention to Andrew, who well repaid him by his industry for all the labor bestowed. In blowy weather, when they could not stand to the lines, he taught him navigation, and soon devised another method to bring him on.

One afternoon, when they were about to dress, he said, —

“ Andrew, my wrist feels a little lame; let the cook throat, Joe head, do you take the splitting knife, and I’ll go into the hole (hold) a while, with Skipper Barbarick. A few days after his wrist was lame again, and he asked Pettigr ew to give him a spell; this prevented all unpleasant feeling on the part of Pettigrew, at thinking a boy was

put ahead of him ; and thus he contrived to have a lame wrist often enough to give Andrew plenty of practice in splitting, for which he seemed to have a natural turn. At other times, when there were few fish to dress, he would set Warren to throating, and send Andrew to wait on Barbarick, that he might learn to salt.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

THERE was now a good quantity of fish in the hold, the catch having very much increased since the appearance of the herring. Encouraged by this, they fished in almost any weather. In rainy days, when they came to dress down after fishing, it proved to be most cold, disagreeable work. At such times Captain Cobb brought out the bottle, and offered them liquor; all drank except Andrew and Warren, who was too much under the influence of Andrew to indulge. As for Barbarick and Pettigrew, they wished it would rain every other day.

Whenever the wind blew off shore too hard to fish, they dodged under the lee of the land, near the mouth of the St. John's, fished there, and embraced the opportunity to obtain a salmon or two out of the boats, as they were on their way

to Mingan harbor. The vessel was now so full of fish, that they commenced to repack, as it is termed ; that is, they took the fish already packed, moved them forward, filling up under the deck, and as they repacked, sprinkled more salt on them, till the salt was all wet, the full fare obtained, the lines hauled in for the last time, and reeled up.

Preparations were now made to return, but there was no *hurry* about it, for they were now disposed to take matters leisurely, especially as the time now spent was reckoned, in respect to the bounty, as so much time *at sea*.

“ I know, captain,” said Barbarick, “ that I’ve taken a leetle too much of the bad stuff, and perhaps I may have spoken some words I ought not ter ; but still it seems to me, as being we’ve had so good luck, you ought ter bring on that demijohn.”

“ Well, I’ll do that, Skipper Barbarick ; I won’t be called *mean* ; but it’s the *last* time I’ll ever carry a *broken-down* skipper for *salter*.”

The anchor was weighed, and the vessel run into Mingan harbor. With an iron hoop, fastened to a pole, they scraped the barnacles from her

sides, that had accumulated to such an extent as seriously to impede her sailing, especially around the bow and run: on the bottom they do not grow so fast. Leave was taken of Murdo, the hatches secured, they made a call at the Bird Islands to procure eggs to last them home, and continued on their way.

The book was now brought out, and examination showed that the captain had caught the most fish, and was *high line*. He was, however, but one hundred and five ahead of Barbarick, showing that the latter would have beat him had he kept sober. Pettigrew was twenty behind Barbarick, and only four fish ahead of Andrew. Warren had about half a share, and the cook was behind Warren.

"If I hadn't bothered with that halibut," said Andrew, "I should have beat Joe; plague on him! I wish now I had cut the line, saved what I could of it, and let him go."

"You wouldn't have been where you are, youngster, if you hadn't fished nights," said Pettigrew.

"I wish I had kept the run a little closer; but I haven't looked at the book lately; if I had I

would have fished all night, one night, but I'd been ahead."

"Do be satisfied, Andrew," said the captain. "You've made a noble summer's work of it."

About four o'clock in the afternoon the people of Pleasant Cove heard the roar of musketry, and Tim Lancaster, rushing into the house, shouted, "Mother, the Evening Star is coming up the bay; they are firing like everything, and the colors are at the peak; so that shows they have got a fare."

Away went Tim on the wings of hope and old friendship. As the Evening Star came up with the point of Cherry Island the flakes were seen to be covered with fish, and Uncle Benjamin and his son Stephen were packing them up for the night, as it looked like dull weather.

"There he is," shouted Barbarick; "there's the old fellow himself: for God's sake somebody give me a fig of 'bacca; I'm all out."

Pettigrew handed him the tobacco, and after swinging his hat to attract attention, and give the old man notice, he put the tobacco in a gun and fired it. The eyes of the crew were directed to the beach, and the old gentleman, who was looking for the tobacco, when Tim Lancaster

rushed into the midst of them, jumping upon Andrew's shoulders, with a joyful yell of recognition.

"That's right ; hug him, Tim," said the captain ; "he's done first rate, and has caught a heap of fish, — as many as Joe, within four."

"He don't know how to do any other way — never did," said Tim.

Andrew now carried Tim below, and showed him the seal-skin he had brought him, and the feathers and the porcupine box for Tim's mother.

"Come, Andrew," said Tim, "get into my boat, and go ashore at our house, because I must be home to milk, and eat supper with us, and I'll take the horse and drive you home."

"I don't like to do that ; there will be the sails to furl and the vessel to make fast, and I don't want to shirk out of anything at the latter end. Perhaps father may be at the wharf ; they will hear the firing and know the vessel."

Tim therefore took his own and his mother's presents, and went ashore. James Colcord was at the wharf, and the moment he saw his son, wanted to know if they had got a full fare, and then asked him how he did.

The trip was not yet finished, as they had some twenty days' bounty time to make out in order to comply with the law that required them to be a hundred and twenty days at sea. The next thing to be done was to wash out, as it is termed. Stephen Simonton was to cure the fish, and after spending a day and two nights at home, the vessel was hauled in to the gravelly beach at Cherry Island, the fish taken out, washed in salt water, carried up to the flakes, and there piled up in a tier, to press and drain, — called by fishermen putting them in "water horse." The crew were now done with them, the curing being performed by Simonton for a certain rate per quintal (one shilling). The time incumbent on them to make out was so short, that it did not admit of going to any great distance. They accordingly fished on what is called White-head ground, off Portland, and to the eastward of that.

When the second lot of fish was washed out the vessel went mackereling, and Andrew wished very much to go, but his father would not consent, as there was no bounty. In the first place, he thought there was too much *risk*, and he needed Andrew about harvesting, as he wanted to

be away from home, speculating in beef cattle. In due time the fish were cured, weighed, and sold, and the captain and crew met to settle the voyage.

In the first place the whole amount of the fish was brought into money. From this was taken the value of every sixty-fourth quintal, the skipper's perquisite. This was taken from the whole amount, because, being pilot, navigator, general superintendent, and, more than all, a person who could be *trusted* with ten gallons of *rum*, he was a mutual benefit to owner and crew, and to him the success of the voyage was largely due. The owner's fifth was then deducted, and set apart for him. In the next place four fifths of the salt, everything which the skipper and crew were to pay for, the cook's wages, which belongs to them to pay, including the curing of the fish, were deducted. The skipper now, as agent, having settled all the bills, the owner having received his share, the skipper his perquisite, the fitter all that pertained to him, and the cook his wages, the money left, and whatever of provisions remains, belong to the skipper and crew, and are to be divided, the provisions equally, and the money in proportion to the number of fish each man has caught.

The skipper's book is now produced, and by it every dollar is divided; from this there is no appeal; in it is registered every fish caught during the trip, except some mean ones not worth counting, amounting to many thousands, by whom caught, and when. There is no room for dispute, because every man heard the fish counted, and if he had any correction to make, might have made it on the spot. In later days no man has been allowed to count his own fish; the idler counts them all. The skipper, after he took the number, said, in a loud tone, William Barbarick, or Joseph Pettigrew, two hundred and fifty, or seventy-five fish, as the case might be. As the men pay the cook, the fish he catches belong to them.

It is evident, as the number of fish each has caught during the trip is known, the amount of money left to be divided among them all, and which the fish brought, is likewise known, it would be a very easy matter to come at each man's share, provided the fish were all of a size, weight, and value, like so many barrels of flour or bunches of shingles. Well, they are thus estimated: the fishermen, in sharing their money, consider the fish all alike. Experience has taught

them that fish run very much alike ; that in fishing week after week all together, among the same school, the difference is not important. If one man happens to get large fish one day, he will get small ones the next. This simplifies the whole matter, and it is all determined by proportion, or the old-fashioned rule of three.

The tongues and sounds, and the halibut, belonged, in those days, to the crew. They would not have cut the tongues out if they had been obliged to give up a fifth, and, as we have seen, it was no advantage to catch a halibut, for, in general, he was not worth the trouble of catching to salt or smoke, as several cod fish might be taken in the same time. When everything else was settled, the provisions, and other things remaining, were set up at auction.

Andrew had for his four months' work one hundred dollars in money, and twenty more due at the custom-house the first of January—his share of the bounty. In addition to this, he had his boots, and barvel, had gained knowledge and practice in fishing, and learned the road. He had also, when Captain Cobb's hand was lame, taken his place as splitter, and was now considered

a smart fisherman. He also had brought home tongues and sounds, halibut in strips, heads, napes, fins, which were of no little consequence in that family.

We trust our readers will not smile when we say that Andrew was very much elated at the result of his trip, and that his father was no less so. But a hundred dollars, among farmers or fishermen, in those days, was a large sum. Fish brought from one dollar to three only per hundred, and most of the fishermen were in debt when the voyage was settled, either for an advance to support their families and enable them to go, or for things taken up at the store by their families during their absence.

You may, perhaps, think that James Colcord would be inclined to treat generously a boy who had done so nobly and exerted himself to such an extent, and would have been proud of him. Skipper Cobb was agent for all hands, sold the fish, and settled the bills. When he came to square up with Colcord, after counting out the money, he said, —

“Colcord, that’s a noble lad, that boy of yours; he deserves a handsome present, and I hope you’ll

treat him as he deserves. Give him ten or fifteen dollars ; he won't spend it foolishly."

James clutched the money Cobb shoved towards him with a quick, convulsive grasp, as though he feared the skipper would take the matter into his own hands, merely saying that times were hard, and it cost a master sight to keep a family.

His wife also said a great deal to him in the same strain. "You know, Mr. Colcord," she urged, "what a good boy Andrew has always been ; and now he is almost a young man, and he wants, and ought to have, some part of his earnings to clothe himself decently, or you ought to clothe him. Now, do give him something. Tim Lancaster says that Skipper Cobb told him Andrew fished in his watch on deck in the night. If you don't treat him somewhat differently, the boy will become discouraged."

Under the pressure of this double influence, James made a great effort, and gave his son *three dollars* ; and even a part of this Andrew wished his mother to take, and buy some article of dress for herself.

In the winter Andrew went to school. Colcord would never keep his children from school ; he

possessed that good quality. In the course of the winter, Captain Cobb agreed to go the next fishing season to the Banks of Newfoundland in a large schooner, of ninety-five tons' burden. James Colcord heard of it, and went to see the captain, in order to obtain a berth for Andrew. Since the experience of the last trip, he was as eager as he had before been unwilling for his son to go. This was just what Captain Cobb wanted. He knew Colcord was highly gratified with the proceeds of the last trip, had boasted how much his son made, and that he wanted him to go again. The captain was equally desirous to have Andrew, but resolved to wait, in hopes Colcord would speak first. When, therefore, he saw James coming up the lane that led to his house, he filled and lighted his pipe to aid his meditations, and proceeded to plan for the benefit of the boy.

"I understand, captain," said Colcord, "that you are going to the Banks in the King Philip."

"Well, I dunno; there's been some talk, back and forth, but nothin' sartin; don't keer much about it; gittin' kind of old for them ere long, hard vyges."

"I thought as how, if you was going,—you

liked Andrew last trip,—I should like to have him go.”

“Yes, Andrew was a good boy, and if I was goin’ to the Bay of Chaleur, or into Fundy, or to Seal Island, I wouldn’t ask for a better hand; but then he’s a boy, arter all, and light; going to the Banks is a hard vyge; rough weather, and great exposure. We shall, on the spot where I kalkerlate to anchor (if I take the vessel), fish with two shots of line, sometimes three or four; and in such deep water, to haul big fish, wants a strong man. It costs a sight to fit out a vessel for the Banks, and it won’t pay to have any but spe-rienced hands, and there’s lots of fust-rate hands wantin’ the berth.”

“But, captain, Andrew has been now two seasons, and he will be, by the time you get away, nearly twenty years old. He’s large, strong, and tough; he ain’t been made a baby of at home, I can tell you, and a man that can tucker him has got sunthin’ to do.”

“Well, p’r’aps I shan’t go in the vessel; don’t much think I shall; but I kin tell you one thing; if I do, I shall pick the men; and no man will go in that vessel without I say so. I kin take An-

drew if I like, 'lowin' I go; but I kin tell you one thing, Jim Colcord; if you want your boy to go with me, you've got to be done with all that dirty, mean, underhand way of fittin' him out yourself, or pertendin' to, and then puttin' him on 'lowance (allowance). The boy would have starved, not been fit to do his work, if the rest on us hadn't fed him. Now, I tell you,—and you ought ter know, by this time, that old Dan Cobb *means* what he says,—if you want your boy to go in that vessel, he's got to be fitted like the rest, and go in with the rest of us; and if, when the time comes, you don't face the music, and if you try any of your *tricks*, he won't go. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, I do; you certainly speak *plain enough*; and he can go into the store, and you may go with him, and get whatever you think he wants, and I'll pay for the provisions, with the rest."

"I kalkerlated to speak plain, 'cause I knew who I was talkin' to, and if you don't like it you kin dislike it."

"Then I understand you that Andrew can go?"

"I didn't say any sich thing. Don't know as I shall go myself. I'm on'y tellin' yer what to expect, 'lowin' *I* should and *he* should."

A few days after this conversation Skipper Cobb was chopping wood at his door, when he saw Tim Lancaster ride along, on his way from mill.

“Tim,” cried the skipper, “ride in, and stop till arter dinner. I want to talk with yer.”

“But I can get home to dinner.”

“Don’t keer if you kin. You’ve got to eat dinner here, and you kin eat another arter you git home, if you like.”

After dinner, the skipper said, “I s’pose you see Andrew once in a while.”

“O, yes, sir; I see him every day at school. We sit together. You don’t know, captain, what a nice whetstone that is he made me to sharpen a penknife on; the master borrows it every day to whet his knife on, and last Sunday father honed his razor on it.”

“The Canso stones are first rate if you want a smooth, keen edge; they are capital for a draw-shave. — Do you go home at noon, or carry your dinners?”

“I carry mine, and so do most of them, ’cause we want to play at noontime.”

“Does Andrew have anything to bring?”

“Not much, when his father’s at home; but I

make him eat with me, and then the other two boys have his share. You ought to see, captain, what a 'grist' mother puts up for me to carry to school. Anybody would think I was going a trip fishing."

"I s'pose there ain't a great sight gets back in the pail."

"Not a crumb. I don't, for the life of me, know what becomes of it all; but none goes back."

"I want you to tell Andrew I've made up my mind to go in the King Philip to the Banks; start first of April; make two trips; shan't get through till October; carry ten men."

"I am so glad you are going to take him; he was afraid, from the way you talked to his father, you wouldn't."

"That's neither here nor there; I reckon I've fixed the old man's flint for him. I don't want you or him to say anything about it to Colcord, or anybody; only tell Andrew that I want him, and that this time he'll fit with the rest of us. So your mother — God bless her! — needn't put down any extra pot of butter."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GRAND BANK.

INSTEAD of the first of April, the King Philip sailed for the Grand Bank the last of March. Barbarick and Pettigrew wanted to go, but the captain refused to take them. They met large bodies of ice on the Banks, and were several times very near being crushed by icebergs, that came down upon them, brought by the current, while at anchor. The weather was entirely different from that experienced in the St. Lawrence, cold, with dense fogs, that wet like rain, the water dropping day after day from the spars and rigging, and the fog so thick that sometimes, in the daytime, they could not see a vessel twenty yards distant, and lasting a week or more, without change.

The King Philip had little to boast of in the way of beauty, but was adapted to her dangerous business, being as strong as wood and iron could

make her; very full forward, and with great breadth of beam; short masts, small sails, heavy ground tackle, while the bowsprit sat almost on end, to prevent pitching the cable over it at anchor, as the bankers rode with a very long scope. On deck, everything was prepared to fit close, made strong, and secured, as the deck was often swept by the sea.

She was square-sterned, carried a topsail, and had accommodations both forward and aft, as on the Banks it is sometimes impossible to get forward on account of the sea breaking over the bows; neither will it do to open the companionway. As a general thing, in the thickest fogs it is calm, but at other times it blows moderately; and even when there is no wind, the strong current and the heavy swell, combined with inability to discern an object at any considerable distance, — even a light, — make the danger of collision with icebergs and other vessels very great.

The first trip — the most dangerous in respect to ice — was made without accident of any kind, although they were several times in positions from which it seemed impossible to escape destruction. They brought home a full fare, and sailed

again, congratulating themselves that the worst of the weather was over, and, though the fog — which is an institution on the Banks — would continue, the weather would be warmer, and the winds less violent.

During the prevalence of one of those terrible fogs referred to, the fish had taken hold remarkably well. There was a heavy swell; the vessel rolled and thrashed, making it exceedingly tiresome to stand to the lines. So many fish were caught one day, that they did not finish dressing down till very late, and the men turned in wet and weary.

The skipper stands no regular watch, but often comes on deck in the night to see that the watch is properly kept, or when he has any special cause for anxiety. That night, when about to turn in, he said, —

“Boys, keep a sharp lookout, and remember that ears are better than eyes on such a night as this; but keep both open.”

The vessel lying at anchor, but one man was needed for both lookout and anchor watch, and as the crew were numerous, the watches were short. A signal light was hoisted at the masthead, and

also in the fore rigging, and a fire was kept burning in the fore-castle, to furnish brands for a signal. It was between eleven and twelve, so dark that a man aft could not see another in the waist, the drizzle dropping from the spars and rigging like rain, a heavy swell, and wind with it.

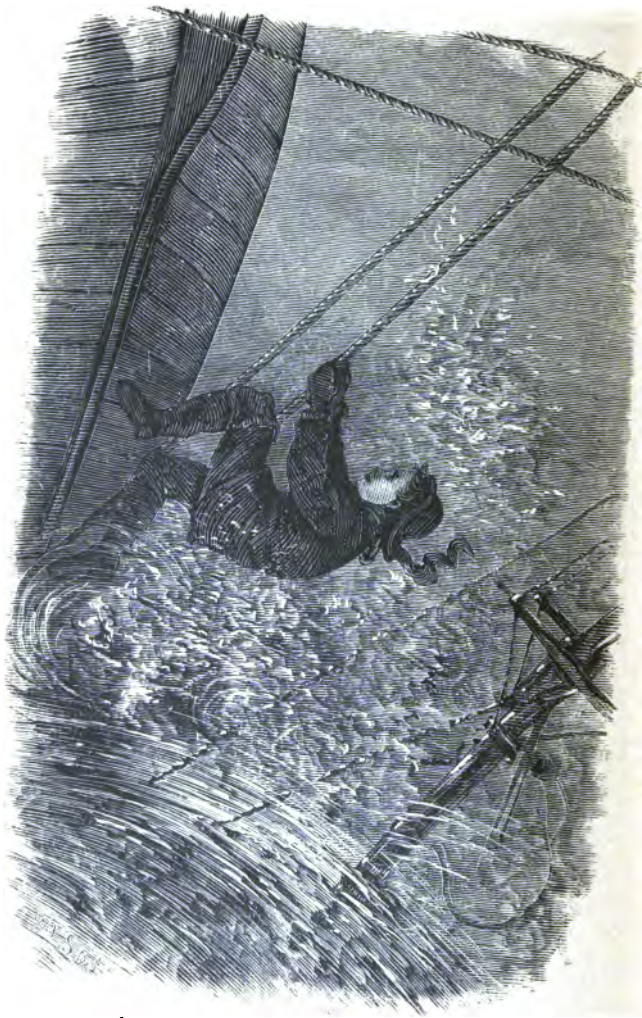
Andrew, who had the watch, was on the heel of the bowsprit, vainly striving to peer through the fog, listening intently for any unwonted sounds, and frequently blowing a conch shell. Once he imagined he heard something in the distance and ahead, resembling the faint tinkling of a ship's bell. He listened, expecting a repetition; for, as the vessel rode head to the wind and current, any sound from that quarter would be audible at some distance. It was not repeated, and he therefore concluded his anxiety had created the sound, or that some of the iron work about the stem or bowsprit had worked loose, and produced it.

It had the effect, however, to make him still more uneasy and watchful. He went below, flung some wood on the fire, and returned to his post. He now heard a rushing sound, not intermittent, like that of the sea, but steady, and increasing in

force, as though approaching. Seizing a brand from the fire, he gave an alarm to those asleep in the berths, ran on deck, and saw a light right over the anchor stock, and the great black hulk of a large vessel directly loomed through the fog. Waving the brand, Andrew shouted and shrieked with all the energy imparted by despair. An answering shout came from the lookout on board the approaching vessel, but it was too late. The strange vessel was so near, that before she could feel the helm, and when but two of the Philip's men had reached the deck, lifted on the top of a great wave, she came down upon them. Her bowsprit was over the schooner's deck, her fore-foot grinding on the rail, and when she settled again, there was a crash of spars and timbers, and fearful shrieks of drowning men. The great vessel passed on and over the schooner, receiving neither injury nor impediment, while her ill-fated victim, together with the larger portion of her crew, was hurrying to the depths below.

It was the old story. The lookout on board the large vessel was asleep. Had he been awake, and on the watch, he would have seen the Philip's





ANDREW'S ESCAPE. Page 209.

light. As soon as Andrew saw the large vessel, though the wind was unfavorable to have heard the shell then, had the helm been shifted, there was time enough to have cleared the fisherman ; it would have been close shaving ; they might have taken away her head gear, but would not have cut her down.

Finding escape was hopeless, Andrew attempted to run aft and alarm the captain, Salter, and that portion of the crew who slept there ; but before he could cross the deck, the great wave, white with foam, that the ship brought in her mouth, rolling in over the rail, caught and bore him along on its summit, lifting him so high that he caught by one of her bobstays, and saved himself.

The large vessel was the Woolwich, an English timber ship of a thousand tons, and bound to Liverpool, England. As Andrew gained her deck, the captain had ordered the ship hove to and a boat lowered ; the second mate and three men were just getting into her, and Andrew went with them. That they might not lose the ship, a gun was fired, on board of her, every five minutes.

Scarcely had they pulled twice the boat's length

when Andrew cried, "I hear a voice to leeward." They rowed in the direction of the sound; it proved to be the skipper, who was clinging to the forward companion way, that had been torn off in the collision. He was clothed, with the exception of shoes and head-dress. Feeling anxious, he had turned in with his clothes on, had barely time to gain the deck, and believed himself to be the only one who got out of the cabin.

"I saw two come out of the forecabin, but I don't know who they were," said Andrew, "for the next moment I was under water, and neither heard nor saw any more of them."

"We are as likely to pull in a wrong direction as a right one," says the second mate of the ship; "but we will pull down to leeward a little ways, and listen; a man clinging to anything would be sure to drift to leeward."

They did thus, and heard another cry for help. This time it was Sam Gilbert, holding to a part of the rail, undressed and nearly dead with cold and fatigue.

"John Atherton is in the water," he said, "on a kid; he drifted by me."

"We must go to the ship, or these men will perish," said the officer.

They resumed their search, and at length found Atherton, speechless and nearly dead.

The boat's crew prosecuted the search some time longer without success, and the ship, after lying by till morning, when the fog scaled, continued on her course. The skipper and the two men were furnished with clothing by the captain and crew of the ship, and Andrew with additional garments sufficient for a shift. The King Philip carried two boats; one, a yawl, was turned bottom up on the davits, and lashed; this went down with her; the other, a wherry, was on deck, and not lashed; the schooner's name was branded on her in several places, and on the blades of the oars; there was in her a fishing reel and line, with Alvin Chase, the name of one of the crew, cut on the reel. The wherry was picked up on the Banks, by a vessel belonging to Cape Elizabeth, that had nearly completed her fare, carried to the Cape, and the news soon reached Pleasant Cove. The wherry and reel were instantly recognized, and the matter created some uneasiness; still, there were so many ways in which a boat might have been lost, and the vessel still be safe, that there was no great anxiety till the time for her

return had elapsed, when, as weeks passed away, and no tidings were heard from the missing vessel, suspicion became a dread certainty; there were sad hearts at many a fireside, and bitter tears were shed by those who strove to hope against hope.

As a matter of mere personal interest, the misfortune was to Andrew no detriment, but a decided gain; had it not occurred, he would have received, at the end of the fishing season, perhaps, another *three dollars* from his father; but in consequence of it he was now in a large ship, among a crew of thirty men, with opportunity to learn a sailor's duty, and he improved it to the utmost—stood his watch, steered his trick, responded cheerfully to every order, and soon won the good opinion of the officers and crew. The able seamen and the second mate, who conceived a great liking for him, taught him to work on rigging, sew on sails, and perform jobs of seamanship. He obtained pens and paper from the mate, and Skipper Cobb, who was entirely at leisure, instructed him in navigation; he kept the ship's way, and also learned the use of instruments.

Skipper Cobb, Andrew, and the others wrote

letters, and when the ship got into the English Channel, the captain spoke an American vessel, bound to New London, and put the letters on board. Arriving at Liverpool, they were placed in the hands of the American consul, and after remaining some time ashore, he put them on board the brig John Hancock, of Salem, bound to Boston; and during the passage Andrew enjoyed another opportunity to improve in seamanship.

Colcord's sorrow at his pecuniary loss by the destruction of the Philip well nigh neutralized his joy at hearing of the escape of his son. The next spring Captain Cobb took another vessel for the Grand Bank, and Andrew would have gone in her, but his father utterly refused to permit him to go a-fishing any more while a minor, and under his authority.

CHAPTER XV.

THE YOUNG PARTNERS.

FOR more than a year longer Andrew pursued, at home, the same routine of severe toil, interrupted only by a single change. After haying, he and his father caught hake sufficient for their winter's supply, and Mrs. Colcord made oil from the livers, to burn in lamps. The fifth of October he attained his majority; our readers will probably think it must have been a joyful event to him, and that he would rejoice to leave home. He did not, however, although he was very glad to have the management of himself and of his own time.

Andrew, dearly loved his mother, brothers, and even felt an attachment to that hard, penurious father, though, it must be confessed, in a much inferior degree. He did not therefore, by any means, hurry out of the house the moment he was

free, but remained during the entire month, and everything went on as before. You will think James Colcord was in no wise anxious to part with the boy who, from morning till night, chopped cord wood that the former hauled to the landing.

It was customary for parents, in that day, to give their sons a good suit of clothes upon attaining their majority, and people in very moderate circumstances would make a great effort to do this; sometimes the parents gave them the money in order that they might suit themselves. Mrs. Colcord endeavored to prevail on her husband to comply with the usual custom; but he flatly refused, and seemed to think it was the boy's duty to remain and labor as he had hitherto done.

In chopping wood they had what they termed "splitting days." It requires two to split cord wood, one striking near the other; in this way they take advantage of each other's strokes, and one loosens the other's axe. Saturday was splitting day. Andrew and his father split wood all day, the younger boys piling up the wood in the afternoon, as it was half holiday. As they reached

the door, with their axes on their shoulders, Andrew struck his into the chopping-block, and said, —

“Father, we have worked together for the last time, at least for the present. I must leave you Monday morning.”

“What you goin’ to leave me for? Where you goin’ to?”

“You know I was out of my time most a month ago, and I have agreed to cut spars for Joe Griffin.”

“Where you goin’ to live?”

“Griffin gives me fifty cents a day, and boards me.”

“But I’ve agreed to put fifty cord of wood on the landing for Captain Knight, and who’s goin’ to cut it? I can’t haul and chop both.”

“I suppose you’ll have to hire.”

“Hire! That’ll eat it all up, — all the profit, — every mite and grain. I spose you know you won’t have anybody to take kere on you, — no claim on me, — have to shirk for yourself.”

“Yes, sir.”

Mrs. Colcord wanted her husband at least to give Andrew the axe he had been using; but he

refused, pleading how much he had lost by Andrew's last trip to the Grand Bank, and must make that loss up.

Sunday night, after Colcord had gone to bed, his mother brought out a very nice piece of fulled cloth, and said, "Now, Andrew, I want you to put this in your chest, — there's enough to make you a whole suit ; I took great pains in weaving it, — and get, when you earn some money, Nancy Blaisdell to make it. She can do it better than I can ; and I've put four pair of good thick stockings in your chest."

"O, mother," said Andrew, "you are real good, but I can't take the cloth, because you will need it for John and Will. I am going right to work to earn money, and when spring comes I can go a-fishing, and I don't feel as if I could take it from the boys."

"You won't take it from the boys ; I have got other cloth for them, and you must take this, because I have been more than two years saving the wool by littles, and taken real comfort doing it, thinking it was for you when you was twenty-one ; and I sent it to the mill and had it dressed, and there has not a better or handsomer piece

of cloth been made in this town, I know; I shew it to old Mrs. Hadlock, and she said the same."

Andrew kissed his mother, took the cloth, put it in his chest, and they sat down to talk.

"Andrew," said his mother, "you are now going away from home, and you have been a good child to me—a faithful, upright, dutiful boy. I have not the least fear that you will forget the instructions I have given you, whether you are with me or away from me, or fall into what is called evil courses,—I don't speak on that account at all,—or that you will do anything dishonest."

"Mother, nothing could ever tempt me to do anything I thought you wouldn't like."

"I believe you, my son; and I want you to put the fear and love of God before everything else: some—too many, I fear—put property at the foundation, and think if they can obtain that it will buy everything else; but it won't, as I know from bitter experience; it won't buy affection, nor will it buy happiness in this world or the next."

"Don't cry, mother."

“I won’t, dear, if I can help it. You are now, my son, a man grown, and have been about a good deal for one of your age, and I am going to talk to you in a way I never have before, and about a thing I never mentioned to any person living. It is a very hard and a delicate matter for me to speak about, but you cannot but know that your poor father is eaten up with the desire to get money; that it has almost killed his natural feelings, and I suppose you feel that he has been very hard with you.”

“Mother, I never gave my father a misbeholden word in my life.”

“No, Andrew, I hope not; but you must sometimes, and many times, felt that you was hardly dealt by; now I want to tell you your father was not always so. He was not so when we were married, and for many years after. We were poor — began with nothing but our hands; your father was resolute, industrious, and prudent; nothing more. He would help any one in distress; that is, unless he thought they were lazy, and was willing to do his part in the neighborhood, and wanted me to dress well, and we lived prudently, but well; indeed, he was not

any closer than I was ; but after we came to have a family round us there was a change ; he began to grow closer, wanted to get money faster ; all his talk, when we sat down in the evening, was how we could save here and there, and what we could do without, sell, and turn into money ; and it seemed to kill his feelings and eat his very heart out, and he got a care-worn look he never had before. So, you see, there is allowance to be made for your father. Perhaps he can't help it ; I sometimes think he can't, and I look at him and pity him, for I know he don't take a moment's peace only when he's asleep, he's so afraid he shan't get, or shall lose what he has got."

"I don't neither, mother, think he takes one bit of comfort, and I'm sure I shouldn't want to feel so."

"That is what I am coming at. You look like your father, Andrew, have a good deal of his turn, are ambitious, and, I can see, love to earn ; but I beg of you, my son, not to put money at the foundation ; put the love of God and your neighbor in that place. I want you to be prudent and industrious, but to have you so devoured with the desire of money as your poor father is, I

had rather follow you to your grave, now while you are a gentle, loving boy — a boy everybody loves — mother's boy. I call you a boy, because I can't realize that you're a man and about to leave me. I would have kept you little, if I could."

"Mother, I shan't never outgrow my love for you, and I never shall or can love money in the way you speak of; I don't now, and I'm sure I don't mean to."

"My dear boy, you never have had any money yet, of your own, to keep or give away, and so you don't know what you would do if you had, or what is in you. People can't tell what is in their heart till the chance is placed before them. Your father, when he had but a bare living, was well enough; but when he gained more he changed altogether. When the prophet told Hazael what a monster of cruelty he would become, he replied, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?' but when he found he could become a king, he killed his master, and did all the prophet said he would. So, Andrew, don't, my son, let the love of property get so rank a hold of your young heart that it shall grow into it — as I

have seen a stone into a tree — till there is no room for anything better. My own experience makes me warn you.”

Andrew borrowed an axe of Tim Lancaster, and went to work. Saturday night, Joe Griffin gave him three dollars, and told him he was well satisfied with his work. This seemed a great deal to Andrew. Monday proved stormy. He bought an axe, put a handle to it, and Griffin helped him grind it. This was the first tool — yes, the first thing — Andrew ever owned; he had not so much as a pocket-knife, and when a boy, made his whistles with a butcher-knife, except when he could borrow Tim’s. It turned out to be of keen temper, and Andrew valued it correspondingly.

He chopped for Joe Griffin till the first of January. Being a thoughtful youth, even while at work he was planning for the future, and with the money he had earned provided himself with a warm homespun overcoat and flannel shirts, for outside wear, and drawers. His mother had given him stockings, flannel undershirts, and mittens, for he meditated exposure. By purchasing the cloth of one of the neighbors, and getting Nancy Blais-

dell to make it, — his mother made the shirts, — he, after procuring this clothing, had a few dollars remaining; the cloth his mother had given him he reserved for a dress-up suit, when he was better able to have it.

“Andrew never will be worth anything. He’ll be on the town yet,” said Colcord to his wife, when Andrew wore home the new coat and shirt. “He’s spending his money in clothes as fast as he earns it.”

“He’d better do that,” was the reply, “than rob the neighbors’ scarecrows.”

“How glad I am, Andrew, to see you so well clothed and looking so happy!” said she, in the next breath.

The farm of Tim Lancaster’s father comprised a long point, which, together with a shorter one, formed a cove, that was never obstructed with ice for any length of time. At the end of the long point lay an island, of no great extent, and called, from its shape, Brick Island. This island was connected to the point by a gravelly bar, that was left bare by the tide for about three hours. Across this bar the tide ran so strong that it kept the bar clear of ice, and you could dig clams there all

winter long, and the largest clams, — not like those that grow in the mud, small, and the shell blue, with a little rim of white at the edge, — but great, white, thin-shelled fellows, enough to do you good to look at them, as they were dug out of that clean gravel. They were excellent eating, and whenever any of the neighbors wanted a clam chowder, — a chowder that was a chowder, — they went to Brick Island Bar, though it was an out-of-the-way place.

One snowy day, just after Andrew had purchased his outfit, he came to Mr. Lancaster's, and found the old gentleman and Tim sitting before the fire.

“What are you doing this winter, Tim?”

“Just what you see, Andrew; keeping the fire going. I thought of cutting some cord wood, but wood is so low it won't pay.”

“Would you like to work a little harder, and make a little more?”

“Yes.”

“The winter school of fish have come in. How would you like to take your boat, and you and I go winter fishing? I shall soon be through with my job at Griffin's.”

"O, don't, Andrew; you make me shiver, sitting before this fire. I'm not tough enough for that. I don't think I'm lazy, but I couldn't stand it; I should freeze stiff."

"Will you let me your boat, if I want to go?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Is it not a great exposure, Andrew?" said Mrs. Lancaster.

"Yes, ma'am; it is cold work, but nothing that a healthy man, used to hardship, can't stand well enough."

"Guess I'm not healthy," said Tim.

"I have thought of another thing, and I would like to mention it, and see what your father thinks of it."

"Out with it, Andrew. I'll go in with you for anything but *winter fishing*. I can haul as many fish in the summer as the next one; but I can't go it in the winter."

"Well, you know that on your bar is the greatest privilege for clamming, and the best and biggest clams that ever was. You have got two horses, your father's old mare and your colt, and all they do is to eat hay and stand on the dung-heap, except to go to meeting and to mill. I'll

take your boat and go winter fishing. You dig clams, and when we get a load of either or both, you shall take your team and start off into the country; they are crazy there, in the winter, for fresh fish or clams; there's not so much money stirring there as there is here, and when you can't get money, take corn, grass seed, butter, rye, flax, anything; there's nobody here will work on the land if they can work in the ship-yard or mills, drive logs, saw in the mills, go to sea, or fish; and you can turn anything of that kind you take quick here for cash."

Here, out of both ideas and breath, Andrew made a full stop.

There was a pause of some moments. Perceiving he was expected to give his opinion of the proposal, Mr. Lancaster at length said,—

"I suppose Andrew has been thinking over this matter till he has got pretty well warmed up, and perhaps takes a strong view of it. I don't think you'll make your fortunes, or do all you may expect to; but, again, I don't think you'll run any risk; fish and clams in the country won't be a drug. I think Tim will pay his bills, and make more'n he would at home, which is just

nothing at all, and that Andrew will make considerable more'n he would chopping wood or cutting spars. What Andrew says about the produce is true. Uncle Isaac Murch, in his day, used to complain about our people's neglecting the land, and getting about all their corn from Carolina; and there's Lion Ben, on Elm Island, won't cut a tree, though he's got masts for a king's ship;—trees would eight square thirty-six inches,—and is making money selling corn and cattle."

"I say, *put her through*," cried Tim, the instant his father ended. "I'll dig the clams; I'll make a big pung; we've got the runners and double harness. I can dig as many clams in a tide as anybody, and when the tides don't turn out right, then I'll start."

"There won't be any lost time," said Andrew, "because when it's blowy, so that I can't fish, or the vapor is so thick I can't see my marks, I'll clam; and if it is weather that I can't fish, and the tides don't turn out right to clam, or if it storms, we'll haul the clams up to the house, shock (shell) 'em out, and salt 'em, to sell for bait to the fishermen in the spring. I should like to ask father's opinion before making up my mind," said Andrew, rising.

"Come back to supper," said Mrs. Lancaster.

"And stay with me to-night," said Tim.

"There's some James Colcord there," said Mr. Lancaster, after Andrew had gone.

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Lancaster?" said his wife. "I'm sure Andrew's no more like him than chalk's like cheese."

"I don't mean his miserly disposition, but his business qualities; for though he once in the while overreaches himself, and saves at the tap to lose at the bung-hole, I don't know the man whose opinion about any kind of business or bargain I should think more of; and that boy's got his capacity for business. How many young chaps of his age can you find, round here, who have got so much sense, knowledge, and forethought as he has shown here to-night?"

"Well, Andrew," said Tim, when his friend returned, "what did your father say?"

"He said, as your father did, there was no risk of losing anything, and that there was a chance to make something handsome, he thought; but it would depend altogether on the man that went to sell."

"There, Timothy," said his father, "now you've got it."

“I wish I could do the fishing, and Andrew go; but I’ll do the best I can.”

“I think,” said his mother, “you better hire old Mr. Colcord; he’d make money for you and himself too.”

In the course of the evening they perfected their arrangements, as far as laying plans went, and Andrew made a bargain with Mr. Lancaster for board. The next morning Andrew went into the woods, while Tim began to make his pung. Skipper Cobb had a number of lines, that had been used one season fishing in the Bay of Chaleur. Andrew knew this, and bought two of them for a trifling sum; boots and barvel he had lost in the Philip. He made a barvel of canvas, oiled with linseed oil, and hired a pair of boots of his old shipmate, Henry Warren. He knew many of the fishing-grounds, but he obtained the marks of many more from Skipper Cobb, who had been, from his boyhood, familiar with them. There are certain shoals and other spots where, in the winter, the cod resort, coming in from the more distant grounds, either to feed or spawn, and the fishermen find these places by marks on the shore. There is a great deal of lost time. Often, in the

winter, the weather is stormy, and at times in severe cold weather, when it is calm and smooth for fishing, the vapor will be so thick on the water that the fishermen cannot see their marks.

It is cold and hard work: the fisherman rises, in a bitter cold winter morning, at three o'clock, eats his breakfast, gets into a boat, and rows out to the ground, six or seven miles; for it is generally calm at that time. He wears thick clothing, and perspires in rowing; then he must sit for hours, freeze, and fish; perhaps the wind comes from the shore, and he must beat home, the water flying over him and encasing him in ice; sometimes in a snow squall and a gale of wind he is in peril of being blown to sea, and sometimes has to make a harbor wherever he can get hold of the land, miles from home. The temptation is, fish, at that time of year, bring a high price, compared with their value in the summer, and it is a leisure time.

The motives to fish in the winter were, in the case of Andrew, stronger than even at the present time; there was very little of it done: the greater portion of the inhabitants owned only log canoes, and could not venture to any distance

for fear of being blown to sea, as they could not beat in the canoes, but were obliged to row home. When there came a very pleasant day, a man would go off and get a mess of fish, and divide them round among the neighbors; then another one would get fish-hungry, and do the same. When a person wanted clams, he would go and dig them. Fish peddling in the winter had not become an institution. In the summer, when fish were plenty, there were some few in the country, and on the sea-coast, who were lame, weakly, and not able to do hard work, or lazy and unwilling to, who would haul fresh fish into the country to sell, but they were few in number. The rivers were then full of fish, also the brooks of trout; the country being more sparsely settled, there was a large demand for labor, in the winter, in mills, and in the woods. Many who fished in the summer went into the logging camps, or to sea, in the winter. Many employed the winter in hunting, and after spending the summer entrapping the inhabitants of the deep, occupied the winter in capturing those of the forest, and exchanged the baiting of hooks for the baiting of traps.

Our constant readers doubtless recollect that Charlie Bell built the first sharp, lapwork boat, that superseded the old canoes; and there were not many owned as yet in the place, and the people had not, driven by necessity or stimulated by the desire of gain, found out what those boats would do — that they would work to windward in the face of any common gale; it was much more comfortable to work in the woods, sheltered from winds, than to freeze in a boat, exposed to wave and weather; the people living in the country seldom saw, or expected to see, a clam or salt-water fish, from November to May, and those living far back, not even then; because neither meat nor fish could be transported long distances, there being no ice in which to preserve them, as at present. Therefore, like all pioneers, Andrew and Tim were without competitors, — the one in catching fish, and the other in selling them.

They agreed to divide the profits equally, Andrew paying Tim for the use of his boat, the latter to put her in such order as Andrew required. Mr. Lancaster also offered to board Andrew for one dollar a week, which was less than the ordinary price at that time, although our readers

must remember that mutton was only two cents a pound and turkeys three, but corn was higher than it is to-day. The turkeys and the sheep would grow without hoeing, while the owners were river driving, but corn would not.

Andrew was thus flung more entirely upon his own resources than any of the other boys of Pleasant Cove. He was, indeed, worse off than Charlie Bell, cast up by the waves on Elm Island, for he found parents and a happy home in Lion Ben and Sally Rhines. Andrew's rigid bondage at home had fitted him for enduring hardship, and he inherited his father's iron will.

It may seem strange that neither Captain Rhines nor Lion Ben, who were ever ready to help any young man who was striving to help himself,—Charlie Bell Fred Williams, or John Rhines,—should not have taken this worthy boy by the hand. I suppose they would, had he been an orphan, or his father a poor man; but there was a strong prejudice against Colcord, and though everybody thought well of the children, and their mother was universally beloved, they seemed to feel that doing anything for them was bestowing

it upon him, and encouraging the miser in his parsimony.

The general sentiment was expressed by Barbarick, in relation to sharing with Andrew, on board the Star; and though the latter was now his own man, that feeling still prevailed. Tim Lancaster and his parents were the only active helpers to whom, in his struggle for a living, Andrew could look for aid.

CHAPTER XVI.

WINTER FISHING.

ANDREW, having finished his engagement with Joe Griffin, brought his chest to Mr. Lancaster's; but when he came to look at the boat, he said, —

“Tim, all the boat wants is some kids put in her; but these sails will never do for winter fishing.”

“What ails them?”

“In the first place they are poor and thin, — let too much wind through, — and might give out in a bad time; then they are too large; you have got reef-points in both of them. A man winter fishing can't be bothered with reefs; his fingers are too numb to tie points; and they are not cut right; they are too high and narrow on the foot and head; if they were longer on the foot, and lower down in the body of the boat, the main

boom longer, and the sail wider, she would carry the sail as long again, and it would not cramp the boat half so much."

"Then I'll get some new ones, and just such ones as you want; but who shall we get to cut them? Father cut these."

"These are well enough for pleasure sailing in summer time, but not to go outside in the winter, when a man is liable to get caught, and have to fight for his life with a norther. Lion Ben is the best man round here to cut a boat's sail. I can make and rope them."

"Well, I'll get the cloth at the store, and we'll go right over to Elm Island in the boat, and get him to cut them by her."

"There is no need for both to go; suppose you dig clams; dig some bait for me, and I'll go a-fishing to-morrow."

"But you won't have the sails."

"I'll go with these, and make the others at odd times."

Andrew returned in the evening with his sails cut, and found the kids put in, his bait prepared, the boat at her moorings, and Mrs. Lancaster spinning linen thread to sew the sails with; and

as it was early in the evening, after eating his supper he went to work upon them. The next morning Andrew was away before daybreak. The day proved fine; a north-west wind, that had been blowing for two days, was just giving up; it was, therefore, smooth, but stinging cold and clear, so that Andrew could see his marks, and was not long in getting to his fishing-ground.

The first thing he did, after anchoring, furling his sails, taking the masts down, and laying them across the bows out of his way, was to bait his hooks, and then plunge his mittens overboard till they were wet through, wring them out, put them on his hands again, and go to fishing. The end of the mitten was soon a ball of ice; but though his hands puffed up, and were as red as the foot of a pigeon, they did not freeze. When they were very cold he thrashed them.

It was a calm morning, after sunrise, and a good many of the neighbors were out in their canoes for a mess of fish. There was quite a contrast between their performance and that of Andrew in his boat. He started before day, and had a wind that carried him to the ground by the time it was light enough to see his marks: they waited

till sunrise, had to row, and did not reach the fishing-ground till he had caught nearly a hundred weight of fish. About eleven o'clock the wind was from the south-west, but light, and by the middle of the afternoon it came round to north-west, and blew fresh, with a few light flakes of snow. The moment the people in the canoes noticed the change in the weather, they hauled up their killicks, and made for shore, although the fish were then biting better than ever; but Andrew held on an hour longer, till he had caught six hundred weight of cod fish, then made sail, and arrived home before them.

If persons ever need encouragement, it is at the outset of a new and doubtful venture; and it chanced most opportunely for Tim and Andrew that, for the first week, the weather was remarkably mild for the time of year, and the tides served right for clamming.

They froze the fish and clams, packing them in snow to keep them thus: in that state they will keep for any length of time. Tim now set out on his trading expedition; the sleighing was good, and he carried eighteen hundred weight of fish and twenty-five bushels of clams; the fish, if so

large an amount could have been sold at all at Pleasant Cove, might have brought half a cent a pound, and the clams ninepence a bushel. The remark of James Colcord, that the profit of the enterprise would depend almost entirely upon the man who sold the load, had stirred the mettle of Tim Lancaster. Whether Colcord intended it as a slur or not, Tim viewed it in that light, and believed he meant that if Tim Lancaster was to do the selling it would not amount to much. James did not like Tim, because he was so much with Andrew, and thought he made the latter dissatisfied with his condition and treatment at home, and the prejudice had warped his judgment, for Tim was a shrewd fellow, and would have made, had he only been born later, a splendid runner for a mercantile house, possessing, as a gift of nature, those qualities which many others, with an ill grace, strive to assume; was naturally obliging, genial, and loved Andrew with his whole soul.

Stimulated, therefore, by the affection he bore to his young friend, and provoked by the remark of Colcord, he set out before day, on a sharp winter's morning, to ascertain whether some things

could not be done as well as others; while Mr. Lancaster, who wished to encourage them, — and was in reality more sanguine in respect to the success of the venture than he cared to have known, — volunteered to dig clams during his son's absence.

Tim, acting upon the old proverb of "far-fetched and dear-bought," resolved not to offer his wares in the vicinity of Pleasant Cove, but passed through the adjoining village, at noon, stopped under the lee of some woods, where he fed and watered his team and ate his own dinner, having taken with him provender for his horses and food for himself sufficient to meet any exigency that might occur on the road, and refrained from making any display of the contents of his pung.

About four in the afternoon, when within two miles of a thriving village, beyond which Tim's knowledge of the country and roads did not extend, he observed a homestead that, judging from the buildings, fences, and cattle in the yard, Tim could not doubt belonged to a well-to-do farmer, and he felt quite certain that a man whom he saw chopping wood at the door must be the

proprietor himself. He instantly stuck a couple of cod fish on two short sticks, fastened to each of the forward corners of his pung for that purpose, and put his team to a slow trot. The farmer, hearing the sound of bells, looked up, and shouted, —

“I say, mister, what have you got there?”

Tim not heeding the first call, it was repeated.

“Fresh fish and clams,” was the reply.

“Well, drive up to the door; I want some.”

“I don’t care to open my load till I get to the village; that is, unless you can keep me and my team all night.”

“Well, drive up.”

The farmer opened the large barn doors, and Tim hauled his load into the floor.

“A good-looking team that, but I reckon that mare on the nigh side is something old.”

“Yes, she’ll never see twelve again, and the off horse is her colt.”

“Now, what provender will you have for your horses? You can have oats, corn, or barley, — just which you like.”

“I’ll give ’em oats, then; I’ve got corn with me; but I like to keep it to feed on the road.”

After the horses were taken care of for the night, Tim uncovered his pung.

“What do you ask for cod fish, Mr.— what may I call your name?”

“Lancaster.”

“My name’s Turner— William Turner. Well, as I was saying, what do you ask for the fish?”

Now, Tim had all the way along been considering what price to put upon his fish, as he felt that he could not rise afterwards, and knew that he was without a rival in the business at that period of the year.

“Seven cents a pound,” at length he said; “or six dollars if you take a hundred.

“That’s too much; guess you never sold any fish afore.”

“Wish I had here all the fish I ever caught.”

“Why, I’ll sell you mutton for two cents a pound, and beef for six dollars a hundred. You don’t pretend to hold fish higher than beef, when it takes four or five years for a critter to grow, and you go and pull a fish right out of the water; don’t cost a cent more’n does to pick a blueberry in the pasture.”

“If you should undertake, friend Turner, to

catch fish in the winter time; you would find it cost something before you got through with it. The man must find his lines, hooks, and leads, dig his bait, well nigh freeze to death catching them, and often run the risk of his life; besides, sometimes there will not be more than one or two days in a week that the weather will let him fish; sometimes not two in a fortnight."

"Well, I s'pose it's cold, dangerous work in the winter; I'd rather somebody else should do it than I should. They are rousers, no mistake; what do you ask for clams?"

"Forty cents a bushel; heap 'em."

"What makes the clams so high? You don't have to go to much expense, or any risk, to get them any more'n we do to dig potatoes, and they're all raised and planted for you."

"It is cold, wet, disagreeable work to dig clams, and it is only a few hours in a tide, and a few tides in a week, that we can get clams so large as these thin shelled and clear of grit. What time is left us to work in a tide we have to work with all our might, and it spoils the day for anything else."

"I s'pose you'll make out your case; they're

handsome ones. Them they bring once in the while in the last part of March and April, and then agin in the fall, don't begin with these. How long can you keep 'em? — the fish."

"Just as long as you keep 'em froze; put 'em in snow on the north-west side of your barn, and use 'em as you want 'em."

"I'll give you a five dollar bill for a hundred weight of fish, two and thre'pence cash" (thirty-seven and a half cents) "for a bushel of clams, and I won't give any more."

"I'll do it."

"I'd like a few more clams, but I can't afford to pay out money. Will you swap for corn?"

"Yes, at the price I asked first: I took off two cents on the clams and two on the fish for cash down. I don't think that's high for a barter trade."

"I'll give you a bushel of corn for two bushels of clams."

"Done."

After this they went into the house, where Tim was introduced to Mrs. Turner. Her husband signified his wish to have some of the clams for supper, and his wife accordingly brought out the pot.

"Mrs. Turner," said Tim, "how are you going to cook those clams?"

"Boil them, Mr. Lancaster."

"Do you never make a chowder of them?"

"Chowder? What is that?"

"If you would not think it taking too great liberty for a stranger, I would like to make one for you."

"Indeed, I should like very much to have you. I expect folks who live by the salt water know how to cook any kind of fish better than we do."

Tim forthwith set to work, shocked the clams, cut off their heads, and made the chowder after the most approved fashion. The farmer and his wife extolled it to the skies, and three boys, who had just returned hungry from school, ate as though they never expected to eat, again, anything so good. Tim was delighted with the encomiums passed upon his cookery, and they spent a jolly evening together, Tim assuring Mrs. Turner if she only had his mother's kettle, — though it would doubtless break her heart to part with it, — it would make a clam chowder of its own accord. The boys, notwithstanding their remarkable performance at the supper table, were busy roasting

clams on the hearth the entire evening, and eating them out of the shell.

The next morning early Tim resumed his journey, resolved to maintain the prices at which he had traded with Turner, except that he charged six cents at retail. At the next farm he sold half a hundred of fish for cash, bartered two bushels of clams for corn, and pushed on towards the village. Here his sales were chiefly at retail, sometimes two or three fish, but more frequently one large one. If, however, he sold in small lots, it was for cash. Occasionally a person complained of the price, but one fish did not amount to a large sum, even at six cents a pound, and they went off quite rapidly. The clams were soon disposed of, as no one wanted less than a peck, and many bought a bushel. Thus all his clams but four bushels were sold for money. At noon he baited his horses, watered them, ate of the provisions he had brought, and by the middle of the afternoon went on, having about seven hundred weight of fish, as he thought, left. He sold two hundred weight more for cash before sundown, and put up at a farmer's house, whose dwelling was made of logs; but the barn was

framed, shingled, and well built, with good doors hung on iron hinges. His host wanted some fish, but said "he could not spare the money. He was just beginning on a new place."

"I'll barter with you for corn," said Tim.

"What will you ask me for the fish, barter trade?"

"Seven cents. If you take a hundred weight."

"What'll you allow for corn?"

"Eighty cents a bushel."

"I'll do that, and take a hundred weight; our family is not very large; that will last us all winter."

The farmer, whose name was Wheeler, took him to a corn-crib made of logs, through the chinks of which the large yellow ears of corn — more than two hundred bushels — were seen.

"There," said he, "I raised all that on a burn, and I've got about seventy-five more in the house, up chamber, that I raised on ploughed land; but this is the handsomest."

In the morning Tim set forward, and found himself in a region of log houses and clearings, but found no difficulty in disposing of the remainder of his load by barter for corn or rye; but he

chose to barter for corn, as there was a large local demand at Pleasant Cove for that article, and having no load of consequence, was back to Turner's by eight o'clock that evening. Early in the morning, taking in the corn he had left there, he started for home, rejoicing, whistling, singing, all the way, where he arrived just as his father was putting up the cattle, and Andrew came up from the shore with an eel-spear on his shoulder.

"Sold out?" said Andrew, looking into the pung.

"Yes; made out to get clear of them," said Tim, almost choking with the effort to contain himself; "but had to barter."

"Corn?" said Mr. Lancaster, coming up, and looking into the pung; "I know you've made a good voyage, Tim, by your looks; so out with it."

"Wet all my salt! ha, ha! heh, heh! ho, ho!" giggled Tim; "shan't say another word till after supper."

"Do let us have supper, then, wife," said Mr. Lancaster to his better half, who was standing in the door.

"Off boots," cried Tim, as the family gathered around the fire.

“Father mine, what does three hundred and fifty weight of fish come to at five cents a pound, cash?”

“Why, seventeen dollars and fifty cents; but you don’t mean to say that you got five dollars a hundred, and got the money?”

“Can’t comprehend it, my dear sir — can you? Must have your mind enlarged. Can’t realize it” (to Andrew, who, with mouth wide open, was sitting, the picture of astonishment). “Only look at that boy! how dismayed he does look! if it wasn’t for his ears, his head would be an island; it’s a peninsula now; his mouth goes almost round. He, he, he! Father mine, what does nine hundred and fifty weight of fish come to at six cents a pound, cash?”

“Fifty-seven dollars. But how came you to sell for five cents, and then for six?”

“Retail price, my dear sir; five is wholesale; in all great mercantile transactions there is a wholesale and a retail price. Only look at that poor boy; he’s shut his mouth in despair, cause he can’t open it any farther; his head’s a continent now. Keep up a good resolution, Andrew; there’s worse to come. What does five hundred

weight of fish, at eight and three fourths cents a pound, come to?"

"Forty-three dollars and seventy-five cents. What does that mean?"

"That's the barter price; seven dollars a hundred for the fish, eighty cents for corn; a bushel is worth a dollar here; that makes the fish net us eight dollars and seventy-five cents a hundred."

"So it does; there is hardly any corn here; won't any come till spring, by water, and they give a dollar in money for corn, to carry into the woods for the logging teams."

"Put down twenty-one bushels of clams at two and thre'pence cash."

"Seven dollars eighty-seven cents and one half."

"Four bushels more, bartered for corn — clams, forty cents; corn, eighty; makes the clams net fifty; got a bushel of corn for two bushels of clams."

"Outrageous!" cried Andrew, opening his mouth — that is, in the way of conversation — for the first time. "I can dig nine bushels in a good tide; did it last Tuesday."

"That's four dollars and fifty cents, my dear: better than cutting spars at fifty cents a day —

ain't it, old fellow? 'It'll depend a great deal upon the man that does the selling.' Ah! you're right, Uncle Colcord. Mother, give me some cake for supper, and fry me a man, next time you fry doughnuts," shouted Tim, capering round the room. "Father, get a piece of chalk, and figure it up."

Mr. Lancaster figured it up on the bricks of the hearth.

"It comes to one hundred and twenty-eight dollars and twelve and a half cents."

"A ten-dollar bill," said Andrew, "will cover the expenses, wear and tear of harness, boat's sails, my board and Tim's, and expenses on the road while we've been doing it."

"But you can't get the fish or clams to do that very often," said Mr. Lancaster. "This week Andrew has got only five hundred weight of fish the whole week, and since Tuesday the tides have not ebbed off enough to do much clamming."

"If we don't do as well, we shall do well enough; better than we could at anything else," said Andrew; "though I couldn't fish, and the tides were poor for getting clams, I've got several

hundred weight of eels, and they may sell well ; at any rate they will bring more than clams."

"I know they'll sell first rate," said Tim. "Turner, where I put up, and ever so many asked me if I had eels."

Our young readers will perceive that the chief value of the clams was this ; they could be obtained when fish could not, and thus helped to make out a load ; but fish were by far the most profitable ; a hundred weight of fish, exchanged for corn, netted eight dollars and seventy-five cents ; whereas it would have taken about nineteen bushels of clams to come to that ; and there would have been about thirteen hundred of dead weight to haul.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SEA BIRD.

THERE was quite a contrast between this week and the preceding in respect to making preparation for another load. Monday, the day that Tim set out, was a good day, yet Andrew caught but five hundred weight of fish. Tuesday it blew almost a gale; he dug nine bushels of clams, and Mr. Lancaster four; but the tides turned out wrong after that; they did not ebb off so as to enable them to get at the largest clams, and of the smaller ones, such as we find on most shores at present, a man could not dig more than five bushels. Andrew therefore resorted to eeling, in which he was not dependent upon the tide. Eels are taken with a spear fastened to the end of a long handle. A hole is cut in the ice, and the spear thrust into the mud where they lie. A person can catch eels at high water, if he likes,

but it is harder work ; and the fishermen generally eel half of the ebb and half of the flood tide.

It was Wednesday night when Tim got home. Thursday it stormed ; Friday, Andrew got but one hundred weight of fish, and Tim some eels, but the tide ebbed scarcely enough to leave the rock-weed. Saturday, Andrew got but seventy-five pounds of fish, and Tim, the tide ebbing lower, obtained three bushels of clams.

Saturday night, as they gathered round the fire after supper, Andrew said, " Fisherman's luck ; this week, six hundred and seventy-five weight of fish, and a hundred weight of eels, and sixteen bushels of clams ; last week, eighteen hundred weight of fish, and twenty-five bushels of clams."

" I should like to know," said Mr. Lancaster, " what other business you could have found to do that would have paid half or a quarter as well. Making no account of the eels, and they ought to bring more than the fish, — they would round here, — and reckoning the fish at the lowest cash price, five cents, and the clams at forty, it would give Andrew, who has done the most of the work, six dollars a day ; and he thought he was doing well when he got fifty cents."

Monday Tim started. He had in his mind a plan to make up for the deficiency in the load, but made no mention of it to Andrew or his father.

This time he took an entirely new road, as he thought his customers on the former route were pretty much supplied. His load being light, and the sleighing good, he pushed directly back into the new country. He had found the farther people lived from the sea-coast, the less money was stirring, and the more anxious they were to barter. Our young readers, also, must have perceived that Tim's fish netted him most when bartered for corn, since he made a profit on the corn as well as on the fish.

The first night he put up at a log house occupied by Mr. William Brackett, and had contrived on the road to find out the usual price asked for eels in the villages near the sea-coast, of which he had but a hundred weight. As the amount was small, he concluded to ask seven cents, cash. Brackett, who wanted the eels, asked why they were higher than the fish. Tim replied that they were more difficult to obtain in any quantity, — that a man might “jab” all day in the mud, and

not get thirty pounds. Brackett took twenty-five pounds of eels, and then said, —

“Mr. Lancaster, I was born and brought up in Wells, and am a great lover of fish and clams. I want some of them clams; they look real tempting. I *must* have two bushels, at any rate; barter with you for corn; but I should like more, so that I could put 'em in snow, and have 'em to go and come upon all winter long; but the *stick* is the *money*. Money's scarce with us; we have hard work to get enough to pay taxes. I can sell the corn at the store for two thirds goods and the other third cash. If I let corn go, I've nothing to raise money on; it is too far from market to haul wood, and I've no horse team. I'm on a new place, and haven't corn enough to make it pay to hire one.”

Tim sold him two bushels of clams, and went on. He bartered all his fish and the remainder of his clams for corn, and sold the rest of his eels for money. He had then about seventy-two dollars: quite a difference between the amount of this and the preceding load. That is, he had seven dollars in money, and corn enough, that he had obtained by barter, to bring that amount; he

had also brought with him the money resulting from the sale of the first load, and some of his own. Tim found that it was the practice among the farmers on the new lands to sell at the stores corn for eighty cents, one third cash. So he said to his host, Mr. Edwards, —

“What do you get for corn at the store?”

“Eighty cents; one third money.”

“How much corn have you got to spare?”

“Well, I shall venture to sell twenty bushels. Don't want to sell myself out.”

“Is it shelled?”

“No.”

“I'll give you seventy-five cents a bushel in *cash*; then you can go to the store and buy your goods for cash; get them for enough less to more than make up the difference, save hauling the corn there, and be independent of the trader; that is, if you'll have it shelled by next week, when I come back.”

“I'll do it.”

Tim went round among the farmers till he bought corn enough, on which he made twenty-five cents a bushel, to a little more than equal

the amount of the first load of fish and clams. The last man he bought corn of was Brackett, on his way home.

"I wish I had known this before," said the latter; "I would have sold you the corn, and bought your clams and fish with the money. What would you have sold fish for by the hundred, for cash?"

"Five dollars."

"And clams?"

"Thirty-seven and a half cents."

When Tim returned, his father and Andrew were as much surprised as before. Tim could not haul half the corn he had bought home, and his father said to him, —

"How are you going to get this corn home?"

"I'll take a light load of fish, next time, and sell them in the villages for cash; that will leave me an empty pung. Andrew can clam, eel, and take care of the cattle. You can hire Valentine's horse and pung, take a light load of eels, — I find they sell quicker than fish, — go with me, and bring the whole."

Their proceedings were now interrupted by a thaw and moderate weather; they could not

freeze the fish and clams, and were afraid to catch the one or dig the other.

This interval was, however, improved by Andrew. Notwithstanding he had been making, part of the time, six dollars and more a day, he went into the woods and cut cord wood for fifty cents a cord.

With a very few exceptions, fishermen abhor any kind of work except fishing, or preparing for fishing, and have no idea of employing broken time; and as there are no persons who make more occasionally, and none who have more interruptions, this disinclination to do anything else keeps them poor. Some of them, who go over the bay in the summer, will *den* all winter. Others, if they fish in a small boat, and have a house and land, will be at home for a week at a time, in the spring, in windy weather, and never plant a pea, potato, bean, currant bush, or anything of the sort, but *lag* round, or mend an old net, put gangings to lines, spend all day doing what they would do in an hour, on board a vessel on the ground, or after making fifty dollars and more — as they sometimes do at present — in a day, lie in the sun till it is all gone. This was not Andrew's fashion.

As for Tim, he had logs to haul to mill for fence boards.

The weather becoming cold, they began again to fish and clam: thus they spent their time while there was sufficient snow to haul the loads; but during the whole time they never, by merely selling fish and clams, equalled the proceeds of the first fortnight. As spring came on, fish were lower, the market within their reach had been somewhat glutted, the hauling was bad, and the weather was tempestuous. Tim was not able to obtain corn by barter, or to buy it for money, as the farmers had none to spare; he was obliged to take rye, beans, and flax, upon which he could not make so great a profit. At one time he brought home two sheep, at another a hive of bees, and still again a yoke of oxen, on which he made fifteen dollars, by killing them and selling the beef. However, in the spring they divided, and had two hundred and seventy-five dollars apiece.

Henry Warren, who, our readers will recollect, was a shipmate of Andrew's, bought, together with Henry Valentine, a Chebacco boat of twenty tons, called the Sea Bird. They fished in her,

one summer, for cod and mackerel; but neither of them possessing much *pluck*, they scarcely paid their bills, and became heartily sick of the business long before the summer was through. In the fall they hauled her up in a cove near Mr. Lancaster's, carried the sails ashore, and put them in his barn. There came a gale of wind in November, which drove her from her anchorage on to the shore, broke both her masts off in the limbs of an oak, and smashed the pink. They then got her off, and hauled her up in a creek, into which a brook ran, where she lay aground, at the mouth of the brook, heeled over on one side. The snow drifted round her, and dammed the water of the brook till it ran into the hold and standing rooms, the hatches being left off, filling her half full of ice, while the salt water leaked in below, as the ice had pulled the oakum out of her seams. Indeed, she was in a miserable plight.

One day, in the course of the winter, as Andrew was returning from chopping, he passed the desolate craft, and stopping, made a thorough examination of her condition. About the middle of March, when it was evident that their present

occupation was to be taken away, he said to his partner, —

“Tim, I have thought of another plan.”

“Let us have it, Andrew; I am ready. Anything you’ll get up I’ll go in for.”

“Along in the winter I was looking at the Sea Bird; she lies there in the creek. Warren and Valentine are sick of her; they never made a cent last summer, and I believe would sell her dog cheap. What do you say for buying her to fish in this summer; she is a first-rate boat, big enough to draw the bounty — twenty tons?”

“The tide ebbs and flows in her, and the brook is running into her.”

“The tide would ebb and flow in anything, only leave the seams open, and the water will run into anything, leave the hatches off. She is not essentially injured, and is most new. She *looks* worse than she is, and now is the time to buy her cheap, before the fishing season comes on, and while she looks the worst.”

“But I can’t go a-fishing, because here’s the farm to take care of.”

“Couldn’t you hire some boy?”

“No, I won’t do that; it wouldn’t pay, and

father wouldn't like it. But I'll help you buy her and fit her away, and I'll go *after haying* — get a boy to help father harvest." Andrew bought the Sea Bird for three hundred dollars. He and Tim continued to clam and fish, "shocking" the clams and salting them for bait, to sell to fishermen, and splitting and curing the fish, till the Sea Bird thawed out. They then procured oxen, and hauled the schooner out of the water, where they could work on her to good advantage, cut the sticks to make new masts, hired Joe Griffin to make them and repair the pink, and put the masts in themselves: they also calked and payed the seams, put one shroud on a side to each mast, and painted her with red ochre, lamp-black, and fish oil. They were, however, extravagant enough to paint the mast heads green, with linseed oil and verdigris, and the booms and gaffs white, with white lead. The repairs cost them but three dollars. Joe Griffin made the masts in two days, and repaired the pink in another, and they cut cord wood for him to pay for it. They bought rope for shrouds, — she had none before, — some pitch, and tar; so that she cost them, repairs and all, three hundred and ten dollars. They had left of

the original sum one hundred and forty dollars each, several quintals of fish and barrels of clam bait to sell, and Andrew had some money due for cord wood that he had cut in his broken time. Thus they were able to buy salt and everything required to fish with, — nets, lines, and provisions.

Our young friends may not know what a Chebacco boat was, for there are none in existence now. Chebacco was the Indian name of a part of Ipswich, Massachusetts, where they were first built. The Sea Bird was pink-sterned, and without a bowsprit: the stem came up about two feet above the deck, with a mortise in the top, in which was a truck to haul the cable over, and had but two sails, fore and main sails; by the side of the stem was a plank, with a space between it and the stem, in which the cable lay, when the boat was anchored, in lieu of a hawse hole. They were excellent sea boats. A small space aft was decked over; this formed the salt room, and the salt was put in at a small door. Then came a kid or fish room, that ran from one side of the boat to the other, with hatches to cover it, and between this kid and the salt room was a space, called a stand-

ing-room: a platform was laid directly over the ballast, and on this platform a man stood to fish; otherwise he would have fallen overboard, for the boat had no rail, only a narrow waist-board, that was fastened to the tops of the timbers, except along the pink and at the cuddy, where was a very low one, merely for show. Next to this kid forward was the hold proper, which was decked over, and had a small hatchway, with one hatch, aft of the main-mast, and directly under the main boom; at the bottom of the hold was ballast floored over; forward of this another kid, and another standing-room. The deck, at the sides, ran entirely round the boat, being, at the standing-rooms, only about eighteen inches wide, in order not to interfere with the man fishing. There was a break in the deck at the cuddy of nine inches, to give height, and there were combings round the standing-room hatchways; then came the cuddy, or cabin, the doors of which opened into the standing-room. Both the standing-rooms had hatches, and when they were all put on she was decked over, as it were, and very little water could get in, either from spray or from a sea coming aboard and then running

off. She also had two churn pumps. When the hatches were all on the cabin doors could not be opened. The Chebacco boat had her fireplace, lockers, and four berths, in imitation of her superiors. I can tell you, these boats, when the hatches were barred down, the sails reefed, and a fisherman at the helm, would live, go safe, and beat off a lee shore, when you would wish yourself ashore if you were in them.

They were excessively proud of their purchase, proud of their bargain, upon which even James Colcord complimented them, although he thought they were extravagant in painting the mast heads green, and that there was not the least need of shrouds to the masts; but Andrew cherished ideas in respect to the future that he had not communicated even to Tim. He served the shrouds, where they went over the mast heads, — “eyes of the rigging,” as he *presumed* to term them; for he remembered that Captain Cobb always spoke of the “*ship's company*,” — tarred the cable, black-leaded the blocks, to make them run easy, though there were only twelve; blacked the anchor, new leathered the pump-boxes, slushed the masts, whitewashed the sails; that were some-

what mildewed, and, in short, exhibited as much as possible the knowledge of seamanship he had learned on board the Woolwich, pointing and grafting the ends of the sheets and halyards, and working a magnificent double diamond knot on the end of the bucket rope.

Andrew now took Roger Blake, a boy of fifteen, for cook, giving him as wages what fish he could catch, — he was a little chap, but smart, and in rough weather, when he could not hang the pot on, some one did it for him, — and with two others, John Elwell and James Ford, went to fishing along shore, while Tim cured the fish. Andrew found there was considerable difference in the price of nets, lines, salt, and provision when he paid for them on the spot, instead of at the end of the season.

One pleasant Sabbath in March, about the time Andrew and Tim were winding up their winter fishing, Captain Rhines came home from meeting, with surprise depicted in every feature, and said, —

“ Wife, I don’t know what is going to happen ; something very *good*, or very bad.”

“ Why, Benjamin ? ”

“Why! You may well say that; after so many years of abuse, and the meanest kind of pinching, Jim Colcord has given his wife a new muff, — handsome fur as you ever saw; big as a half-bushel basket, — new dress, new bonnet, and all the fixings. She come and spoke to me, and I hardly knew her.”

“Well, I guess something is going to happen: Has he done anything for the rest, or himself?”

“Andrew has got a new suit of clothes, but they didn’t come out of the old man, I suppose; and the boys have got new shoes and hats, but *he* is just the same old sixpence.”

Our readers may imagine, perhaps, that neither the new dress of the mother nor the shoes and hats of the boys “came out of the old man.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE YOUNG SKIPPER.

AS Andrew, when he commenced winter fishing, had recourse to the experience of Captain Cobb, in order to obtain the marks of those shoals where the winter school might be found, so now that the fish had betaken themselves to deeper water, he again resorted to his early and fast friend for information. The old skipper, whose head was a complete chart of all the banks, shoals, and harbors, from Gay Head to Labrador, gave him the bearing and distances of those places where he would probably obtain the largest fish at the least expense of time in going and returning—White Head ground, Elbow ground, Seguin Ledge, ten miles from Seguin, Kettle Bottom, Sagadahoc, Mistaken ground, forty miles south-east from Cape Elizabeth, New Ledge,

ten miles outside of this, and Cashe's, sixty miles from Cape Elizabeth.

Andrew now received his half of the fifth the vessel drew, every sixty-fourth quintal as skipper, and his share of the fish caught, while Tim, who remained at home, taking care of the farm, received his portion of the fish the vessel drew, as joint owner, and one shilling per quintal for curing them.

Skipper Colcord now resolved to make a trip to Seal Island ground, and prepared the vessel accordingly. A new cable of sufficient length was purchased, and another anchor. Andrew went to the custom-house, and took out his papers for cod fishing, in order that he might be entitled to the bounty, retaining the same crew, with this difference only in the arrangement, that instead of giving the boy what fish he could catch, the crew paid him six dollars a month, and took all the fish. The first of May they started for Seal Island.

Instead of anchoring, as at Mingan, they fished on a drift; the fore sheet was eased off, the main boom guyed out, and the helm put in the lee becket. They lee bow the tide, and fish on the

weather side. The Chebacco boat having but two standing-rooms, a temporary rail was placed amidships, to fish over, and two half-hogshead tubs served the purpose of kids, and one man and the boy fished over this rail.

Every three weeks they came home to wash out. At the commencement of the third trip Captain Colcord said to the boy, —

“Roger, you have done so well, got your meals promptly, in good shape, and caught so many fish, that I think you ought to have more wages. I have spoken to Ford and Elwell, and for the rest of the season you will have ten dollars a month.”

This so stimulated Roger that, for the next two trips, he caught two thirds of a share, more fish (as Andrew told Mrs. Blake, the boy's mother) than Warren caught when with him in the Evening Star, though he had nothing else to do but fish.

When the fish were cured and sold, and they came to settle the voyage, Andrew found himself in circumstances very different from those in which he was placed at the time his trip to Mingan was finished. He was *high line*, and his share amounted to two hundred dollars and

twelve and one half cents, Ford's to one hundred and eighty-six dollars and sixteen cents, Elwell's to one hundred and eighty-four dollars and fifty cents. Roger's wages amounted to forty-four dollars, having for the last two months been advanced ; but, notwithstanding this, Andrew made them fifty, paying the difference out of his own pocket. When James Colcord heard of it, he said, "It was a downright *sin* ; the boy had no right to any more than he agreed to go for."

This, however, was not the opinion of Roger, a poor boy, with a widowed mother, and a sister who was made a cripple for life with a white swelling on her knee ; neither was it the opinion of the neighbors. In these estimates we have included forty-eight dollars of bounty money due, as it was sure.

In addition to this, Andrew was in receipt of money from another source. He was *skipper*, and every sixty-fourth quintal belonged to him, as his commissions, from immemorial custom ; he also owned half of the vessel, and the vessel drew a fifth of the whole amount the fish brought ; half of this, therefore, belonged to him, which swelled his profits to the sum of three hundred.

and twenty-eight dollars and twelve and one half cents.

Tim, it must be remembered, had remained at home all summer, attending to his crops; but he was also owner of half the vessel, and had "made" (cured) the fish. He therefore received one hundred and forty dollars and fifty cents, while, with the help of his father and a hired boy, he could do his farming and cure the fish easily enough.

Andrew proposed to engage in mackereling, and Tim, who had been uneasy enough all summer, resolved to go now at all events. Ford wished to lie by for a week or more, and Roger wanted to attend to some matters for his mother; as for Elwell, he had previously agreed to go second mate of a new vessel just launched, and that was being rigged. Andrew, in the mean time, assisted Tim and Mr. Lancaster in putting the fish on the flakes, in order that the former might be better able to leave home.

Our readers will perceive that there was a great difference between the profits of this fishing voyage and that of the Evening Star; and although the Star was a larger vessel, and her

crew nearly double that of the *Sea Bird*, yet the superiority was on the side of the latter. The *Chebacco* boat also sailed, in going and returning, many times more miles than the *Star*, and the bounty was less ; it was also more work to wash out the fish in four different parcels than to perform it all at once. How, then, shall we account for the disparity ?

Well, in the first place the three men were young men, practised fishermen, and each of them aspired to be *high line* ; the boy was a smart, ambitious lad, and stimulated to the utmost by the kindness with which he was treated. In the next place they fished in deeper water, and caught larger fish. Andrew, in a former trip with Skipper Stacy, had learned that on some portions of the ground the fish were larger, and made the most of the information thus gained. They stood to the lines in worse weather, did not lose any time at *Bird Island*, *Mackaneer's Cove*, or in *Min-gan* harbor. It was very comfortable, doubtless, when the wind blew strong off the land, to run under the lee and fish in the shoal water ; but the fish caught were small, and much time was lost going back and forth : they likewise repaired

their lines in the night watch. Fish were a trifle higher than at the time the *Star* sold, and Andrew, instead of obtaining his outfit on four months' credit, or more, paid cash, thus getting a discount, and the crew had the benefit of it.

There was, however, another circumstance, that made more difference than anything else; there was no *rum* on board—no time lost in *getting* drunk, *being* drunk, and *recovering* from that state; although the *Star* might, in comparison with most other vessels of her class, be termed a *temperance* craft; for nearly every vessel carried, as stores, from two to four barrels of rum, according to the number of hands, and the crew their private stores besides. Seven years before the date of our story, "the imports paid to government on the quantity of molasses necessary for a vessel of sixty-five tons, and eleven men, was only ninety-nine cents, while that on rum for the same was just fourteen dollars."

Mackerel fishing is conducted now somewhat as follows. The skipper makes sail for the ground where he expects to find the fish, in the month of May, off the capes of the Delaware; later in the season off Cape Ann; in July and August

farther east, in the Bay of Fundy and off the coast of Maine ; in September, and sometimes as late as October, in the Bay of Chaleur. Then the mackerel move west again, but the fishermen seldom follow them in their western migration farther than Cape Ann, or Nantucket Shoals.

When he arrives on the ground there is, perhaps, not a mackerel to be seen ; the skipper furls all his sails except the mainsail, and brings the vessel to the wind. He has on board what is termed a "bait-mill" — a box with a shaft in it, fitted with knives, working between other knives fastened to a board. Into this box are thrown at first salt herring, afterwards small mackerel, and fresh herring when they are taken, which are ground in this mill for bait ; the bait is flung overboard, and in a short time, if successful in "raising a school," the mackerel make their appearance in countless numbers. The fishermen fling their lines into the mass, and haul in the mackerel, who, darting back and forth, and seizing everything that attracts their attention, will bite at a bare hook or a cotton rag as quick as at anything. Indeed, they seem to be crazy, and the fishermen are wild with excitement, for

they are well aware the fish may disappear at any moment, and another school may not be found for days or weeks. Expert fishermen jerk in the fish, and slat them off the hook into the barrel at one motion, and some will fling the line back with the same motion. Others pretend that they can catch fifty a minute. In this manner mackerel were taken for many years; they were abundant, the schools easily raised, and they were ready to take the hook; but so great has been the havoc made among them that they are now less willing to take the hook, are sometimes caught in nets, and the business has become quite precarious.

Twenty-five years ago you could not help taking them; fishermen were sure of a fare, and used to jerk them out of the water with gaffs made for the purpose. Now, at times the water will be alive with mackerel, and not one take the hook. The fishermen say that they have learned their danger, know what the bait is thrown for, and that the old mackerel teach the rest.

It seems to us that we can observe a smile of incredulity upon the faces of our young friends, as we proceed to inform them how Captain Cobb,

Stacy, Barbarick, and all the skippers of that day caught mackerel. If a person, or two persons, wished now to catch a few mackerel for sport, or their own use, they would take a boat, anchor off some point, ledge, or other suitable place where the fish resort, heave bait, and fish ; but at that time they always drailed for them. If it was calm, two would go in a boat, one row slowly and the other fish with two lines. When in vessels it was pursued as a business, the method adopted was sufficiently odd, and, as it appears to us, shiftless. The vessel was put under short sail, made to move slowly through the water, and a number of short poles extended from her sides, to which the lines were fastened, about a foot distant from each other, and trailed in the water. In order to reach the outer ones, a second line was attached to haul them in with. It is doubtful whether, shy as mackerel now are, any could be taken in this way, especially as they had no knowledge of the present method of "raising a school" by throwing bait, and the bait-mill was not then in existence ; but at that time mackerel were taken in this method without difficulty, though, of course, slowly in com-

parison with the improved methods afterwards adopted.

Andrew Colcord, as our readers must by this time have perceived, was one of those persons who pass through life with their eyes and ears open, reflect upon the events that are daily occurring around them, and inquire for the causes of those things which excite their curiosity.

“Tim,” said he, as, after wheeling fish to the flakes for a couple of hours, they sat down on the barrows to rest, “I have been thinking for a long time of a plan I should like to try. I thought of it first that summer I was at Mingan, and I have thought more about it this summer, I suppose because there was likely to be a chance to try it.”

“Let us hear what it is.”

“I used to notice, when we were at anchor at Mingan, that the mackerel would follow up the little crumbs of bait that dropped off the hooks and floated astern, and we could put a line over and catch them whenever we liked, and when we shifted our ground and anchored in a new berth, though there was not a mackerel to be seen, as soon as we had been fishing a while, they would

be round. I have noticed, too, that when we hove the gurry overboard, the mackerel would come; and on Seal Island ground, this summer, when we were fishing on a drift, I have noticed the same thing."

"I have seen that many a time, and when I was with Skipper Davis, in the Elizabeth, the mackerel came alongside so thick, that as we had lines, all hands wanted to go in and catch them; but the skipper wouldn't agree to it, because he said it would heave us out of the bounty, if anybody had a mind to complain of us."

"Well, what's the reason, if, when these little bits of bait float astern, the mackerel make their appearance, and follow up to the vessel's stern after it, though you couldn't see one before, and if, when we fling over gurry, they will sometimes come along, they wouldn't do the same if we should make a regular business of it,—take the salt clams we had left last spring, set the nets, get a lot of menhaden, sliver them and salt them, chop it up fine, fling it overboard, heave the vessel to and drift, and then fling lines over, and catch 'em just as we do other fish? We could catch ten to one to what we can trailing with poles."

“Perhaps they wouldn’t bite.”

“But they bite when we are fishing for cod fish.”

“I know it; but then we only throw over a line, and catch a few to eat, or for bait, when we happen to be short of fresh bait. Perhaps they wouldn’t many of them bite.”

“I believe they would bite a great deal better. I believe, if we flung over a lot of bait all cut up fine for them to swallow, there would be such a lot of them come, that if one in five hundred bit, we should have all we could haul.”

“Well, I don’t; they always have caught ’em so, and we might lose our time and labor, and make a broken trip of it, trying this new fashion.”

“If people never used their wits, and never tried anything new, they would never learn anything. They used to bore vessels with pod-augers, and had to start ’em with a gouge; but now Charlie Bell has got a screw-auger that a man will do double the work with in half the time. I have heard father say, that when Mr. Bell built the Hardscrabble, he did it all by his eye—set up a frame, and looked at it: now he

has a rack model; and I don't see why there can't be improvement in fishing as well as in ship-building. If we never try we never shall know. We have got some money laid by, and if we lose one trip outright it won't break us. We have not got to run in debt for our outfit."

"If we shouldn't catch any mackerel, then everybody would laugh at us."

"If we should catch as many again as are commonly caught, we could then laugh at them; but suppose we do this.—go all fitted with the drail-poles and lines, take the bait to fling over to tole the fish, and a chopping-block to cut it up on, and then, if we can't do anything in this way, we can fall back on the old fashion."

"Perhaps Ford wouldn't be willing to go in this way; he may say, 'I am willing to go just as I always have, and take fishermen's luck for it; but I am a poor man; I ain't able to lose anything; haven't anything laid by to fall back upon; and I'm not willing to take my chance in this way, that nobody ever heard of before, and no fisherman ever tried.'"

"Then we'll made up the difference, — it certainly cannot be much; we'll try it part of this

trip, and if it fails we'll make the trip to him equal to the others, whatever they may be."

"Well, go ahead; we'll try it."

They immediately set to work, prepared bait with which to tole the fish, a chopping-block, their salt, barrels, and drail-poles. As Roger Blake was hired by the month, the experiment did not especially concern him. Andrew, intensely interested in his scheme, and feeling himself in a manner responsible for its success, sailed directly for Cape Ann, where, at that period of the year, mackerel were generally to be found; but before they reached the spot on which he proposed to try his luck, Roger, who was on the lookout, cried, —

"I see mackerel, or porgies, schooling."

"They are mackerel," said Ford, "and no mistake."

The mackerel were to windward, and apparently coming in the direction of the schooner. The main boom was guyed off, the fore sheet slacked, the Chebacco boat brought to, and Andrew commenced to sprinkle the bait upon the surface of the water. Scarcely had the vessel drifted beyond the bait first flung over, when

the mackerel were seen amongst it, their scales flashing in the sun, and in another instant were close alongside, in countless numbers. Hooks were baited, lines thrown over, and while Andrew continued to sprinkle the bait, more sparingly than at first, the others were engaged hauling in the fish as fast as they could unhook them.

It was evident that the bait would soon fail, and Roger, much to his dissatisfaction, was set to cutting more. The fore sail was now furled, and they continued to fish hour after hour. Great was the excitement on board the Chebacco boat, for though they unhooked every fish, and used only one line to a man,—whereas now, in hand-line fishing for mackerel, each man tends two, and some four lines, and jerks off the fish, keeping himself in constant motion, flinging over one line and seizing another,—still, to haul fish as fast as they could unhook them, bait the hook, and fling the line back, was such an immense advance upon the method to which they had been accustomed, that their astonishment and satisfaction found vent in all manner of ejaculations; for nobody could stop to converse.

When the sun sank below the horizon the

mackerel disappeared, and their exciting occupation was at an end.

“What do you think of my project now, Tim?” said Andrew.

“Think? I don’t know what to think. I don’t know whether I’m on my head or heels. No more fishing-rods for me;” and catching up the poles that lay on deck, tied together with a rope-yarn, he flung them overboard. “Now, Andrew, you blessed saint, whatever you plan, awake or asleep, I’ll do my best to execute. If you plan a voyage to the moon, I’ll be your backer.”

Mackerel are a roving fish, and for the next two days, although they sought the most eligible spots pointed out by past experience, and flung over the bait, not a mackerel rose, neither were any seen; but they improved the time by preparing bait for future use. On the morning of the third day, while Andrew was throwing bait, and the rest had their lines in the water, a mackerel took hold of Ford’s line, and was caught. The next moment there was a fish on every hook, and the whole school rose alongside.

It was now made the regular duty of each one,

during his watch on deck in the night, to cut up bait.

Great was the astonishment at Pleasant Cove when the Sea Bird arrived with thirty barrels of mackerel, nearly three times the amount generally taken, in the same time, by an equal number of hands. Andrew made no secret of his method, and from that moment there was an end of pole-fishing, and in due time the demand produced the *bait-mill*.

These important results grew out of the thoughtfulness of a boy, in not merely noticing what all fishermen, for hundreds of years, had observed, — that mackerel were attracted to the places where they were catching cod, — but in consequence of his *reflecting* upon the fact, and submitting his reflections to the test of *experiment*.

When the mackerel season was over, and the whole matter settled up, they shared eighty dollars apiece, mackerel, at that time, bringing only three dollars a barrel; while, in addition to their share in the catch, Andrew and Tim drew one fifth part of the whole, as owners.

CHAPTER XIX.

COURAGE WITH CONDUCT.

“**J**AMES,” said Andrew to Ford, as they separated, “what are you going to do with yourself this winter?”

“Well, I may have to stay at home a good part of the winter, to get wood to the door, and cut it up. Mike has gone into the logging swamp, John has gone to sea with Captain Green, Abner is going away, next week, to take charge of a saw mill, and it is about as much as father ought to do to take care of the cattle. My cousin, John French, talks some of coming to our house, doing the chores for his board, and going to school; if he does, then I shall turn right to, get the wood up, and go off with somebody. Seth Warren wants me to go with him mate, in the Hardscrabble; but they are repairing her, and it will be a good while before she is ready for sea.”

“ Will you promise not to make any agreement with anybody without letting me know ? ”

“ Yes.”

That evening, as Andrew was sitting with the Lancasters at the fireside, he said, “ Tim, I have another plan I think there’s something to be made by, and if you are willing I should like to try it.”

“ Anything, Andrew ; no matter what. I’m on hand.”

“ You know we’ve got two hundred quintal of dry fish ; I don’t know but there’s two hundred and fifty. What do you say to putting them into the Sea Bird, and going to the West Indies with them ? Fish are low here just now, but if we can get them out there, they will bring a high price.”

“ Whew ! ” exclaimed Tim, quite taken by surprise, notwithstanding the unqualified assertion he had just made. “ That is a *plan and a half.*”

“ You shan’t do any such thing,” screamed the mother. “ Tim Lancaster, don’t let any such thought enter your head. Why, I should think you were raving distracted. Mr. Lancaster, do you hear that ? Boys that have got a good, com-

fortable home, and a chance to ketch fish, and do first rate, just as you did last winter, wanting to go to the West Indies in an *open boat*—in *nothing*, as it were. Why, I should as soon think of going on a slab. I never in this living world will give my consent that my child shall throw away his precious life, tempting Providence in that way and manner. Husband, why don't you speak? I'll go and tell Parson Goodhue, and get him to forbid such doings."

Mr. Lancaster was an old sailor, and it is not strange that his thoughts ran in a somewhat different channel from those of his wife; indeed, he seemed to have been engaged principally in a mental calculation of profit and loss; for the first words he uttered were these:—

"I shouldn't think she would carry enough to pay. I should think the expenses would eat up the profits."

"To be sure they would," said Mrs. Lancaster; "better put 'em on the horse sled, haul 'em into the country, and sell 'em."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Lancaster,—who, though not sharing the apprehensions cherished by his wife, had no desire that Tim should

go, — “you would be likely to do much better with your dry fish, and whatever fresh you may get this winter, by taking them into the country. You ought to be satisfied to do as well as you did last winter; especially considering what luck you have had this summer.”

“The expenses,” replied Andrew, “would not be much, if we both go; there will be only one man’s wages and provisions, for we shall have to eat, if we stay at home.”

“Well, Timothy is not a-going one step,” said Mrs. Lancaster.

“Let Andrew get through, wife; it won’t do any harm to talk about it.”

“Yes, it will do harm; you’ll talk yourselves into it; it’s sheer nonsense; it’s worse — it’s tempting Providence.”

“We have not got to run into debt,” continued Andrew, “for we have the cargo already, and money to buy provisions with and pay the man we hire; the vessel is in good order; all she wants is to be graved, a little calking round the timber-heads, and a new foresail for a storm sail.”

“But she won’t carry enough.”

“I believe I can put two hundred and thirty-

five quintals in her, standing-rooms and all ; and considering that we do two thirds of the work ourselves, and already have the cargo, I don't think the expenses will be out of proportion to the freight."

"I tell you Timothy is not going one step ; so you needn't calculate on him," said Mrs. Lancaster.

"What will you load back with? You certainly can't bring molasses of any amount."

"I'll bring coffee, or something that is more valuable than bulky."

"You can't depend upon your standing-rooms to keep anything like coffee or sugar dry ; they are not calculated to protect cargo, only to keep the boat from filling, and shed the larger part of the water."

"I think I can remedy that."

"But you must have another navigator besides yourself ; there must be more than one navigator, in case you should be sick, or get washed overboard."

"O!" cried Mrs. Lancaster. "Do you hear that word, Timothy? Do you hear that awful sound?"

“I think I can find a man.”

“No, you can't, Andrew Colcord; you can't find another person in the world crazy enough to go on such a fool's errand.”

“If you should go, when would you think of getting away?”

“Not till January. I don't expect the man I want to go with me can go till then, and I want to help father get up his winter's wood, or at any rate cut it in the woods; and if there comes a snow to haul fish, I'll catch fish till I go. I suppose, if Tim does not go, you will be willing I should have the vessel.”

“That is Tim's affair; she belongs to him.”

“Yes, Andrew: you may have her; and I think you'll do first rate in her. I know you will.”

“Then I shall haul her ashore, and grave her right off, and calk the timber-heads, and some places round the stem and stern-post.”

“Andrew,” said Tim, when they had gone to bed, “you need not look out for anybody else to take my place, for I shall go. I'm bound to go.”

“But your mother will never give her consent,

—I don't think you ought to go without, — and I don't believe your father will, either.”

“Yes, she will; that's the way with mother; she's frightened to death when a thing first comes up, but after a while she'll get over it. I don't expect father *wants* me to go, but if he finds I really want to, he'll let me go; and he'll bring mother over too.”

In the mean time the same subject was under discussion between Mr. Lancaster and his wife.

“Husband, why didn't you speak more decided? Why didn't you tell Timothy, right up and down, he couldn't and shouldn't go. There you sat, and by the way you talked I expect Timothy thought you was willing for him to go. Now, you ain't, husband—are you? I know you can't be, 'specially in that open boat.”

“That Chebacco boat is as likely to go safe to the West Indies as the biggest ship.”

“But they are boys; they haven't any experience.”

“Andrew has experience enough in managing a Chebacco boat, and that is all he needs; he has been in pinkies, square-sterned schooners, and in open boats, with men who knew as well

how to handle them as any men that ever lived ; and he's no chowder-head."

"But to go in an open boat!"

"She is not an open boat. When the hatches are all on and barred, she is decked enough to keep the sea out in a great measure ; what little comes in under the hatches don't signify."

"Don't *signify* ? water coming in don't *signify* ? Husband, I shouldn't think you'd have such a hankering after the sea, and like to be talking about it, planning voyages, and setting the boys on, when you know how it worries and distresses me."

"Wife, if it hadn't been for my going to sea you wouldn't have had a house over your head, or a shoe to your foot ; them apples on the hearth, that cider in the pitcher, the house over our heads, and the farm under our feet, with the cattle, and a little something besides, all come from my going to sea ; for I could not have got my living on the land, and yet every vyge you cried and took on as though I was going to be hung."

"I know it, husband ; but you know you promised me that you wouldn't go any more."

"I don't intend to, wife ; but I want the privilege of talking about it once in the while."

“But you won’t let Timothy go — will you? You don’t want him to be a sailor, and leave you in your old age — do you?”

“Timothy is a good boy, correct every way, and a loving, obedient boy, but I’ve always felt that he lacked *grit*. I suppose part of it came from being left to himself so much while I was gone to sea; but since Andrew has come here, and they have been together, it has seemed to make him over. He has three times the manhood in him he had before. I don’t want him to be a sailor, and have no fears that he will; he never was made for it. But Andrew is. Neither do I want to do anything to cross or discourage him, and kill that ambition he now shows. If I find he is set on going, I shall let him go, though I hope he’ll give it up.”

The next morning Tim went to work with Andrew on the Sea Bird’s bottom, and after that upon her top. They got Lion Ben to cut the foresail, and Andrew made and roped it.

Tim began to intimate, in conversation around the fireside, his desire to go, and to talk with his father in reference to cutting and hauling a year’s stock of wood. From the manner in which

these insinuations were received on the part of the father, and submitted to by Mrs. Lancaster, Andrew felt satisfied that Tim would finally accomplish his purpose, and went to call on Ford.

“James,” said he, “I think of loading the Sea Bird with dry fish, and going to the West Indies, hit or miss. Will you go with me?”

“Yes. Who else is going?”

“Tim Lancaster, I expect; we three. Now, what shall we say about wages?”

“You can’t give me a privilege; the craft is too small; so I suppose it will have to be in money. I shan’t expect, of course, the wages I should have in a large vessel.”

Our readers will recollect that in those days it was customary to give sailors nominal wages, and, in addition, opportunity to carry some venture that they could sell in a foreign port. Sometimes they made largely upon their venture or privilege, much more than if they had received high wages; at other times, if the market chanced to be glutted, they met with a loss. The practice grew out of the scarcity of money. Owners had rather give room in the vessel than pay cash

wages, and as freights became more valuable it went out of use.

“I’ll give you a sixteenth of the profits on the round trip, and you find yourself. If we do well, you’ll make more than you could by any privilege or fishing cruise; if we don’t, you will lose your time and expenses; whereas, if captured, Tim and myself lose about everything.”

“I’ll do that. Let me know when you want me, and I’ll be on hand.”

It was of the greatest consequence that the largest possible amount of fish should be put into the Chebacco boat, as the cargo would be small enough at best. Fish are now screwed into large drums, to economize stowage and for convenience of handling. In the absence of all modern appliances, Andrew and Tim took this method: They filled the hold about two thirds full of fish, and left them thus a week, Andrew fishing in the mean while, and Tim digging clams.

At the expiration of that period the fish had settled very much: they put in more, and placed large flat rocks upon the pile, and left them another week to settle. By this time they had accumulated fish and clams more than sufficient

for a load. But though the weather was cold there was no snow. Tim took a load of them on wheels, and went into the neighboring villages. He had hard work to get two cents a pound for fish, and twelve cents a bushel for clams. Then it rained, and the frost came out of the ground; they were obliged to split their fish and salt them; but fish that have been frozen make very poor dry fish.

It now seemed probable there was to be an open winter. Tim was not sorry; it took away one of his mother's arguments, and furnished him with a plausible excuse for going away. Indeed, it soon became evident that Mr. Lancaster would make no objection, and Tim, having wrung a reluctant consent from his mother, gave up clamming, and divided his time between the Sea Bird and the wood-pile.

"It is strange what the thought of going away will do," said Mr. Lancaster to his wife; "Tim cuts more wood now in one day than he used to in two."

Andrew had never intended to spend his life in fishing, but to make that occupation lead to something else. It was his ambition to command and

own a sea-going vessel, and he knew very well if he should succeed in navigating that boat to the West Indies, selling her cargo, and bringing home a return one, it would be a public and decisive proof of capacity to command, and to transact business, whether, by reason of her inability to carry a remunerating cargo, he made much or not. On the other hand, should he make handsomely, the money, added to what he had already acquired, would enable him, with the help of Tim, to build part of a small vessel, and thus obtain command of her. Neither was he unaware that many, perhaps most people, considered it a rash enterprise; and should he fail in it, they would conclude he lacked judgment, and that prejudice would affect him injuriously, and keep him down through life.

Ford was thirty years of age, a finished sailor, familiar with the West India business and markets, an excellent fellow, and fruitful in expedients. He therefore proved a most efficient aid and counsellor to our young and aspiring captain, who, with well-considered opinions of his own, and self-reliant, was yet without a particle of that conceit which renders its possessor unwilling to receive counsel, and profit by it.

CHAPTER XIX.

A CHOICE OF PERILS.

HAVING placed in the hold proper the last fish they could possibly jam in, that portion of the boat which was decked over at the extreme after end, and usually reserved for a salt room, was filled with fish. Between the floor of the after standing-room and the bottom was an empty space: in order to make the most of this, after taking up the floor, they filled a number of small kegs with water, stowed the place full of them, the standing and fish room with dry fish, put on the hatch, and barred it down. As the hatches of the Chebacco boats did not, as in other vessels, shut inside of the combings, but over them, like the scuttle of a house, they did not admit of calking: to remedy this, they covered the whole hatch with tarred canvas, and fastened it to the deck with pump tacks, thus

rendering the whole water-tight, and secured the main hatch in the same way. Two casks filled with water were also lashed to ringbolts aft, each side of the tiller.

Two hundred and thirty-five quintals of fish, and water for the voyage, were now stowed away and secured. A consultation was then held in respect to the use to be made of the forward standing and fish rooms. When the forward hatch was on, it closed the entrance to the cuddy. It was therefore put on only in very bad weather, when there was danger of the boat's shipping a sea; then the cuddy door was shut, the hatch put on, which fitted tight to the break of the cuddy deck, and all hands remained on deck, except when it was necessary for some one to go below; then, watching for a chance, the hatch was lifted for the purpose, and closed immediately. In ordinary weather it was left off, and no attention was paid to the spray, or the top of a sea that might come in: it was pumped or baled out.

"We might fill this fish-room with fish," said Andrew, "by making a separate hatch for it; by that means we could get at the cuddy."

"It wouldn't hold many," said Tim; "and we

must have some place for the bread, beef, pork, and potatoes. We can't put everything in the cuddy."

"Suppose we go without beef," said Ford, "and lash the pork barrel and molasses keg to the mainmast; no need of putting them under cover; fling a piece of canvas over when it rains."

This was agreed to.

"Where shall we stow the potatoes, Tim?" said Andrew.

"Cut a hole in the floor of the cuddy, and make a trap-door; there is room enough under there to put potatoes, cabbage, and a good many other things; one barrel of bread, with a little meal, will do us, and they must go in the cuddy. The wood can go in the pink; we can fix a place aft of the hawse timber that will hold most of it, and the rest can be put in the cuddy lockers."

"Wood, water, and provisions are disposed of; now we come back to this standing and fish room," said Andrew.

"That room," said Ford, "won't hold any great amount of fish, and perhaps there won't be more than one or two blows, during the whole

passage, when it will be necessary to put the hatch on, provided there is nothing in the standing-room that salt water or fresh water will spoil. I think I should take up the platform, leave the whole place open to the keelson, and fill it with something more valuable and less bulky than fish, and which neither fresh nor salt water will damage, leaving just room enough to open the cuddy door. It will be an everlasting bother to take the hatch off every time we want to go below."

"What is there that will pay better, take less room, and that water won't hurt?"

"Take some of those small mackerel that we couldn't sell, beef, candles, or butter, any one of which will pay better, in proportion to the room they take, than dry fish."

"Jim, you must be out of your head to think anybody will buy those miserable things. I was going to give them to Mr. Lancaster to plant corn on next spring."

"I tell you they *will* sell; the Spanish and French or English planters will buy 'em to feed the darkies on. Why, I've known Seth Warren buy old rusty mackerel, that Bickford had kept in his cellar two years, till the pickle all leaked

out of them, — and part of them Bickford gave him for the sake of getting rid of them, — carry these things to Antigua, and sell 'em for five dollars a barrel. I can tell you, if you carried *good mackerel* you wouldn't make a cent."

"I'll tell you what I should like to do," said Andrew; "we haven't mackerel enough to fill up the fish-room; it is wide enough to take whole barrels, but the standing-room only half barrels, because it is narrower. Now, I should like to buy cattle, butcher them in Mr. Lancaster's barn, sell the hides, salt the beef, try out the tallow, and make our own candles. We could make quite a saving in that way. But there are two difficulties; we can't put in beef and candles enough to make it an object; besides, I don't think it would do the candles any good to have salt water get into the boxes: if the water was dirty, it would stain the ends of the wicks, stain the outside of the boxes, and make 'em *look* bad. The candles are not for the darkies, and if the market should happen to be supplied we couldn't sell 'em at all beside other candles that were in good shape."

"Well, let us fill the floor of the cuddy with beef, and the lower berths and lockers with can-

dles, and sleep on top of the barrels. It is a short trip; we can afford to be uncomfortable a little while, if we are well paid for it. Then you can stow away beef and candles enough to make it an object to buy cattle. As to any candles you may want to put outside, buy some oak barrels, and put the candles into them; that will keep 'em in good shape."

"The barrels will cost about as much as the candles are worth."

"What if they do? They will sell in the West Indies for molasses or rum barrels — go like hot cakes; and perhaps the barrels will sell the candles."

There came a fall of snow. Tim took a load of fish and Roger Blake with him, went into the country among his old customers, bought the cattle, and drove them home. Mrs. Lancaster, Mrs. Colcord, the widow Elwell, Joe Griffin's wife, and our *old acquaintance*, Sally Murch, uncle Isaac's widow, made the tallow into candles. As they paid partly for the beef in fish, and did the butchering and packing themselves, their beef stood them but seven dollars a barrel, and the candles ten cents a pound.

The next thing in order was to fill the fish-room with whole barrels of beef and mackerel, and one of candles; then they taxed their ingenuity to make the most of every inch of room in the cuddy.

The table on board the Sea Bird was made around the mast, like that of the Evening Star; they shoved it up to the deck, and filled the floor of the cuddy with barrels of beef, set on the head, except a small space around the fireplace.

"How are we going to eat," inquired Tim, "now we've no table?"

"Out of a kid, to be sure, and drink coffee out of a quart pot, like other sailors. We ain't fishermen now," said Ford.

They took out the wood they had already put in the lockers, and carried it to the pink, removed the bottom boards of the lower berths, and filled the space with boxes of candles: as the boxes, on account of the shape of the place, did not make close stowage, they filled the intervals with herring, put in loose, and in the same way all the spaces between the barrels.

"Where are we going to put our chests?" said Tim, quite bewildered.

“Don’t need any,” replied Andrew; “it won’t do to put heavy articles in the upper berths; ’twill make her crank (top-heavy), and bring her too much by the head. You and I will put our clothes in the starboard berth, and Ford may have the other. It seems to me that we might just as well put two tier of boxes of candles on top of the barrels; they would be smoother to sleep on than the chimes of the casks; there will be room enough to crawl in then, and it will just dispose of all the candles.”

“I don’t think we want any beds,” said Ford; “there will be only two of us below at once. We’ve got to carry the old foresail for a spare sail; let’s double that five or six times, for a bed. We must take some oakum, too; and a bag full of oakum is just the thing for a pillow.”

“Might stuff it with herrings,” said Tim; “pity we couldn’t do without fire and food; then we might fill up the fireplace and chimney. If we put all these boxes on the barrels, we can’t sit upright; and how shall we sit to eat?”

“Eat on deck in fair weather, and when it rains stand up by the fireplace, and put the kid on the boxes. My dear, you’ll see worse things than that before you get home again.”

They now proceeded to fill the standing-room with half barrels of beef. The door of the cuddy was in one piece, not hung on hinges, but it fitted into a rabbet, on the top and bottom; cleats projected on the port side, that prevented it from coming out, and a large button served the same purpose on the other. This door, in the middle of so small a place, took up the greater part of the room; so they cut it across, half way up, nailed the bottom half, and calked it. This both prevented water from going into the cuddy, and enabled them to lay a tier of half barrels entirely across the room. On the sides they piled them up to a height just sufficient to admit of putting on the hatch in a storm, and secured them, with stanchions, from "fetching away," leaving out the space of one half barrel before the door, and when they wished to go below, shoved themselves into the opening feet foremost. Whenever the cook wanted to get in with an armful of wood, he flung the wood in, one stick at a time, and then crawled in after, or dropped it down the chimney. In the foot of the lower berth, on the starboard side, a ten-gallon keg was placed, filled with water, with a plug in it, for the cook's use. A

shelf was fastened to the stem, on which the captain kept his quadrant, log-book, and other matters of the kind, and his charts were placed in becketts fastened to the deck beams.

The Chebacco boat, being very full forward and sharp aft, — notwithstanding they had stowed so much heavy material in the very eyes of her, — was only on an even keel; but it was necessary that those boats, in order to work well, should be trimmed by the stern; to effect this, they carried aft the cable, anchor, and dug-out, that served them for a boat, and lashed two barrels of beef to the pink. She was now ready for sea, having on board two hundred and thirty-five quintals of fish, thirty barrels of beef and three of mackerel, forty boxes of candles, and, they reckoned, six boxes of herrings scattered about between the barrels and boxes.

“Look here, boys,” said Andrew; “there’s a little room left in the forward standing-room, on top of the casks; suppose we should offer to take some butter for the widow Elwell, poor Sam’s mother; she’s all alone in the world, now her only boy is killed; she’s got the house and land, but it’s hard for her to get money to live on and pay her taxes.”

They took the butter. The boat was almost "scuppers to" amidships, but so crooked in sheer that, after all, there was a good deal of her out of water. The only respects in which she differed from the boats built at the first settlement of Chebacco, were these: Her masts were hewn from a larger stick, the heads painted, and shrouds put to them. In earlier times they cut down a hemlock, formed the part that went below deck, but left the other as it was, only taking off the bark and knots; and as they used no shrouds to support it, the mast was much stronger on account of being left in its natural state. The Sea Bird's hatchway was under the main boom. In the original boats it was on the port side, in order that a man might stand in it and fish. This was all the march of improvement ever effected in respect to the Chebacco boats. Larger vessels were next built of the same model, decked over, with a rail, waist-boards, and bowsprit, and called "jiggers," to distinguish them from the Chebacco boats, and, as the latter went out of use, were called *pinkies*. The Chebacco boats are gone; peace be with them; there are a few pinkies left in Massachusetts, more in Maine; but they will soon share the

fate of their predecessors. But a pinky of the old model, nicely finished, sparrred, and painted, would make a safer and handsomer pleasure-boat, and a far better sailer, than a large proportion of those we see in our seaports, that appear to have been modelled from a flat-iron.

The moment Andrew, while on her passage to Seal Island, ascertained what the Sea Bird was capable of doing, he resolved to make a voyage to the West Indies in her, had been all summer thinking about it, and embraced every opportunity to obtain information in respect to the most eligible market for fish, and ascertain to which of the numerous West India Islands he should direct his course, with the greatest probability of escaping the French and English cruisers. He conversed with Captain Rhines and all the other seafaring men at Pleasant Cove, without, however, divulging his purpose, and obtained information from Boston, Portsmouth, Portland, and Wiscasset, through the coasting captains. The mail was brought to Pleasant Cove once a week in the summer, and once a fortnight in the winter. Captain Rhines took the Boston Mercury, Charlie Bell the Massachusetts Spy and Worces-

ter Gazette, and Mr. Lancaster the Portland Gazette; these he obtained, read, and reflected upon their contents with deeper interest, as the season passed away.

News was at length received of the declaration of war by Spain against England. Andrew ascertained, also, that the Spanish home ports were blockaded by the English; he knew that this would open the Spanish West India ports; for though it was the Spanish policy to allow no trade with their West India colonies, he could not doubt but it would be relaxed in the event of war. He found, moreover, that the French cruisers were very active in seizing all vessels bound to English islands, and that there were then reported sixty-five American vessels in the ports of St. Domingo, and fifty more were kept in the harbors of Guadaloupe, till the vessels were eaten up by worms, and fifteen captains and two hundred seamen died of the yellow fever,—and that the English cruisers also captured all neutral vessels, laden with provisions, bound to French and Spanish ports. Here, then, there remained to the neutral only a choice of evils. These circumstances, however, were to be considered: In going to a

Spanish port, the French would not molest him ; and the French cruisers were most to be feared, as they frequently abused the captains and crews of American vessels, and confiscated the cargoes, or paid for them in worthless bills at their own valuation, whereas the English paid a fair price for the cargoes of provisions they seized.

Under these circumstances it seemed to him that the best course would be to clear for some Spanish port. While deliberating, he heard that American vessels were admitted to Havana : still more confirmed in his opinion, he now submitted the matter to Captain Rhines, who advised him thus to do. In the course of a week, however, he learned from undoubted sources that the French cruisers seized American vessels bound to Spanish ports. He therefore changed his mind, at the last moment, and cleared for St. Thomas, a Danish island, and a market.

Every vessel must clear at the custom-house for some port ; but when a master clears for some particular port and a market, he is not compelled to seek the port for which he clears, but may, at his discretion, go to some other for a market. He hoped, by thus clearing for a neutral port, to

escape the French, Spanish, and English cruisers, as being a neutral, bound to a neutral port, with no warlike stores on board; while, if he saw occasion, and there was no obstacle, he could dodge into some Spanish or English port at pleasure.

Menaced by dangers on every hand, it was by no means a very flattering prospect that opened before our young captain, as, without experience, he prepared to venture life and all he had accumulated. When ready for sea, and only waiting for a wind, he took nearly all the money that remained with him to his mother, and said, —

“Mother, here is what money — except a few dollars I take with me — I have got; I want you to take and use it for your own comfort and that of the boys. I can’t bear to think, while I am gone, that you or they should not have things decent and comfortable.”

“Andrew,” replied his mother, “I cannot take it; I could not keep the matter from your father; he would want the money to hoard up; it would make trouble: put it into the hands of Mr. Lancaster, and if I or the children need anything, I can get it of him.”

It was now the first of January, the weather mild, with rain ; but on the evening of that day the wind, that had been south-west for some time, came round, with a snow-squall, to due north, and by twelve o'clock at night it was clear, the wind blowing with a force that made every thing crack again.

Without waiting for the fiery edge to get off, as Mr. Lancaster advised, they made sail at sunrise, going off before the wind with a spanking breeze, that liked them so well it never gave out till they were in the Gulf Stream, in warm water and warm weather. The water flew, and the little craft, under reefed sails and without bulwarks, rolled and jumped so much that they stretched a life-line from the stem to the pink, and were sometimes compelled to crawl on their hands and knees, going from aft forward. The only places to sit were on the bottom of the dug-out, in the cable tier, and on the windlass.

They generally ate in the cable tier, as that was all the place where they could keep from "fetching away," when it was rough.

There was but one in a watch, who both steered and kept the lookout, while the other two slept.

The Sea Bird was so accurately sparred that, with a steady breeze, she would (in right trim) run an hour upon a stretch without requiring the helm to be shifted. Under the tiller was a notch-board, to confine it at pleasure, and the helmsman might put the tiller in the notch-board, go forward, light his pipe, get biscuit, or water, or coffee; if tired of standing, he might sit down and smoke; and there was no work to do, as on board a square-rigged vessel.

The watches were two hours and a half in length. In the afternoon of the third day out, about four o'clock, they sighted a square-rigged craft ahead, close-hauled on the wind. Every sail was now an object of suspicion, but it was soon evident that the stranger was an American, homeward bound from the West Indies. Captain Colcord, anxious to obtain news, determined to speak him. The vessel proved to be the snow Sarah, of Salem, Captain Crockett, bound to Portsmouth, from Guadaloupe. The master of the snow was very much surprised at meeting a Chebacco boat at sea, and inquired "if she had been blown off;" but his astonishment was increased when he found that she was bound to the West

Indies with provisions. Captain Crockett told Andrew "he had been brought to by the English frigate *Lapwing*, and treated politely, and two days after by the French privateer *Modeste*, who fired six shots, and then boarded the vessel, carried him on board the privateer, and kept him in irons two hours, because he didn't heave to at the first shot; that they robbed him of two hundred dollars in money, two barrels of bread, took the second mate's watch, and the men's clothing." He also gave to Andrew an English paper, in which was a proclamation by Governor Ricketts, of Barbadoes, permitting the "importation from the United States, or any country at peace with England, of cattle, flour, fish, and provisions of all kinds, during the continuance of the present war."

The proclamation also gave as a reason for this permission, that, on account of a severe drought, there were apprehensions of famine.

CHAPTER XX.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

MANY French and Spanish frigates and sloops of war were sighted by our adventurers, as they approached the Caribbean Islands, and among the rest two English ships of the line and two frigates, convoying a large fleet of merchant vessels. The following morning they also saw a privateer lying to ; no notice, however, was taken of them.

“That fellow is on the watch for prey,” said Ford ; “but he can't see this little concern, almost under water.”

“Perhaps,” said Andrew, “he takes us for a droger, or may not think we are worth looking after ; but we are now in the latitude of St. Thomas, and it is high time we knew our port of destination.”

“I thought,” said Tim, “we cleared for St. Thomas.”

“True; we *cleared* for St. Thomas and a market; but St. Thomas is the last place for us to go. I’m afraid to trust myself in any French port, and we want to barter for coffee or cocoa: molasses and sugar are too bulky, in proportion to their value, for us.”

“Why, then,” said Ford, “don’t you run for Barbadoes? Captain Crockett told you the port was opened, and that they were apprehensive of a famine. There’s coffee enough there.”

“But that’s old news; that proclamation was dated months since, and by this time the market is glutted. It’ll be the same at Martinique; lots of American vessels have gone there within a month. I have half a mind to try Porto Rico. I know they must be short of supplies, for the English have blockaded the Spanish home ports, and I have no doubt they would let us in.”

“I can tell you where to go. There’s a small island to leeward,—one of the Grenadines,—belongs to England; they have taken it; they call it Carry-a-cow (Cariacou): I’ve been there three times; twice in a sloop of fifty tons, with old Captain Starret, and once in a schooner, with Captain Sam Thomas, and I know lots of folks

there. The south-west side is a real snarl of rocks and sand-spits; no large vessels ever go there, and but few of any sort; they are often short of provisions, and if any captain ventures in there, he is about sure to get a high price for his cargo; and I'll be bound there are not many who go there in war times."

"That's a queer name for an island — Carry a cow; but if it is little frequented, perhaps there will be no pilots."

"I can pilot a vessel in there. I know the coast well."

Resolving to be governed by Ford's advice, they proceeded on their voyage without interruption, till up with the island of Deseada, that lies a short distance from the north-eastern extremity of Guadaloupe, where they sighted a sail astern, that rapidly gained on them, and were soon able to discover, with the glass, that she was an armed vessel and showed French colors.

"I don't like the looks of that fellow," said Andrew; "at this rate he'll soon be alongside of us."

"We can't help ourselves," said Ford; "we've got to take what comes."

“Yes, we can help ourselves; we’ll hide away on this island to leeward, before he gets sight of us.”

They ran around the north-east end of the island, and found, near its south-west point, an opening between two reefs, into which they thrust the Chebacco boat, among the mangrove bushes, lowered the sails, and, having thus completely concealed her from observation, ascended to the height of land, and flung themselves upon the ground beneath a tree.

“Chebacco boats forever!” said Tim. “We couldn’t have hidden a larger vessel in that nook, among the bushes.”

Here they remained till they saw the vessel that had excited their apprehension double the head of the island, pass along within a half mile of the opening in which they had concealed the Sea Bird, and shape her course for Point Petre. With the glass they could see that she mounted ten guns, was full of men, and very fast.

When at length they had made the northern end of Martinique, and were close in with the land, they began to feel comparatively safe; but while congratulating each other in respect to

their good fortune, as they shut in by the land, a Spanish privateer came round a headland astern, and imagining, from the small size and singular build of the Chebacco boat, and her depth of lading, that there was treasure on board, instantly gave chase. Andrew, hoisting American colors, steered directly for an English battery planted on a bluff.

As there were always more or less English men-of-war at Martinique, the privateer's crew had forborne to use their guns; but now, fearing the prey would escape, they began to fire, the balls ploughing the water around the Sea Bird in all directions, and effectually waking up the guard in the battery, who replied with a shot that fell short.

At length a ball, better aimed than usual, carried away the Sea Bird's mainmast; still the little craft kept on. The privateer seemed now resolved to sink, if she could not capture, the Chebacco boat. A shot, passing through the foresail, cut off one of the fore shrouds, and another, entering between the pink and the deck, pierced the water-cask, and went out through the waist-board. In the midst of all this peril, Tim,

who, around home, had seemed at times lacking in energy, and somewhat effeminate, was cool and collected. While Andrew stood at the helm, he, with the aid of Ford, "cleared the wreck," and hauled the sail on board that was lying in the water.

But the Spaniards, in the excitement of pursuit, had ventured too far, and the battery opened upon them, dismounting two guns and killing six men at the first discharge. Before the Spaniard was entirely out of range, his fore-topmast and jib-boom were shot away, and in this crippled condition he was overtaken and captured by an English cutter, that, alarmed by the firing, came out of the mouth of the River Precheur, where she lay at anchor.

The Sea Bird, with her colors hoisted at the fore peak, made the harbor of St. Pierre's, where she was received with cheers by the crews of the American vessels lying there. Captain Lambert, of the brig Hope, belonging to Salem, gave them a spare spar, to make a new mainmast, and after refitting, they arrived, without any further disaster, at Cariacou.

St. Vincent, Grenada, together with Cariacou

and the rest of the Grenadines, having been recently captured from the French, provisions were high, and coffee, cotton, and sugar had accumulated on the planters' hands, who, in a state of semi-starvation, were eager for trade. Captain Colcord proposed to make an even thing of it—a quintal of fish for a bag of coffee.

In respect to the remainder of the cargo, he refused to barter, and for this reason: the coffee would occupy about as much stowage-room as the fish, and should he barter the remainder of the cargo for coffee, the vessel would be both too full and too deep to venture on the American coast in winter. He obtained twenty dollars a barrel for beef and eight for mackerel; five dollars a box for candles; the butter, belonging to Mrs. Elwell, he sold outright for fifty dollars, and bartered the herring for fresh meat, plantain, yams, bananas, and other fruit.

On the passage out the winds were moderate, and they had no occasion to put on the forward hatch. As Ford said, "You might have gone in a gunning float;" but on the homeward passage, though unmolested by enemies, they took a severe gale.

The wind being fair, Andrew scud her four hours, at the expiration of which time he said to Ford, —

“ We must heave to.”

“ It is too bad to heave to with a fair wind.”

“ Can't help it; if we scud much longer, the sea will either becalm the sails, break on us and take the masts out of her, or sweep the deck when we come to.”

By watching for a chance, and by good management, they brought her to the wind, and hove to under a close-reefed foresail. The spray swept over her from stem to stern, and at times the top of a sea came on board; but she lay sharp, there were no bulwarks to hold the water, and rode the waves like a duck. At length the wind veered, causing a cross sea; that is, it brought the boat into the trough of the old sea, and a wave coming in the opposite direction broke into the foresail, and burst it, taking Ford overboard. He, however, caught the fore-sheet, the whole coil of which went with him, and saved himself.

It seemed for a few moments as though the sea would tear her to pieces, it making a clean breach over her, as she lay in the trough. With the

greatest difficulty — since it was almost impossible to keep from being washed overboard, and waist deep in water — they set the mainsail, “balance-reefed,” — that is, so reduced as only to spread the head of it, — brought her again to the wind, tried the pumps, and found her tight. The boat, however, lay “broad” (did not lie head to the sea), and was liable at any moment to ship another sea.

“She won’t lay under this sail,” said Andrew; “she’s not in proper trim to lay under a balance-reefed mainsail.”

“I don’t know what more we can do,” said Ford; “we can’t shift cargo in this gale, to alter her trim.”

“We must ‘drug’ her, or we never shall see daylight again.”

“There is no kind of a thing on board to drug her with, but the anchor.”

“Yes, there is: get the axe; we’ll cut a hole in the bottom of the dug-out, knock the stock out of the anchor, run the shank of it through the hole, and put the stock in again.”

“Then,” said Tim, “if she founders we shan’t have any boat.”

“If she goes down, the dug-out won’t save us in this sea.”

With the energy of men working for their lives, they attached the anchor to the dug-out, launched the latter bottom uppermost, veered out the cable, and made it fast to the stem. This brought the boat's head to the sea, and she lay safe and dry till the gale abated.

The fore-boom went adrift when the sail was burst: they took the old foresail, middle-seamed it, put on strengthening cloths, and made a "lug" foresail of it. Just after sighting the White Hills, the wind shifted to north-west, dead ahead, and blew a gale. It was cold — bitterly cold; clothes were of little avail. Every drop of water froze as it came on board; the Chebacco boat, reduced to close reefs, could gain to windward but slowly, and was icing up fast. There were several square-rigged vessels in sight, all under short sail, and making every effort to hold their own till the wind should shift or moderate.

Only those who have been through it can realize the suffering at times experienced by those who, borne on the pinions of a south wind, exchange, in a few hours, the temperature of the tropics for the biting whirlwind of the north. The vessel becomes a mass of ice, and it is only

by constant labor, in cutting and beating it away, that a rope can be let go or made fast, and the vessel handled; the crew are frost-bitten, and the master perhaps forced to run back into the Gulf Stream, and thaw out. It also often happens that, when the vessel is relieved of ice, the crew somewhat recruited, and they again make the land, another norther meets them, and, short of water or provisions, they are compelled to resort to some West India Island for supplies. On March 17, 1797, there were twenty-five merchant vessels at St. Bartholomew, that had been blown off, all more or less disabled.

Captain Colcord now resorted to an expedient suggested by his experience as a fisherman. They had on board their whole string of fishing cable, two hundred fathoms. By resolute endeavor, the Sea Bird being an admirable sea-boat, and lying near the wind, they had struck soundings, though very far from land; but they could now only carry a reefed foresail, and were drifting to sea.

"Ford," said Andrew, "heave the lead, and see what water there is."

"Eighty-five fathoms, and muddy bottom," was the report.

“Then I'll tie her up; for we must be on the Fippennies.”

Over went the anchor, the whole string of cable was payed out, weather-bitted, and everything made snug; and there she lay at anchor, no land visible except the White Hills, appearing like clouds on the horizon.

The Chebacco boat rolled, wallowed, took it over both shoulders, and at times seemed to stand on end. For eight days the wind never veered more than two points, now lulling for a few hours, and then rising again: vessels with sails split and loss of spars bore up and ran for the Gulf; some went to St. Bartholomew and St. Thomas, and did not get back for a month.

They had wood, water, and provisions, but it was with the greatest difficulty the cable could be kept from chafing off. The old “strads” they had on board of leather soon chafed off, and they were compelled to make others of their bed-clothes, having used up everything else. While vessels provided with only the common length of cable (about ninety fathoms) were blown to sea, they, when the gale was over, made sail, and in a few hours were safely moored in Portland harbor.

Our readers may well suppose that West India products, only to be obtained at so much risk of life, capture, confiscation, and, worse than either, peril of impressment by English men-of-war, were not very low in the States. The government had a war debt to pay, and coffee, then a luxury, paid five cents a pound duty; but it brought in the home market thirty cents by reason of the risk incurred in procuring it, and there remained (after paying duties on coffee in America, and on fish and other articles in the West Indies, to the amount of two thousand two hundred and fifty-nine dollars and seventy-five cents, with other expenses) eleven thousand one hundred and five dollars and twenty-five cents. So much for the war price of a cargo that in time of peace would not have paid expenses: but they risked much. The mackerel could not have been sold at home; the dry fish were cod fish, to be sure, but had been *culled*, and were worth, at Pleasant Cove, two dollars a quintal, whereas, bartered for coffee, which was scarce and high for the reasons above given, they netted forty-one dollars and twenty-five cents a quintal; one sixteenth of this belonged to Ford, which left Andrew and Tim Lancaster

five thousand two hundred and five dollars and fifty-nine cents each, and Ford six hundred and ninety-four dollars and eight cents.

They loaded the Sea Bird with despatch for the same port. In the mean time, the Massachusetts (Languedoc formerly) had arrived, and was loading for St. Vincent. The long gun and short sixes, belonging to her when captured from the pirates, were reposing, covered with rust, in Captain Rhines's barn. The depredations of the French upon our commerce had now become so outrageous, that Lion Ben, the captain, and other owners of the brigantine mounted the long Tom once more on her deck, opened her ports that had been closed up, mounted the six-pounders, put on board ammunition, boarding-pikes, and small arms for the crew, that was increased by the addition of sixteen able seamen, and gave Ned Gates the following instructions: "not to attack or insult any French privateer, but, if molested, to defend his vessel, and not to exceed the limits of self-defence." "If," said Captain Rhines, "my government won't protect me, I'll protect myself." The Sea Bird sailed in company with the Massachusetts, as did two other

vessels, the owners paying a small sum for convoy, since the brigantine, being very fast, would be often compelled to shorten sail for them. Off the Virgin Islands they fell in with a privateer under French colors, but commanded by a renegade American, who fired a shot across the bows of the brigantine, and ordered her to heave to. This order was complied with. He then ordered Captain Gates to come on board with his papers, and on his refusal, fired into the brigantine.

Provoked at such treatment, Captain Gates, who had among his crew our old friends Danforth Eaton and Sewall Lancaster, who could sight a cannon with no less accuracy than a rifle, fired two broadsides into the privateer, round shot and grape, killing the captain, surgeon, and twelve men, upon which the privateer hauled down her colors and lowered her sails. Gates, however, refused to take possession, and kept on his voyage. The government obtaining information in respect to these preparations for defence, orders had been issued to prevent the sailing of the Massachusetts; but they arrived after she sailed, the road being obstructed by great numbers of large trees placed there by persons unknown; and not long after,

Congress permitted American merchantmen to arm in self-defence.

When Captain Colcord arrived at Cariatou he found the price of provisions had fallen. A schooner was there from New London. He was obliged to give three quintals of fish for a bag of coffee, and sell his beef for six dollars less on a barrel; but this left him a large profit. He returned without mishap, and in season to commence fishing again on Seal Island ground, and made arrangements with Charlie Bell to build for him a brigantine of one hundred tons, Bell taking a quarter, Joe Griffin a quarter, and Captain Colcord and Tim Lancaster the rest.

The vessel was to be set up in the spring, her timbers payed with fish oil and tar, stand and season till September, and then finished. When Andrew returned from cod fishing he hauled the Sea Bird up, decked her over, put in new masts made in the best style, a bowsprit, and fancy topmasts, put a light rail round her, made a neat companion-way forward with a slide to it, cleaned her thoroughly, bent new sails, gave her a green bottom, black waist-boards, a white streak and red bead on the edge of the lower wales, white spars, and blue top inside.

He then loaded her with carpenters' tools, hardware, cheese, beeswax, and butter. The port of Havana had been opened to neutrals a short time before. Andrew and Fred went out there, made a very small profit on the cargo, but sold the vessel to a Spanish planter for eight hundred dollars, and returned in the brig Henry, of Portland, Captain Motley, Andrew first mate, and Ford before the mast, the mate and three of the brig's crew having died of the yellow fever.

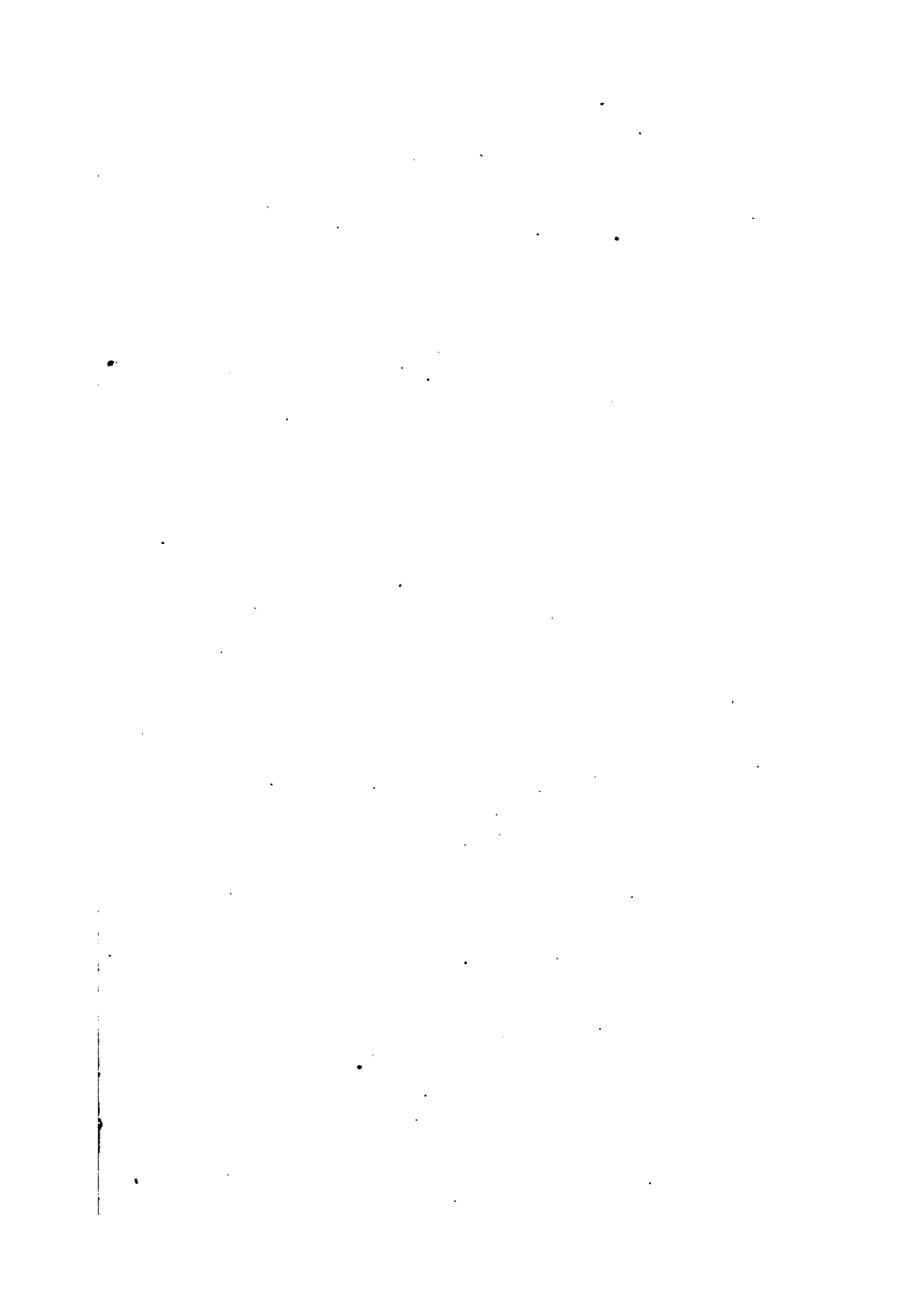
The conversation with his mother, which we have recorded, the night before leaving home, made an abiding impression on the mind of Andrew. He never loved money for its own sake, and accumulated property to make a generous use of it.

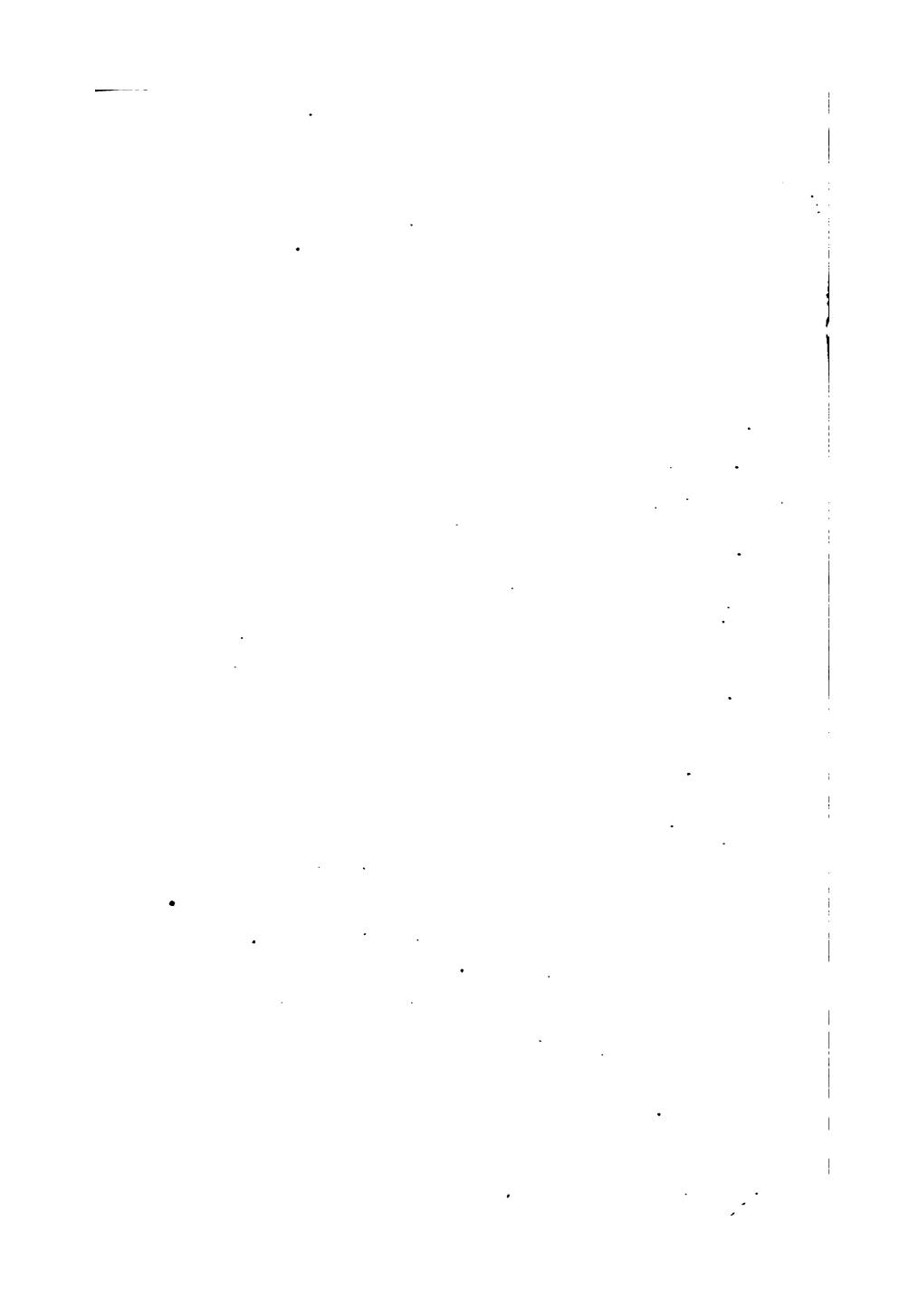
Through his influence the brothers, after the decease of their father, put the homestead in good repair, and gave their mother a deed of the whole farm. John and William did not, in these altered circumstances, manifest equal stamina of character with Andrew. John, "resolved," as he said, "to remunerate himself for the poverty and rigor in which he had been reared, and have a good time," proved a spendthrift, was intemperate, and died, worn out with excesses, at twenty-five.

William was indolent, married a woman of the same stamp, gradually consumed his property, and in the latter part of his life, with a numerous family around him, became poor, without a house to put his head in. Andrew, who now owned the homestead, having bought William's part of it after the death of his mother, generously gave it to William, and continued to provide for him.

Captain Rhines and James Colcord died within a week of each other, the captain by decay of nature, Colcord of fever. What a contrast between the characters of the two men! One had lived to bless and benefit all around him, the other only for his own selfish interests. Charlie Bell, John Rhines, Fred Williams, and Isaac Murch justified all the hopes entertained of them. Arthur Brown settled in Salem, continued to follow the sea, and strove to imitate Captain Rhines — whose memory he revered — in aiding and encouraging young men. Walter Griffin sailed from New York, bound to Antwerp, and was never heard from. His loss so affected Ned Gates that he came to Pleasant Cove, and went into business with Fred Williams, and never cared to follow the sea any more. Peterson acquired a competence, and lived to a great

age. Lion Ben continued to live on Elm Island. His boys grew up, and all but the youngest settled on the main. John and Charlie Bell tried to persuade Ben and Sally to come off and live on the old homestead. But no; "there they began life's struggle, there they won the victory, and there they would remain." They have never raised a man at Pleasant Cove strong enough to take back the rock Lion Ben carried out of the road.





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